

The Monthly Chronicle

vol- 3

1839


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THE

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

THE BALLAD POETRY OF IRELAND.

The Popular Songs of Ireland. Collected and Edited, with Introductions and Notes, by T. CROFTON CROKER, Esq. London: Henry Colburn, 1839.

Songs and Ballads. By SAMUEL LOVER. London: Chapman & Hall, 1839.

THAT which is true, in a greater or lesser degree, of the Ballad Poetry of every country, is especially true of the popular songs of Ireland. The moral and social characteristics of the people are faithfully reflected in their music and their lyrical poetry — both of which are defective as works of refined and cultivated Art, but full of the wild beauty and impassioned energy of Nature. The traditional music of the Irish discovers exquisite sensibility rather than a knowledge of the science of composition. The native minstrels were profound masters of simple Melody, but were apparently ignorant of the subtle resources of Harmony. It would be difficult to trace throughout the entire body of Irish music a single proof that its composers were acquainted with counterpoint. The poetry that was married to their irregular strains is equally inartistical, and equally remarkable for warm feeling, for unpremeditated grace, and for a singular waywardness of imagination, which exercises a sort of disturbing influence over the whole. The union — perfect of its kind — forms a complete representation of the national temperament; and perhaps it might be added with truth that in no other record can be found so striking an epitome of the national history.

An Irish song cannot to resemble any other description of lyric. It constitutes a class *per se*. It only develops the usual elements of the popular lyric in a state of greater intensity than the songs of any other country in the world, but in bits combinations and contrasts, strange and abrupt transitions, mix sympathies, and an inextinguishable enthusiasm of the animal spirits which have no existence elsewhere. Unlike the popular songs of other nations it is not so much distinguished by the predominance of any particular quality, as by a marvellous blending of qualities the most opposite and the most irreconcilable. Thus in French songs we expect a certain idiomatic gaiety and brilliant wit — in Spanish songs, picturesque images and a chivalric spirit — in Italian songs, languishing passion and the romance of the beautiful — in the songs of Poland, heroic ardour and a gathering of historical glories — and in the songs of Germany, fervid devotion and legendary interest; but in the songs of Ireland

We look for all these attributes modified and intermingled, and producing effects peculiar, powerful, and agitating. We can point out with sufficient accuracy the leading characteristics of all other national songs, as we do the styles of particular painters or schools of art; but we should be puzzled to describe, with similar brevity and distinctness, the characteristics of productions in which reckless fancy, melting pathos, arch vivacity, religious sentiment, broad exaggerations of the ludicrous, love, heroism, and tradition, appear to be alike indigenous. That interflow of grief and joy—that intense spirituality—that metempsychosis of humour and pathos, for which Irish songs are so remarkable—cannot be very easily reduced to a verbal delineation. Moore has felicitously depicted their prevailing character in the well-known lines addressed to the country itself:—

“ Erin! the smile and the tear in thine eyes,
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies;
Smiling through sorrow’s stream,
Saddening through pleasure’s beam;
Thy suns, with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise.”

And thus it is truly that the final impression is that of sadness. A low wail runs through their cheeriest music, and even at the height of the most festive and exulting delight, you feel that a single touch of the wire would melt it all into the deepest woe.* These peculiarities must obviously be traced to the circumstances of the people. Misgivings and disappointments pervade their lives, and exercise an inevitable influence over their poetry and music. With a temperament originally buoyant and vivacious, quick sensibility, ardent affections, and a strenuous love of justice, their history exhibits an unbroken struggle against oppression, which forces all the qualities of their nature into fierce excitation, but through which they have maintained, with almost miraculous integrity, that high sense of honour which the worst examples and the most dangerous temptations cannot corrupt, and that keen “mother wit,” which appears to be only sharpened by adversity. Wrong-doing and suffering embitter their scanty pleasures, but have not quenched the love of pleasure; and if pain and sadness are ever present in their mirth, they have this remarkable compensation, that their mirth is always at hand to make light of their troubles.

• The comic songs of Ireland are less understood in England, and, indeed, every where out of Ireland, than those which are of a sentimental or pensive cast. The language of calamity is, perhaps, universal, while humour depends on local associations, idioms, and immediate sympathies. But were it otherwise, it would be difficult for any race of men to enter with a complete zest into Irish humour, nurtured as it is amidst circumstances which elsewhere would destroy the capacity for enjoyment, and utterly extinguish the susceptibility to the ridiculous. Irish humour, like Antæus, seems to spring with increased elasticity from the ground, and the greater the depth of mis-

* It is not a little curious that some of the most melancholy Irish lyrics are frequently converted into “country dances”—the popular corruption of the French *contre-danse*, which is strictly a cotillon—by the simple process of altering the time; while, on the other hand, the “rollicking” tunes of the country are as often made the vehicles of the most plaintive melody. The celebrated air of “Savourneen Dheelish” may be cited as an instance of the former, and the old half-mad lilt, called “The Red-haired Man’s Wife,” of the latter. “The Red-haired Man’s Wife” is universally known by the exquisite words of Moore, beginning with “At the mid hour of night.” But although these transformations are singularly favoured by the checkered genius of the songs, it must be confessed that the humorous pieces suffer the change into pathos better than the pathetic bear to be turned into mirth; for grief is at the bottom of them all in common, and Irish merriment always seems to be verging on despair.

fortune the higher the spirits mount into the air. Prosperous communities do not display anomalies of this kind. With them all influences are literal and direct. They calculate realities and have no leisure, or no need, for the play of the imagination. When they are overtaken by an evil, they set about remedying it with appropriate means. An Englishman meets trouble with an air of business, because his whole experience, his thoughts, feelings, hopes, and projects, run in the channels of business. An Irishman, having no business, having no sordid interests of any sort, living upon chance, and practising the philosophy of laughter, to keep him in good humour with his destiny, turns off his troubles with a jest, because he knows that he cannot remedy them. Absolute hopelessness makes him of wit. When his "hat is on, his house is thatched," and that which would be privation to an Englishman is luxury to him. In the words of one of the popular ditties, that Irishman may be accounted superior to the frowns of fortune who is able to flourish a shillelagh over a dinner of meat ! he

— "lives in state,
And lives above the frowns of fate,
With his stick, stone platter, and bit of meat,
And, may be, he cares for the high and great !"

When the English population have been reduced to this state of destitution, they may begin to understand that God-send of hilarity, which floats like the atmosphere over the miseries of Ireland ! But we are afraid it will require some such revolution in the affairs of the animal appetites, to bring them acquainted with this strange condition of the imagination.

Yet, although Irish humour is not fully appreciated out of Ireland, it never fails to provoke mirth. Its grotesque and figurative excesses — its odd analogies — its expressive volubility — and that incessant effervescence of good nature with which it brims over — are irresistible. It is even more popular than any other kind of humour. The jibes and eccentricities of Mr. Harley, representing the vein of "Cockney fun," the ludicrous extravagance of Mr. Hill, the representative of Yankee absurdity, or the gross "nigger" burlesque of Mr. Rice, completely fail in comparison with the rich, mellifluous, and inexhaustible humour of Power, who convulses the audience from his entrance to his exit. The reason of this is, that the sources of Irish humour lie deeper, and that, depending less upon verbal ingenuity and grimace than upon subtle truth and universal nature, it partakes, in a considerable degree, of the character of wit. Now — assuming, for convenience, the instances to which we have alluded as illustrations of classes of national humour — the ridiculous buffoonery of Mr. Rice is merely a bad caricature of a particular *genus*, which may admit of endless distortions but no varieties: the drollery of Mr. Hill consists of nothing but a succession of the same sort of jokes, in which the process of exaggeration is applied to one topic after another; and the deadly liveliness of Mr. Harley is composed of conventional cants, word-catching, and face-ming. It is very evident that none of these classes of humour can make a permanent impression. If they excite laughter, it passes off like a joke. They die in the very instant of applause. But Irish humour — with its perpetual sunshine, its remote similitudes, its instinctive apprehension of the ridiculous, its readiness, the poetry by which it is unconsciously coloured, and the striking fact that, unlike a picture of mere idleness, it is the type of constitutional enthusiasm resisting the gloomy suggestions of social misery — possesses a charm that belongs to no other class or descrip-

tion of humour. We invariably associate it with the image of want struggling manfully against despair — of courage and devotion, in the worst exigencies of fortune — of a disposition patient under suffering, keenly sensitive to insult, and always grateful for kindness — of a spirit not to be broken down by the most aggravated calamities — and a temper of hope and joy that never meets trouble half way, and takes a pleasant revenge on it when it comes. Much, no doubt, of its fascination is to be referred to the revelation it affords us of a character as uncommon as it is interesting; full of generosity and tenderness, bold to a fault, fertile in expedients, self-possessed and enduring, and inspired by a genius capable of all things — except success. It is to be remarked also, that this humour is conventional only in the national sense. The tide of eloquence that flows through it is affluent and fresh, gushing from natural springs, and never diverted into artificial channels. What in England is called *slang* — the cheap refuge of the witless — is unknown in Ireland. A species of vulgar ribaldry that prevails amongst the illiterate and dissipated classes of the metropolis is designated “Dublin slang,” but it has no resemblance to the language of wit or humour familiar to the provinces, and may be described as one of those grafts of vile taste which flourish in all capital cities. Cant words or phrases are not only never heard in Ireland, but could not be transplanted into the soil. The genius of the people is too original, racy, and discursive, to admit of such substitutes for invention. The occasion furnishes its own soubriquets and epigrams; and that power of rapid declamation, taking the most picturesque and unexpected shapes of wild and powerful eloquence, which is common to the whole peasantry, would render such common-places an encumbrance rather than a help. In no other country is passion expressed with such terrible concentrated force, or humour so distinguished by spontaneity, by depth of colouring, or versatility. The malediction of the Irish peasant possesses all the poetry of an oriental denunciation, with tenfold its withering power; his jest flashes upon invisible points, and lights them up by a single touch: sometimes he mingles both, and produces unconscious wit of the most exquisite quality at the height of his frenzy.

But we are afraid that these traits are not often transplanted from the teeming soil of heedless life into the artificial lyric without losing something of their freedom and freshness. Irish humour suffers especially by being clipped into verse: its wild flow is restrained, and nothing more than its salient characteristics can be preserved. The *raconteur* alone can give full effect to the rich imagination with which the every-day dialogues of Irish life are flooded; and hence the legends and stories of Ireland approach more nearly to a true representation of Irish humour than the best songs, many of which, for the same reason, are interspersed with snatches of recitation, that are drawn in by the singers to complete the effects which the verses leave imperfect. If a collection could be made of Irish repartees, of sustained conversations, of fragments of expression at meeting and parting, and in other varieties of circumstances, gathered on the roadside, and at fairs and patterns from actual observation, it would present much more eloquent evidence of the genius of the people than all the song-books that have ever been printed. Pictures of the cabins, of the habits and costume, and of the temper, tastes, and general character of the peasantry, may be strikingly exhibited in humorous songs; but the wit that springs from miscellaneous collision — the occasional and incidental outbursts of the sanguine and poetical temperament — the sinister mirth that lurks under the

drooping lash — cannot be caught with sufficient breadth and luxuriance in comic rhymes, the drollery of which consists chiefly in grotesque associations and coarse blunders.

The Irish hay-maker, in the farce of the “Irishman in Italy,” who is carried out to the Bay of Naples, and thinks he is entering the Bay of Dublin (a mistake by no means surprising, from the remarkable resemblance they bear to each other), and who expresses his wonder to see his own “paceable hill of Howth spitting fire,” is by no means an exaggeration. The astonishment he expresses at the strange sights in the streets, and the stranger stiletto practices of the people, the courage and presence of mind he discovers in difficulties that would sorely perplex an Englishman, and the ingenuity with which he foils the cunning Italian stratagems that bring the life of his benefactor into danger, give a faithful view, as far as the scope of the design admits, of the adaptive and inventive qualities, the generosity and personal bravery of the genuine Hibernian. But the Irishman is not often presented in our comedies with similar felicity: the *brogue* is frequently burlesqued by the most miserable kind of *malapropisms*, and verbal quibbling is substituted for the sly and liquorish joke. Now it is a curious fact that the lower orders of the Irish never make *puns*; and whenever such poor and transparent tricks are assigned to them on the stage, the gratuitous slander must be laid at the door of the author or the actor. Their humour refers to *things*, not to *words*. Yet sometimes they are even made responsible for downright *cockneyisms*. Thus, in the popular extravaganza, called “Teddy the Tiler,” the Irish labourer, when the picture of Wat Tyler is pointed out to him, asks “*What Tyler?*” and reiterates the question over and over again, after the repeated response of “*Wat Tyler,*” to the uproarious delight of the gallery. In the farce of the “Hundred Pound Note” (written by an English author), the Irish character is in some places hit off with better success. When the lover, who has sent his servant with a letter to his mistress, puts a flurry of inquiries to the honest fellow on his return, and at last asks, Does he think she loves him? the answer is admirably characteristic: “*Love you! Her heart’s under your foot!*” This condensed strength of expression, summing up a world of description in a single picturesque phrase, is happily illustrative of the ordinary language of the peasantry, which on the most common-place occasions takes the shape of eloquent brevity. When an Irishman is relating the treachery of another, and is anxious to present a forcible image of the deception of a false friend, he will tell you that the traitor *“cut the ground from under his feet,”* — a phrase that has now passed almost into general use, but which, in its original earnestness, in the power of the conception, showing the sudden gulf into which the victim fell, and was swallowed up for ever, is not wanting in a certain kind of savage sublimity. Innumerable instances of the pathetic and the ridiculous might be cited from the experience of any individual who has traversed the provinces, particularly in the west and south. An old woman, trudging with a heavy load at her back towards the city of Cork, paused on her weary journey, as the gay phaeton with spanking horses and brilliant liveries of one of the wealthy families of the southern metropolis approached. Leaning her back against the low mud wall on the side of the road, she gazed upon the splendid equipage as it swept past her — the ribands and laces of the happy ladies who sat in the open carriage fluttering and cracking in the winds; and, looking after it mournfully for a few moments in silence, rocking her head to and fro, she comforted her forlorn poverty with the exclamation —

"Och ! then sure, avich ! Heaven and *that* would be too much !" An English lady, who visited Ireland some years ago, landed at the Custom-house quay, in Dublin, where it was necessary to have her luggage examined. One of her packing cases was secured by an unusual quantity of nails, and the porter who was employed to open it, after working for some time, and finding his labour still unfinished, observed, looking furtively at the lady, "Ah ! by my sowl, then, but the boy that nailed this was paid by the *day*, and not by the *job* !" On another occasion, a party visited the lakes of Killarney, and as the boat was making way towards a point where the rugged hills broke abruptly into the water, one of the company turned to the boatman to ask if there was any danger. "Not the laste in life, Sir," was the reply ; "I know every rock in the place — *there's one of them*," he added, with a *nonchalant* leer, as the boat pitched violently against a rock. A group of peasants were standing idly outside a hovel, when a poor tattered fellow passed along the road ; and one of them happening to notice the extreme penury of his appearance, another observed that he had "got a rise in the world." Upon being asked for an explanation, he said, "Why, I remember the time when he hadn't a rag on his back, *but now he's all rugs* !" It is a very common thing for poor cotters, who can scarcely support themselves, to keep two or three fine dogs, contriving by some means that the animals shall always be in tolerably good condition. A pedestrian traveller fell in with a young countryman, who was followed by two magnificent hounds, in the dusk of an autumn evening in the mountains of Wicklow ; and, struck by what appeared to him an anomaly, entered into conversation with him, inquiring if the dogs were his own. "Ah, then," replied Pat, "I wonder you'd ask such a foolish question ; don't you see the family likeness between us ?" "Have you had them long ?" "Only since they were born." "Do you intend to sell them ?" "*They wouldn't be sould by me*. They were pupped on the flure in the ould cabin, and they think they've as good a right to it as myself ; and so they have. It's a pretty *ruction** there'd be if they heard me say I was going to sell them ; though, poor creatures ! I b'lieve they'd sell themselves, soul and body, for the sake of the ould woman that's lying bed-ridden at home." "And what's the matter with the old woman ?" "Poverty, sir, and hard fortune." "But if you're so poor, how can you afford to support the dogs ?" "Support the dogs ? They support themselves. They're so sinsible that they go *colloquing*† of a morning to think what they'll do all day ; and then they go out over the mountains, sometimes to Lady Powerscourt's, and sometimes to Mr. Symms', and Mr. Grattan's, and I don't know where, and never asked them, and come home again at night, never troubling us for any thing but the lock of hay that's under them. They know my foot a mile off, and jump up like mad when they hear me ; and if I don't come home all night, och ! sorrow a wink on them, but they walk up and down like a couple of banshees, and are ready to eat me alive with joy when they see me. They're mighty true to me ; and if they do set up a hullaloo sometimes in the middle of the night, frightening the poor sick mother, when they think they hear a noise — for it's them that has the 'cute ears — sure I can *quash* them with a word, *for they're afeard of my voice out of the love they have for me*."

Of a different kind is the *slang* of the lower orders in Dublin, who speak a language peculiar to themselves, in which the natural humour of the

! * *Anglice, row.*]

† Holding a secret colloquy.

country is interlarded with quaint and terse sayings, and its simplicity overlaid by arrant cunning; but exhibiting such ingenuity and artifice — such a variety of expedients and resources — that it forms a class in itself, wholly distinct from the colloquial style of the provinces, but formed mainly out of the same materials, fashioned with more art, and alloyed by that craftiness which comes of town breeding. The portion of the population in which this ornate *slang* flourishes in perfection, is to be found in the neighbourhood of the markets—more especially the fish market, which seems in all large towns to be the haunt of the muse of disorderly rhetoric. The inhabitants of cellars, where esculents, oysters, cockles, lobsters, herrings, and other things are vended, excel in the use of this figurative diction. Imagine Catherine Driscoll, a gaunt, flowery-looking woman, meeting her friend Mary Reilly one morning, and relating a domestic grievance to her, and you have a fair illustration of the manner of speech—wanting that interjectional flounce of the head, that sinister machinery of look, voice, and action, which no description can supply. The scene—taken from the life—occurred before the visit of George IV. to the Irish metropolis. “Mrs. Reilly, jewel, the top o’ the morning to you. And how is it wid you, ma’am?” “The better of seeing you this blessed morning, Mrs. Driscoll, darling.” “And how’s the man that owns you?” “Hearty, but weak, like kitchen broth.” “How’s the chilthur?” “Don’t ax me. Sure the whole boiling of them was going to be turned out last quarter as naked as they were born. Cromwell’s luck to the one-eyed thief of the world that was going to murder the fatherless crathurs.” “Och! and who was the kidnapping villain?” “Hould your whisht, and I’ll tell you. I was standing on the stips of the cillar, tying my *praskeen*,* when Mr. Foyle, the tax-getherar, comes up, as impudent as if the whole street belonged to him. ‘How are you, Mrs. Driscoll?’ says he. ‘Yes, Sir,’ says I, as if I wasn’t minding him, for I knew what he wanted. ‘Mrs. Driscoll,’ says he, ‘I’m come for the taxes.’ ‘More power to your elbow, Sir,’ says I, warding him off a little at first. ‘There’s two gales due, ma’am,’ says he. ‘Is there, Sir?’ says I. ‘Well,’ says he, looking at me as if he’d look me through, ‘are you going to pay me?’ ‘Pay you, Sir,’ says I, ‘do you think I’m a robber? Where do you think a poor struggling widow like me would get the money to pay you?’ ‘Oh! that won’t do, Mrs. Driscoll,’ says he, colouring up to the gills, ‘bekase,’ says he, ‘they’re the king’s taxes, and what am I to say to the king when he comes to the fore for his money?’ ‘Say what you like,’ says I, ‘and welcome; the king isn’t so made-sparated as to be beholden to the likes of me for his livin’.’ ‘Oh! that’s mighty well,’ says he; ‘but the king won’t wait any longer, and if you don’t pay me I must distrain you.’ ‘You must what, Sir?’ says I. ‘I must distrain you, Mrs. Driscoll,’ says he, wiping his mouth with a pocket handkerchief as yallow as a kite’s claw. ‘Distrain me, Sir?’ says I; ‘Is it such a dirty tax-getherar for to offer to distrain me? I’m a dacent woman, Sir,’ says I: ‘the mother of nine chilthur, and no man shall distrain me, Sir,’ says I, ‘let alone such as you. Don’t let me see you daar to come near me. I’m sure your father was a musician, for you look as if you were walking on two German flutes, and you’re so crooked in the body, that, God help us, if you swallowed a twelpenny nail you’d convart it into a cork-screw. Distrain me! och, murder! murder! Boys, is this the way I’m to be treated?’ With that he says, ‘Mrs. Driscoll,’ says he, ‘you mistake my manin’ entirely. It’s seizing the furniture I maae.’ ‘And why didn’t you say so at once?’ says I, ‘instead of squinting at me with your

* A coarse apron.

'swivel eye, and bad cess *, to you.' 'Ma'am,' says he, spaking me fair, 'I must take the furniture for the taxes: it's my duty I'm doing, Mrs. Driscoll.' 'Oh! then, Mr. Foyle,' says I, 'you're kindly welcome to the two stools and the settle-bed, and the noggins and the pitcher — and that's the whole inventury — for I haven't as much money as'd pay turnpike for a walking-stick. Come down the ladder, Mr. Foyle,' says I, 'and I'm sorry it isn't a coach and six for your sake.' Upon the word he was followin' me down, when I just turned round, and says I, 'Mr. Foyle,' says I, 'it's rasonable I should tell you that three of the poor chilthurs are in the typhus, and may be a gentleman like you wuld be afeard of it. *Us, poor crathurs, are used to it.*' 'In the typhus, Mrs. Driscoll?' says he, jumping back like a garden thrush. 'Are you sure it's the typhus?' 'Oh, come down, Sir,' says I, 'and make your mind easy.' 'Not to-day, ma'am,' says he, 'I beg your pardon, Mrs. Driscoll, for troublin' you; I'll come another time,' and with that he ran away for the bare life. I pever saw him since. *Devil a typhus was b'low, Mrs. Reilly, no more nqr there's at the bottom of the sea!*"

Such passages as these can be rendered truly characteristic only by recitation. The pauses, emphases, leers, and jerks, the play of the muscles of the mouth and brows, the twinkles and winks, and the expressive accompaniment of gesture and action, are essential to bring the portrait entire before us.

These requisites, which are so indispensable to the recitation of Irish humour, are not less needful in rendering full justice to the comic song. It is composed of three elements — Words, Music, Intonation — the absence of any one of which destroys its truth and nationality. The slightest change in the words to moderate their excesses, or *anglicise* them, is fatal to their fresh and racy spirit; nor can they be adapted without injury to any other music than the original airs of the country. An English song may be sung to any air that will suit the measure, but an Irish song loses nearly all its interest by changing the music for which it was designed. The marriage is indissoluble, and you cannot attempt a divorce without doing violence to nature.

The intonation is equally important; for on the enunciation of the syllables, and on the artful way of managing with the voice the involutions of the humour, much of its sly and arch effect depends. This intonation is peculiar to Irish humourists, and we believe it may be asserted that it cannot be acquired by strangers. Very few instances have ever occurred of a successful imitation. The same observation will apply, but in a lesser degree, to Scotch songs, which are always best sung by Scotchmen. The hidden meanings of the phrases, and the strong under-current of imagination that runs through these compositions, cannot be brought out with the necessary facility, if at all, except by natives. In other hands the points of the Irish song are rendered hard and angular — precisely the opposite of their genuine character.

If this combination be required to give full utterance to the spirit of the popular song, it need not be insisted upon that a printed collection of such pieces must present to the English reader a very imperfect notion of that fund of mirth from which they are extracted. It is difficult to imagine a more palpable error of judgment than Mr. Crofton Croker has committed in putting together such a naked anthology, even supposing it were excellent of its kind, which it is not. An Irish comic song, without a bar of music, may be compared to one of the half creatures of Plato, looking bewildered

* A phrase which may probably refer to an obnoxious parish impost, which has, we believe, for many years ceased to be collected in Dublin.

for want of its other half, a similitude which Moore has applied, in the dedication of one of the numbers of the "Melodies," with even less appositeness to the traditional unwritten airs of Ireland. The amusement the reader is expected to derive from this book of dried specimens is past conjecture, unless it be to set him speculating upon the odd nature of that peculiar humour which is so rich and oily in the voice of the singer, and so flat and dreary when reduced to print. It must not be inferred that we object to the publication of Irish songs, but rather that we protest against the shape in which they are put forward by Mr. Croker, who, whatever interest they may possess, is evidently of opinion that they are less interesting than his own introductions and notes. He has fairly buried them in a bog of annotations.

But we must show the manner in which these annotations are compiled. Almost every song in the collection is prefaced by some biographical, antiquarian, or rhapsodical remarks, and heavily loaded with trivial notes wherever any excuse can be made for adding fresh elucidations or illustrations; and all the while that the reader is anxious to arrive at the song with just so much actual information about it as may help to give him a relish for its particular merits, he is detained over details in which nobody except the author can be expected to feel any interest. If these preludes and commentaries were sprightly and descriptive, making a congenial atmosphere for the lively muse to flutter in, they might be admitted with some advantage into such a book; but being utterly destitute of vivacity or even of editorial skill, they constitute a species of book-porpolesy, or button-holding in print. Upon the slightest hint Mr. Croker accumulates a multitude of scraps from an infinite variety of sources,—“bits o’ readin’,” recommended for the most part to the places in which he inserts them by some accidental allusion, or trifling personality. Having three or four songs, for example, celebrating the memory of St. Patrick, he favours us with an extract from Major Mitchell’s “Australian Expedition,” the substance of which is to inform us that the major began his journey on St. Patrick’s day: this is followed by a leaf out of “The Annual Register,” recording the very curious fact that one Count Mahony gave a dinner party at Vienna, on the 17th of March, 1766; we have next a passage from the “Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone,” commemorating the singular circumstance that the writer once dined alone on St. Patrick’s day in Paris, and another from the autobiography of Holt, the rebel general, in which he mentions that he saw some Irishmen walking in procession at Liverpool on the Saint’s day, and showed them to his son. Finding the word “spalpeen” in one of the songs, Mr. Croker is instantly reminded of Sir Charles Coote’s “Statistical Survey of Cavan,” from which he quotes a long dissertation on the meaning of the word, which might have been explained in a single line, if, indeed, it were necessary to explain it at all. A vague allusion to certain mountains in another of the lyrics seduces him into an essay on hills; in which he shows that the facetious poet was wrong in his measurement; winding up with Mr. John Barrow’s account of Croagh Patrick, to enlighten the inquiring reader still farther on the geographical problem involved in the historical poem of “St. Patrick was a Gentleman.” The shamrock carries us into still more remote fields of investigation—such as “The Dublin Penny Journal,” from which we have a lively piece of rigmorole, *à-propos* to nothing—the Journal of John Wesley, where something happens to be mentioned that refers to something else, that has a sort of connection with the topic on the tapis—and that rare and recondite work, “The Biographia Dramatica,” from which are extracted some anecdotes

about Cherry the actor, not so remarkable for their novelty, it is true, as for the air of research with which the editor interweaves them into the text. But when Mr. Croker comes to the consideration of the "potato," his learning "bangs Banagher." He enters into the history of that venerated root with becoming profundity, cites Cuvier at great length to show how the potato was formerly persecuted in France, and obliges us with the opinion of Sir Joseph Banks, that it was originally introduced into these islands by Sir Walter Raleigh! The great pains Mr. Croker has taken to furnish us with full particulars on this subject may be traced to the very odd coincidence, that in an old manuscript amongst the Southwell papers, about the date of 1640, potato-roots are called "Crockers." "There *are* subjects," says O'Slash in the farce of "The Invincibles," "that must be treated with profound respect and reverence — potatoes is one of them!"

But we must not follow these ingenious annotations any farther. Bishop Percy does not involve the "Reliques," nor Wharton the "Gesta Romanorum," in such clouds of conjectures as Mr. Crofton Croker raises over "The Kilruddery Hunt," "The Hakes of Mallow," and "Shandrum Boggoon." What the work would have been had Mr. Croker carried out his original intention may be surmised from his own statement, that he "originally proposed a chronological series, which would have extended to three or four volumes; a work," he adds, "which, for a mere collection of Irish songs, alarmed my publisher." That the publisher should be "alarmed" at such an undertaking is not very surprising, if we may venture to speculate on the matter of the three or four volumes from the contents of the abridged publication. It is time, however, to turn to the songs themselves.

Mr. Croker's general estimate of the qualities that enter into the composition of Irish popular songs may be inferred from the following criticism on "Moore's Melodies," which he quotes from some anonymous writer, and adopts without a syllable of remark: —

"It has often struck me with astonishment," says the unknown scribe, "that the people of Ireland should have so tamely submitted to Mr. Thomas Moore's audacity in prefixing the title of Irish to his "Melodies." "That the tunes are Irish, I admit; but as for the songs, they, in general, have as much to do with Ireland as with Nova Scotia. What an Irish affair, for example, "Go where glory waits thee!" &c. Might not it have been sung by a cheesemonger's daughter of High Holborn, when her master's apprentice was going, in a fit of valour, to list himself in the Third Buffs, or by any other amatory person, as well as a Hibernian virgin?"

And so he goes on (we use his own phraseology) "to point out the un-Irish points of Moore's poetry." From this text Mr. Croker starts to show us what Irish songs really are — popular Irish songs — not these High Holborn ballads about cheesemonger's apprentices and the Third Buffs.

The cool contempt with which Mr. Croker disposes of the "Melodies" in a page or two of adopted ribaldry, and then returns to "his *own* collection," cannot be sufficiently admired; especially when it is remembered that the "Melodies" are original lyrics, and that Mr. Croker's "*own* collection" consists of the works of other people: that it is a gatherer and vender of ballads who sneers at a poet; — a poet, too, who has done more for Ireland than Beranger has done for France — who has transmitted her music and her wrongs to every nook of distant civilisation — whose songs are translated into every language — and who, with a power greater than the march of armies or the voice of senates, has vindicated to the whole world the cause of justice and liberty! Moore, it appears, "wants Irish feeling and cha-

racter :” his “*Melodies*” are applicable to all times and places, and deficient in national peculiarity. Why, what a low mental capacity must that be which discovers in the grandest elements of lyrical poetry the sources of failure — which is unable to perceive the universal truth that wells up out of the springs of local passions and sentiments — and which cannot discern the inspired touches of genius by which the great image of a people struggling for their rights is rendered intelligible in all its versatile and striking phases to the myriad populations of the earth, awakening a new life of sympathy and heroism wherever man has learned the value of freedom, or wherever the household affections — the apostles of the Good and the Beautiful — are cherished in their purity! The agency chosen by Moore for the delineation of the national characteristics, and, above all, of that diviner part of the Irish nature, the virtues that have been tried long-suffering and have survived it — the marvellous skill with which he blends the tenderness and gaiety, the joyousness and melancholy, of the Irish temperament — and the voluptuous imagination that perpetually plays through these many-coloured emotions — contribute, on the whole, to the production of the most complete triumph of national poetry extant in any language. We may ask, where is there such a body of lyrics to be found, stamped with such distinct features of nationality in any other literature? We may ask the question, and Mr. Crofton Croker will probably direct us to his “own collection” of “*The Popular Songs of Ireland.*”

But let us see how far this collection is entitled to be considered popular. Are the songs contained in this volume familiarly known in Ireland? Are they sung in private houses, in the theatres, or the streets? We believe these are the most obvious tests of popularity.

If we indicate the sources from whence most of them are drawn, we furnish a sufficient reply to the inquiry. Some of them are copied from the Cork “*Southern Reporter*,” others from “*Blackwood’s Magazine*,” and from “*Bolster’s Magazine*” — a Cork periodical that lived for a short time some years ago, and perished, to use the words of an Irish wit, not of consumption, but of a *want* of consumption. Then we have a song written by Cherry for a monopolylogue, delivered by Mrs. Mountain in Dublin in 1806 — one of those occasional pieces that rarely outlive the season of their production. Some are taken from “*Captain Rock in London*,” a twopenny miscellany of the year 1825, and from volumes of poetry, which, probably, would never have been heard of, but for Mr. Crofton Croker. Some are parodies on Moore’s songs — parodies on the really popular songs, and having no further pretensions to a place in the collection than they derive from their mocking imitation of the metre and sentiments of their originals. But the most remarkable pieces are a translation by Miss Landon of an old Norman-French poem (not a song but a long narrative) written in the fourteenth century on the intrenchment of New Ross, and a metrical letter, filling several pages, of a certain mayor of Waterford who flourished some time in the fifteenth century; and these, by a process peculiarly Hibernian, are included amongst the popular songs of Ireland! Any industrious collector, with even less judgment in such matters than Mr. Crofton Croker, might easily accumulate a bundle of verses from the files of old newspapers and magazines, and by virtue of the same receipt, give them a framework of dissertations, and announce them as characteristic specimens of popular poetry. But unless such verses were familiar to the people, they would be no more entitled to the designation than the majority of Mr. Croker’s songs. That some of the songs thus rescued from oblivion are thoroughly

Irish, we willingly admit, but they must not be confounded with the popular songs of the country. The title of the volume is not borne out by its contents. The songs of the middle classes and the peasantry — the true depositaries of Irish lyrical poetry — are yet to be explored.

Amongst so many, Mr. Croker could scarcely escape hitting upon a few that are really popular in the full sense, and that may be received as unexceptionable illustrations of the classes to which they belong. We may more particularly instance "The Groves of Blarney," Ned Lysaght's "Sprig of Shillelagh," and "Dublin after the Union," "St. Patrick was a Gentleman," "The Boys of Kilkenny," "De Groves of de Pool," "The Rakes of Mallow," and "The Kilruddery Hunt." These songs, and, perhaps, two or three more, enjoy extensive popularity, and exhibit in perfection the festive and grotesque humour that pervades the Irish community. Several of the "local" songs, descriptive of particular scenes or events, are also good in their way, and highly characteristic. But, like almost all local productions, much of their charm evaporates in allusions which are unintelligible beyond the circles for whose entertainment they were written. In a spirit of fastidiousness which, in this case at least, is not very judiciously exercised, Mr. Croker omits the celebrated ditty of "The Night before Larry was stretched," which was written by a dignitary of the church, now living, and which is, beyond all comparison, the most remarkable production that was ever composed in the language of *slang*. A catalogue of omissions of different kinds might readily be enumerated. For example: — "The Wedding of Ballyporeen" (a perfect picture song), Curran's "Complaint," (known also by other titles, but chiefly by the first line, "If spirits sinking,") "By the Big Hill of Howth," "Cabin Furniture" (there are two or three songs to which this designation applies, all of them excellent, and closely descriptive of the homestead, such as it is, of the Irish cottier), "Cruiskeen Lawn" (the omission of this ancient and beautiful ditty is altogether inexplicable), "Young Charley Reilly" (with the old keening music, not the modern version, an affecting snatch of humour), "Bryan O'Lynn" (the expurgated edition, of course, which for "roaring fun" and whimsical exaggeration is not surpassed by any popular lyric of its kind in the Anglo-Irish language), "Drimindhu Dheelish," or "An Irishman's Lament for his Cow" (one of the most exquisite of all the rustic songs): — but any attempt to supply even the titles of the omitted ballads would carry us beyond all reasonable limits.

Of the songs possessing merely a local interest, the greater number are appropriated by Cork and its immediate neighbourhood, where this species of doggerel appears to be in high request. There are no less than three of these addressed to the town of Passage, which lies between Cove and Cork — all evident imitations of the bartering extravagance of "The Groves of Blarney." One verse will be an abundant sample of the whole: —

"The town of Passage is neat and spacious,
All situated upon the sea;
The ships a-floating, and the youth a-boating,
With their cotton coats on each summer's day.
'Tis there you'd see, both night and morning,
The men-of-war, with fresh-flowing sails;
The bould lieutenants, and the tars so jolly,
All steering for Cork in a hackney chaise."

But other parts of Ireland have been sung in a similar strain. If Mr. Croker had crossed over to the west, he might have discovered an eulogistic

lyric on the metropolis of the western waters, of which the following is the opening stanza : —

“ Oh, it's Galway town sure, where you may go down sure,
Five hundred feet to the bottomless sea ;
Where you 'll have no bother in the cold salt water,
For it's all dry land every foot of the way.

There's no need of tunnel, or under-ground funnel,
They 'll ferry you over in a jaunting car ;
For Saint Patrick dried it, as he stood beside it,
And corked it up in a leather jar.”

Ullaloo! ” &c.

The feat of St. Patrick, in corking up the Atlantic Ocean in a leather jar, is nearly as marvellous as the charm with which he exorcised

“ Nine hundred thousand vipers blue,”

and turned them into soups and second courses. The well-known song in which this miracle and many others are related — “ St. Patrick was a Gentleman ” — was the joint authorship, we are informed by Mr. Croker, of the late Mr. Henry Bennett and Mr. Tolleken of Cork, and were sung by them, in alternate lines, at a masquerade in that city, in the winter of 1814 or 1815. He gives us six verses, five of which are devoted to the history of the saint's performances, and at the sixth verse the singer very abruptly appears in person, wishing that he were once more back in Munster; with which interruption to the life of the patron saint the song suddenly terminates. Now it appears to us clear enough, either that this sixth verse is an addition by some rude hand to the original, the unity of which it spoils, or that Mr. Croker was unable to procure a perfect copy of the song. The death of St. Patrick is wanted to complete this “ eventful history ; ” for it is hardly to be supposed that a poet who was so minute about the birth and ancestry of his hero would leave him without consigning him to his mother-earth; or that, if he did, somebody else would not be found to supply the deficiency. The following verses furnish the natural close of the lyric; but whether they come from the late Messrs. Bennett and Tolleken, or from the moon, we are not prepared to say : —

Oh ! *mille* murder ! when he died,
And left his own relations,
The banshees sat upon the hob,
And keened her lamentations !
And then we had a genteel wake,
His will to be fulfilling,
And by my sowl we 'd plenty of real poteen,
From the forge at Enniskillen !

But now he 's gone, and a dacent one
Was buried when he died, sir ;
They sung a hymn all over him,
In the church-yard at Malahide, sir.
They placed a stone across the grave,
• At the foot a shamrock frisky,
And at the head a nate cockade,
Of a bottle of Costigan's whiskey ! ” *

* It, perhaps, may be necessary to observe that Costigan was in former times a celebrated distiller in Ireland.

There is a very tender little song in the collection called "The Court of Cahirass," supposed to be written by the chaplain of the Carbery family, who falling in love with the Lord Carbery's daughter, upon whose beauty the song was made, hung himself for despair in the chapel, which soon afterwards went to decay. We will not trouble ourselves with the editor's researches in Lodge's "Peerage" to show that there is some mistake in the tradition, but take it in full with a confiding faith as we find it. The following verses are full of simple beauty :—

" In order arranged are her bright flowing tresses,
The thread of the spider their fineness expresses ;
And softer her cheek that is mantled with blushes,
Than the drift of the snow, or the pulp of the rushes.

' But her bosom of beauty, that the heart which is under,
Should have nothing of womanlike pride, is my wonder ;
That the charms which all eyes daily dwell on delighted,
Should seem in her own of no worth, and be slighted.

' When charity calls her she never is weary,
Though in secret she comes with the step of a fairy ;
To the sick and the needy profuse is her bounty,
And her goodness extends through the whole of the county.

" I felt on my spirit a load that was weighty,
In the stillness of midnight, and called upon Katey ;
And a dull voice replied, on the ear of the sleeper,
' Death ! death ! ' in a tone that was deep, and grew deeper.

" 'T was an omen to me — 't was an omen of sadness,
That told me of folly, of love, and of madness ;
That my fate was as dark as the sky that was o'er me,
And bade me despair, for no hope was before me."

The chaplain who could make such verses ought not to have despaired, if the lady of Cahirass were the paragon of gentleness and beneficence he describes.

A wild anathema called "The Doneraile Litany," written by one Mr. Patrick O'Kelly, a mad-cap scarecrow itinerant rhymers, is one of the most curious specimens preserved by Mr. Croker. It appears that O'Kelly lost his watch in the town of Doneraile, and in memory of that misfortune consigned the place in his verses to eternal misery. It may be doubted whether he ever had a watch, but the "Litany" is no wise impaired by the suspicion. We will make room for two or three snatches of this howling imprecation, which runs into a great many stanzas :—

" Alas ! how dismal is my tale ! —
I lost my watch in Doneraile ;
My Dublin watch, my chain and seal,
Pilfer'd at once in Doneraile.

" May fire and brimstone never fail
To fall in showers in Doneraile ;
May all the leading fiends assail
The thieving town of Doneraile.

" May sun and moon for ever fail
To beam their lights in Doneraile ;
May every pestilential gale
Blast that curst spot called Doneraile."

May no sweet cuckoo, thrush, or quail,
Be ever heard in Doneraile ;
May patriots, kings, and commonweal,
Despise and harass Doneraile.

May every post, gazette, and mail,
Sad tidings bring to Doneraile ;
May loudest thunders ring a peal,
To blind and deafen Doneraile."

The soil of Ireland seems to throw up these sort of fantastic satires and scourging curses, like ashes whirled into the air by the winds : sometimes with, and sometimes without, provocation, but almost invariably with more recklessness and broad humour than real malice. A Dr. Mac Donnell, who was an eminent physician in the town of Limerick about the middle of the last century, could not resist the satirical turn of his genius, and wrote a song on his townspeople, by which he lost all his practice, and was obliged to make his escape from the place in the night time. One stanza will show the sort of materials of which it was composed : —

" Our wives behind counters, not saucy nor slatterns are ;
For meekness, politeness, and goodness, they patterns are :
It would do your heart good, on the mall where they walk at eve,
To see them so dressy, so flirtish, so talkative."

But the tendency to resort on all possible occasions to rhyme, exhibits itself even in the ordinary affairs of every-day business. Lampoons are not more common in the upper classes than poetical advertisements, handbills, and fanciful envelopes, amongst the tradespeople. Mr. Croker gives some examples, but they are not the happiest he might have selected. Some years ago, a grocer set up in Dublin upon the plan of low prices, when a batch of rhymes started into print, exhausting the vocabulary of epithets upon the old system and its professors, and daring them to battle : —

" Come on, ye grocers, every one !
Come Hyson, Congon, and Souchong,
Come Bohea green, Gunpowder strong,
Come on, without delay ! "

and so it went on, denouncing all rivals, and challenging them to competition. The ballad singers are themselves frequently the inventors of the songs they chant in the streets, and strange medleys of sarcastic wit and extravagant humour they produce. When Napoleon was a prisoner in St. Helena, a song, of which the following fragment is a floating recollection, was applauded to the echo in the streets of Dublin. We ought to add that it was adapted to an original melody of the most wailing and touching sadness : —

" There 's a long row of trees which they call the great Savannah,
Where Bony walks alone in the Isle of St. Helena :
There he walks all alone by the great mount Diana,
And he mourns for his queen in the Isle of St. Helena !

" And the young king of Rome at the court of Vienna,
Said he 'd bring his father home from the Isle of St. Helena :
But our good Lord Mayor, Alderman M'Kenna,
Called it treason 'gainst the king in the Isle of St. Helena ! "

The ballad proceeded with a description of the Duke of Wellington at the Congress of Verona, taking no trouble whatever about poor Napoleon, but on the contrary dancing with the deposed empress at a ball, and

“ Wearing round his neck a neat new Barcelona,
Which he borrow'd from the wife of the man in St. Helena! ”

But as these compositions, separated from the music and the inimitable humour of the singers, are hardly intelligible, we must be satisfied with this imperfect specimen of a class of street songs, not less remarkable for their singular construction than for the facility with which they are applied to an endless variety of topics.

We have already extended these remarks so far beyond our original intention — although the general subject of Irish ballad poetry will admit hereafter of another review, in which many of its peculiar characteristics not touched upon by Mr. Croker remain to be examined — that we have scarcely left ourselves room to refer to Mr. Lover's little volume of songs. Fortunately, these productions are so familiar to the public, that they may be said to be placed beyond the reach of criticism, which can now neither mar nor enhance their popularity. Mr. Lover was born with a lucky genius, baptized in Castalia, dipped in a rainbow, and whisked by some friendly fairy through the spheres to catch the falling echoes of their lutes and harps. There is a tinge of poetry on his easel, a picturesque charm in his poetry, and both pictures and poetry in his music. Perhaps in none of these singly does he equal some of his contemporaries, but assuredly he excels them all in a combination as rare as it is delightful. The permanent beauty of Mr. Lover's songs is to be traced to their deep Irish feeling: they have the heart of the country in them — its pathos and roguish wit — its sunny temper clouded with sorrow! It is not, however, from this little book that the affecting influence of his lyrics can be caught. Whoever would truly feel their spirit, must hear them sung by the author to his own simple and expressive accompaniment.

LETTERS ON THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF ITALY.

No. I.

You have requested me to furnish you with some information on the present state of Italy,—to communicate to you my ideas on its progress, its political tendencies, and its future lot. I will endeavour to comply with your request. I will attempt to dissipate as rapidly, but also as conscientiously as possible, the clouds with which this subject is veiled, not only from your eyes, but from those of the better thinkers on the Continent, who are also confused, as all foreigners must be at present, by the assertions of rash writers, and by the aspect of events contemplated superficially and at a distance. In doing this I shall perform a double duty: for, on the one hand, in the general struggle which must sooner or later break out in Europe between the good and the evil principle,—between nations which demand liberty of progress, and the fractional interests which resist this demand,—twenty millions of men, placed in a position eminently important, form an element of force which it is worth the trouble, I think, to study in its latent march; on the other hand, Italy, dumb in the hands of the executioner, and discouraged by a series of abortive insurrections, has need of an encouraging voice. Nothing is wanting, in my opinion, to enable Italy to raise herself to a level with her destiny, but the consciousness of her will and of her power. She has been so often told that she is weak, that she ought not to hazard attempts which are called premature, and that she must expect liberation from abroad, that she at last believes all this, and her credulity is considered a crime. The results of opinions which have been propagated partly from levity and partly from bad faith, are appealed to in support of the opinions themselves. We protest against this pernicious sophism, and must aid Italy to escape from its effects. Sympathy manifested abroad has more influence than is generally thought on the progress of fallen nations, for esteem excites ambition to deserve it.

You are already acquainted with the general tenor of these opinions. I remember the day when, examining together some works on the present state of Italy, we read in a recent production of M. Sismondi * the following lines:—“A democratic revolution has been projected in countries now divided into independent governments such as Italy, in the hope of profiting by such a grand commotion for the purpose of uniting them into one single and colossal democratic republic. In such a case it would be necessary that in this country, where all public discussion is now forbidden, where every path towards public celebrity is closed, the choice of the people, a free and rational election, should nominate those to whom the sovereignty ought to be entrusted; and that the citizens of the greater number of these small states should go and choose them, if it is wished to obtain a majority amongst the citizens of other small states, in whom they now see only foreigners and rivals. How can those who project a republic, formed of all the small states of Italy, persuade themselves that the rivalry, the distrust, existing between so many independent countries can be forgotten, not merely by a few thinkers or enthusiasts, but by the mass of the people which obeys its recollections, its affections, and its prejudices, much

* *Etudes sur les Constitutions des Peuples Libres, &c.*

more readily than their reasonings? How is it that they have not foreseen that all the local antipathies would be called into bitter strife as soon as the general legislation came to decide upon questions on which the judgment of each people differs?" (P. 395.) Shortly after we met with the following assertion, made on the 10th of August, 1831, from the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies, by General Sebastiani:—"Every one knows that the state of its civilisation, its religious prejudices, and its ignorance, prevent the Romagna from being able to partake of the benefits of all the institutions which we are fortunate enough to possess." Then came the writings of several Italians confirming these opinions. On the one hand we had M. Armandi proclaiming to all France, for which he writes, that "The union of Italy will never be any thing more than a brilliant utopia, and that all efforts, therefore, ought to be confined to the amelioration of the institutions in the different states which compose it." According to him, the only prayer of which the accomplishment can now be hoped, is "to see disappear the absurd and contemptible division of the central part, and to effect the union of these fractions into a single state, capable of supporting itself by its own powers." "The character of the Roman populace," he observes, "has always been regarded as fanatical, and as inimical to all innovation: it is still composed of the assassins of Basseville and Duphot."* On the other hand we had M. Marochetti, yielding to the fears of M. Sismondi, frowning on the youth of Italy, which seeks to establish the sovereignty of popular principles, and exclaiming, "If the national revolution of 1821 failed—a revolution which had so just a foundation, which was accompanied by such favourable circumstances, which announced itself and had been proclaimed under the auspices of royal princes, at Naples as well as in Piedmont—which had the support of the army, of a portion of the nobility, and the entire assent of the people—of which the commencement had been so fortunate—which, in short, was so modest in its demands, so moderate, so generous, so self-denying in respect to money, and which was legitimated and recommended by so many causes,—if ten years afterwards the insurrection of Central Italy, that humble child of the Italian *juste milieu*, had no better success, an insurrection prompted by so many interests, and sanctioned by so many prayers, and which did nothing more than demand a little reform in the internal administration;—how can you hope for the triumph of a system which presents itself under an aspect so hostile and menacing to the existing order of things, and which has opposed to it on the spot a foreign army of 150,000 satellites, devoted to despotism, and acting like machines?"†

We found, it is true, contrary opinions, and a firm belief in the progress of the popular element in the work "*Dell' Italia*:" but when we followed the author from the field of theory into that of action, the same discouragement was visible, ill disguised under vague anticipations of a future, to be realised at an indefinitely distant period; and we heard him with astonishment seek to deprive a people, to which every path of progressive education or legal remonstrance is closed, of the only means which remains for its emancipation, by exclaiming, "Italy is the country of conspiracies, and Italian conspiracies have always been unfortunate—a warning, perhaps, from God, that it is by more popular and more noble means that the rights of a great nation ought to be reconquered;" and when we inquired what were these means, we obtained for answer (together with the words of an

* *Ma Part aux Evenemens de l'Italie Centrale en 1831*; par le Gen. Armandi. Paris, 1831.

† *L'Italie: ce qu'elle doit faire pour figurer enfin parmi les Nations Independentes et Libres*, &c. &c.; par J. B. Marochetti. Paris, 1837.

almost despairing faith—"the most powerful remedy is prayer to God") such strange and impracticable counsel, that we should be inclined to take it for bitter irony, if the whole work did not prove to us that they are really the genuine dreams of an honest man.* Falling still lower, we sunk—it is the proper word—upon the following expressions of M. Orioli, most pernicious in themselves, and almost inconceivable in the mouth of an Italian exile of 1831:—"However, it is always this France which we regard as our polar star. We cannot familiarise ourselves with the idea that the great French nation, or its *enlightened government*, have consented to renounce the duties which have been assigned to them by nature, by Providence itself. They may have been able to believe for a moment that they ought to give up, or abdicate the *high protectorate of the universal people*, but they will soon feel, &c. No more revolutions, we also exclaim; but instead thereof indefinite progress—reform in every thing and every where—progress and reform without check by the force of ideas, and by the intervention of this France, which, &c."†

All this is sufficiently discouraging. These testimonies are numerous and important. The men who give them are learned and profound historians, generals, ministers, professors, exiles. They have studied, or are supposed to have studied, the country of which they speak; some of them have played an important part in the revolutionary outbreaks of Italy. They at present depict Italy as weak, disunited, ignorant, averse to any frank proclamation of popular principles, unable to effect its own emancipation, bound for ever to the car of France, from which, notwithstanding that it has experienced innumerable outrages and deceptions, it persists in demanding as alms a little liberty. If it were really thus—if after so many efforts and martyrs the country which has almost always furnished France with *thought* had now indeed lost all feeling of nationality, and is to be henceforth content to be dragged servilely in the train of France, whether for good or for ill—if these men, whose ancestors were the first to raise the standard of the people in Europe, and who have since suffered together during almost five centuries, be not yet capable of elevating themselves to the idea of *unity* by the *people*, it would be of no use to think of them: one would only feel impelled to say to them, "Do not write; do not complain; there are weaknesses which it is forbidden at any rate to unveil. If you feel yourselves made for chains, wear them in silence, and do not make them sound without ceasing in the ears of other nations, for they can do nothing for you—your malady is too profound—gangrene may be prevented, but cannot be cured."

But this is not the case. Italy is now, whether designedly or not, mistaken or calumniated by those very men who ought to be its best defenders. My opinions on its actual condition, as well as on its probable future state, are diametrically opposed to those which I have just quoted. I have not embraced these opinions with levity: they have their source in the most calm and rigid examination I have been able to make of the past history of Italy and of its recent insurrections. The practical acquaintance which circumstances have enabled me to obtain of the elements which agitate themselves in its bosom, has only confirmed me in them; and in the writings above cited, I have found nothing which to me proves their fallacy.

There are in the crowd of individuals who have pronounced a judgment on Italy certain classes, of which it would be beneath us to speak. There

* *Dell' Italia: Libri cinque. 2 vols. Paris, 1836.*
 † *Revolution d'Italie en 1831; par F. Orioli. Paris, 1834-35.*

are the sons of noble families, or others, who travel in Italy merely because it is the fashion, and who see nothing except the main roads, the principal hotels, the chief theatres, and perhaps some large parties—the directions given to their tutors are confined to these. Then we have the amateurs,—a useless race, but very inoffensive,—for whom all that Italy contains of value are paintings which they criticise very ill, operas which they criticise still worse, and sherbet which they are able properly to appreciate. There are the poets for whom Italy is altogether dead, because the corpse of a nation is a beautiful image—and dead for ever, because eternity adds to the effect of the image: they would be in despair if a spark of its third life were visible, for then their poetry would be to do again, whilst at present they only undo like harpies that of Byron, the presentiment excepted which belongs only to genius. There are the consumptive travellers, who only see the sun—the tourists, the most traditional and tenacious of races, who, even in 1839, after having traversed Italy very comfortably stage by stage, talk still as in the good old time of brigands and of the stiletto—good people who study Italy in the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe, and sometimes in the memoirs of Casanova. Then there are *feuilletonists*, reviewers, writers of tales or novels (for the most part Frenchmen), the forlorn hope of the literature, which, for the present, we will only call *etourdie* of the firm of Janin, Gozlan, Balzac, and Co., scribblers at so much a page, who only see in Italy Chiaia, the lazzaroni, the fête of the *moccoli* at Rome, entailed villas, noble families claiming to descend from Mars, counts who call themselves Frontifero, and young ladies who call themselves Venus; then foragers for magazines, who, finding there is no danger in calumniating Italy, pursue in peace their natural vocation; and finally—but these are fortunately rare—political renegades, of which class the Count dal Pozzo has lately furnished us with a tolerably complete specimen.* All these people talk, criticise, and calumniate, either from malice, for pastime, or to fill their pages. The locusts of literature, they alight to-day on the plains of Italy; to-morrow they will visit Spain, or any other country which they can turn to account: their existence, however, is only ephemeral; they are carelessly perused, and then forgotten. They leave, nevertheless, in the mind a taint of scepticism and indifference,—a tendency to judge Italy superficially, which causes the unfavourable opinions published by graver writers, who are led away by other errors, to be adopted without examination. If ever opinions required to be received with caution, and only accepted after a rigorous examination, certainly those which we hear pronounced on Italy are of this class.

In a country where there is a public life of some kind, where the eternal progress of thought finds its expression in the press or in the popular assembly, individual judgments can be instantly and every where tested. It may not be always possible to isolate such a test, or demonstrate exactly in what it consists; but it does not therefore act the less upon writers, rendering them less bold,—nor upon the reader, enabling him to modify that which is erroneous or exaggerated in published statements.

But what shall be our test in Italy? What check is there on misrepresentation? In that unfortunate country all is dead. There no press exists; no public assemblies are possible; nor can there be any expression

* The Count Ferdinand dal Pozzo, one of the chiefs of the Piedmontese movement of 1821, obtained, after a long exile, permission to return to Italy by selling his pen to Austria: he is the author of a wretched pamphlet, entitled “Della Felicità che gli Italiani possono e debbono dal Governo Austriaco procacciarsi,” for which he has had already to endure the reproaches of Anichini, Angeloni, and Marochetti. For my part I cannot but pity the degradation of Austria in being reduced to purchase such an advocate.

of the national ideas. The shadow of despotism is cast on the whole land : on virtue as well as on vice ; on life as well as on death. One would imagine that the steps of the scaffold itself were covered with velvet, so little noise is made by the youthful heads which roll down them from time to time. Life is passed in silence ; death takes place in silence. No appeal is made except before God ; no errors are ever refuted ; no progress is ever proclaimed. An element may have lost all its vitality—but there it seems alive and ready to act : another element may have made its way underground, may have subjugated all others, and have overthrown every obstacle to its progress, and yet Europe shall only learn its existence from an insurrection : this, in short, is the only way left in which the life of Italy can be manifested. In the intervals between the revolts, the only voices which are heard are those of foreigners or Italian exiles—these are the only persons who occupy themselves with the political situation of Italy. Now it is rare that the former do not write from a limited and exclusive point of view, derived from our past history, which offers many such of a striking nature, and from it proceed to judge the present ; and it is seldom that the latter—whether they are conscious of it or not—have not some peculiar motives which influence their opinions, and of which a knowledge is essential for their appreciation.

Thus M. Sismondi, a man of talent, of learning, and of good faith ; an historian always conscientious, sometimes profound, but somewhat uncertain ; fluctuating between creeds, and allowing himself rather to be governed by facts, than knowing how to govern them by means of the general law which produces them, has struck against the former of the rocks which we have just indicated. His history of the Italian republics, a work displaying love of the subject, nay even enthusiasm, and which has earned him his fame, has also ruined him. Cast precipitately by long studies amongst the struggles constantly renewed of the Italian cities, into the six hundred years' contest of the Guelph and Ghibelline principles, he has remained there ; he has identified himself with the ancient combatants ; he lives in the Middle Ages, and so completely, that he has lost altogether his faculty for appreciating the present. A man of analysis, and incapable of synthetical views ; that is to say, working with only half the instruments of history, he has detailed these struggles perfectly, but has not comprehended their meaning, nor that which they represented, nor that which ought inevitably to follow them ; he has not seen that the Empire and the Pope were only the pretext for them, their symbols so to say, but that the cause, the true cause which induced these combats was the equalisation or fusion of Italy into a unity opposed to privilege, caste, and federalism. Impelled by his whole nature towards the analytical, historical school of the materialists of the eighteenth century, when he perceived that all this tumult had subsided, and that the two giants of the struggle, the Pope and the Emperor, had inclined as if fatigued towards each other, and had signed over the corpse of Florence a peace of which Cambrai had established the preliminaries, he said to himself, " This is the death of Italy : " he did not comprehend that it was only the Italy of the Middle Ages with its inequalities of races and of civilisation, its intestine discords, its permanent duality which then expired, and that a new epoch now commenced, of which the long and painful initiation alone can measure the future grandeur : he did not comprehend that the very fact of this alliance between two powers till then irreconcilable proved the evolution of a third principle, which threatened to pave its own way, and which whilst separate they did not feel themselves strong enough to overcome. From that period he has not

advanced a step. The life of Italy in its latent course under the ruins of its early liberty, simplifying itself, and rendering itself one and indivisible under the level of general oppression, has completely escaped him. For him three centuries have remained without signification. He has mistaken silence for immobility; the absence of any signs of progress for the absence of progress itself. It is then with the Middle Ages that he connects all his dreams of a living Italy: the ancient Guelphs and the ancient Ghibellines rise up before him, whenever we speak to him of Italians about to act. Subsequently he has seen some peasants armed for that which, twenty years ago, was called Catholicism; he was assailed by stones in some part or other of Tuscany, precisely at the moment when the masses in Italy were loud in joyful acclamation at the announcement of their emancipation; and controlled by solitary facts, and without data for determining the general case, he fears the priest, exaggerates his power, sees him every where ruling and exciting the population, and summoning it to a species of crusade against the cause of liberty. He forgets Sarpi, Venice, Leopold, the eighteenth century altogether, 1831, and the materialism of the French school dominating only too much perhaps the intellect of Italy. His history of Italy finishes with that of Florence.

Almost all the Italian writers whose works I have cited as supporting the opinions of M. de Sismondi, or of the French minister, have written under the influence of *personal motives*, which I have indicated as the second rock on which those who judge of the present state of Italy strike. M. Orioli, a professor, a man of real learning, esteemed for his archeological labours, and for his knowledge of Etruscan antiquities, an honest man, and a sincere lover of his country, but in no respect a politician, and comprehending very little the wants, the aspirations, and the tendencies of Italy as it is, was called unfortunately to take part in the insurrection of 1831. A member of the Bolognese provisional government, which, as we shall shortly see, ruined by its cowardice and its inaptitude the last Italian insurrection, he naturally tries to justify himself and the colleagues with whom he was implicated before his compatriots and foreigners; and this he cannot do except by seeking to prove that it is impossible for Italy to follow with success a more energetic and logical system,—one more consistent with the principles of every revolution, and with the object which Italy proposes to obtain. He asserts this; and what can be more natural, we will not say more just, than that he should do so? He asserts this not in bad faith, but conscientiously: that which he says he believes; but his deeds influence his views. Is it then so easy to find men who condemn their own actions, and are courageous enough to efface two-thirds of their life in saying — “We have deceived ourselves — this is what we ought to have done?” M. Armandi, of whom I am not able to speak so well as of M. Orioli, has still more to justify. Minister of war during the movement of Central Italy, he did nothing, and hindered others from doing any thing; he demoralised the insurrection; he was the first to quit his post; he decided, by a false or incomplete report, the shameful capitulation of Arcona; and now he cites modestly the inefficacy of the efforts of Kosciusko, forgetting that when liberty cannot be saved, the honour of one’s country ought at any rate to be preserved, and that Kosciusko, in order to preserve it, did not fly the field of battle, but was carried from it by those who found him pierced with wounds, lying under heaps of dead. Ought we after this to abide by his judgment? The same holds good of the other writers.

All these men, whatever may be their individual opinions, whatever may be the more or less imperfect degree in which they are acquainted with the

movement of Italy, seem all to forget that the time for repose never arrives in a nation, as long as the object towards which its historically national tendency compels it is not attained—as long as the faculties and powers which exist as germs in its bosom have not reached their highest possible degree of development—as long in short—to adopt an expression little used in this sense, but which designates exactly my particular ideas on the philosophy of history—as its mission towards the progress of humanity is not accomplished. That point Italy has not reached. That which she has done in the world—now in conquest by physical force, now by moral force—by the *word*, she has done in the name of a city or of a man, in the name of a power or of a principle embodied in that city or man—never in the name of the entire nation. The nation has never yet existed in action. There has been a Rome of the Cæsars—there has been a Rome of the Popes—the Rome of the Italian People has yet to be built. But every thing hitherto has converged to this point. The internal crisis which has so long agitated Italy finds here its sense and its explanation: it is the struggle of the Italian element, wrestling with, subjugating and absorbing all foreign elements, races, and castes, which came from all parts of Europe like tides to overwhelm Italy. All that process of fermentation and ebullition which fills up the middle ages of Italy was a work of fusion: it elaborated, so to say, the *medium* proper for the development of that germ of Italian unity, which still broods under the double ruin of the Capitol and the Vatican. This process has never ceased. It continued more silently because less diversified, but in reality with redoubled vigour, during the period which followed the fall of the last republics, and which seemed, in the eyes of superficial observers, to be one of inertia and degeneration. The liberty of the cities having perished, the work of equalisation only marched the more rapidly: if it was less apparent, it is precisely because it was carried on in the heart of the nation. Both before and after the revolutionary movements which at a later period came from abroad to agitate Italy, the people gained far more ground than the educated classes: this is shown by popular manifestations made from time to time, and crowned with success, such as that of 1746 at Genoa, and that which has been hitherto so little understood at Naples in 1799.

This grand general fact, that the people of Italy has been gradually substituting itself in the place of all partial elements—that it henceforth governs every question, and presents itself as the necessary and unique basis for every active enterprise, has entirely escaped all the writers whose opinions I have endeavoured to refute. The book of the nation has been for them all a dead letter,—for the historian Botta as well as for the conspirators, Santarosa and Menotti, for M. Sismondi as well as for the provisional governments of 1831. Romagnosi alone of all writers has caught a glimpse of its meaning, but he was not capable of following it out: of all men of action, Napoleon was the only one who comprehended it, but he had no wish to obey it. France, perhaps because he felt more sure of controlling her, was his only instrument of action; he wished her to have no rival. It was only at St. Helena, when he had no longer any thing to conceal, that he exclaimed,—“Italy is a single nation; her unity of manners, of language, and of literature, ought at a period more or less remote to unite her inhabitants under one government.”

Now, thanks to this general fact, all is changed in Italy. The absorbing power of the Italian element—so absorbing that such opposite races as the Goths and Longobards could not resist it more than one or two centuries—has undermined and levelled every thing. There are now no separate

races in Italy; from one end of her to the other all is Italian. I would demand of those who still amuse themselves, perhaps to make a show of a very superficial erudition, which is to frighten the Italians by announcing the races which are to rise from its bosom in menacing attitude on the day of emancipation, to point out to us in this land, where from the very day of their arrival these races have never ceased to be mingled, confused, and identified, the spot which any one of them in particular occupies at present: I would pray them to point out a single difference between the Lombard, the Roman, and the Neapolitan, which is not equally observable in France — the most homogeneous of nations — between the Biscayans, the Bretons, and Normans.* The Middle Ages are dead, and the Guelphs and Ghibellines with them; and those who dream that they are full of life, or ready to revive, and kindle wars between our different provinces, are writers of romance and not of history. They have no longer a standard: the Pope and the Emperor destroyed their banners on the day when they signed their treaty of union: three hundred years of oppression exercised upon all in their name, have placed them exactly on the same footing, and have subjected them to the same conditions of life and death. Rivalries cease with war: there exists no longer, in respect to the principles which are the elements of all nationality, either Genoese, or Tuscans, or Bolognese, or Romans: there exist in Italy, as every where else, elements for the *municipium*, but none for the province.

By an apparent contradiction perfectly explained by the vanity inseparable from mediocrity, it is precisely in the class of half-thinkers, political or professional — forming a superficial crust for which Italy is indebted to foreign influences and schools, which is the first to meet the eyes, and beyond which none penetrates — that the distrust and rivalry of which M. Sismondi speaks still continue to show themselves: it is there, at least, that we find a disposition not very rational to admit and exaggerate them: the people, the great mass of Italians, knows nothing of them. And what should it know of them? Where, poor and oppressed as it every where is, should it find elements of rivalry, local influences, or vanity to be satisfied? There is doubtless in its bosom a leaven of bitter hostility, of mistrust, and of reaction. The spirit of individuality, originating in want, in the absence of education, and of all social interest, in the irritation of suffering, and in the corrupt system of government founded on terror and *espionage*, reigns in it still to a great extent; but to confound individuality with federalism, is to change men into provinces. • It is in fact between inhabitants, classes, and districts of the same city, that the rancour or mistrust here alluded to exist: they can be nurtured with difficulty between city and city, and still more so between province and province. There is sufficient in the present habits of Italy to render extremely difficult and perilous the understanding which must necessarily precede every movement; little or nothing to prevent the uniting of Italy when the movement has once been effected: I say the uniting and not the centralising, such as it is generally understood, pushed to an extreme until it changes into despotism. These are two things essentially distinct, and which nevertheless, by some strange neglect of primary ideas, have almost always been confounded in this question. Many of the elements existing in Italy, and above all that principle of individuality which we have just signalled, will for a long time impede every attempt to establish a too great *administrative* centralisation. But what have administrative centralisation and political unity in common? There is

* The Italian islands alone present a decidedly peculiar physiognomy, and hence no national system of government would ever deny them a peculiar administration.

in this want of independent activity, in this excess of activity which characterises the individual in Italy and the civic corporation in which he moves, that which is capable of furnishing legislative genius with the means of creating a powerful guarantee for liberty in organising, by means of the *municipium* itself, an instrument of control and defence against every attempt at usurpation coming from the centre. There is in it nothing more, and it would be a misunderstanding to seek to deduce from it a necessity for the existence of another series of political bodies: for on the one hand almost all the states into which Italy is now divided are not of a popular, national formation—they have been made what they are by usurpation or by foreign diplomacy; on the other hand there is not, and there never was, historically speaking, a formal, active antipathy of province to province. Scarcely ever in the time of Italian prosperity was the demarcation of the provinces distinctly marked by the sword. The wars, when they were not, according to an expression of Dante, *tra quei che un muro ed una fossa serra*, were between one city and another. The belligerents were Pavia, Como, Milan, or Pisa, Sienna, Florence, and so on. Now all these rival cities have since been joined under the same governments; their mutual antipathies have disappeared during the centuries of slavery which they have suffered together. That which remains—if indeed any remains at present—is merely enough to furnish some proverbial expression to enliven the chat by the fireside: captives may from time to time forget their common chagrin whilst disputing with each other in chains; but the first grand impulse towards general deliverance will drown in enthusiasm this residue of the ancient leaven. The tocsin of the nation silences the voice of mere tradition, and the slight existing differences may become, in the hands of some able and popular men, an excellent means for promoting active emulation.

Do not accuse me of neglecting facts, and of only opposing bold denials to the results of the cool study of reality, and to the lessons of experience; for I shall be tempted to recriminate, and somewhat bitterly, the cold and grave system of study which does not advance beyond a certain epogue, and against pretended experience which violates tradition instead of continuing it, and which denies the present for a past generally misunderstood. Why should the recent immediate fact be always sacrificed to an ancient one? Why, out of respect to the Middle Ages, should we mistake that which the forty last years have not ceased to repeat on the inevitable effects of this generous impulse, of which I have just spoken, on the Italian masses? If M. Sismondi and those who share his fears had seen, as I have, the women of Genoa, who in the bitterness of their common sorrows had sung only a few days before snatches of old songs against the Piedmontese, throw flowers in accompanying them on their march before the Sardinian regiments, which after having effected the movement of 1821 quitted the city, in order to march upon Novarre—if they had seen the funds publicly collected after the defeat of the insurrection, and under the vigilant eyes of a re-established government, for these same men when they embarked for Spain—if they had seen the burst of intimate fraternity, the spirit of assimilation in the men of every age, in all except the miserable provisional governments of which I am about to speak, on the occasion of the insurrection of 1831—if they had been able to follow attentively, as I have done, the phases of opinion during the efforts, of which the world has remained in a great measure ignorant, of the three or four years subsequent to 1831—they would comprehend that which an idea of country is able to effect, when

frankly and energetically expressed, in a land where all parties for half a century have shared a common martyrdom.

And if instead of remaining immovable in the contemplation of a single period or of partial facts, they were in the habit of only supporting their judgment on the chain of facts in its entire extent, they would not forget the general character, uniform in its tendencies, which manifested itself, we will not say after, but some five years before 1789, upon almost all parts of the Peninsula, in the attempts at reform and in the writings of reformers,—they would not forget that the first part of this century has seen united, and acknowledging a unity of government, legislation, commerce, and metropolis, almost eight millions of Italians, Venetians, Lombards, Romans, &c. without the least internal dissension menacing this union, they would not forget the Italian *idea*, repeated for the last fifty years in its literature, partly from conviction and partly from imitation—diffused through and permeating all classes by an uninterrupted chain of secret associations—after having received in the bosom of the Italian army the consecration of the field of battle, has received that of the scaffold in 1821 and in 1833. Ideas ripen quickly when they are nourished by the blood of martyrs.

It is then, elsewhere, that we must look for obstacles to the emancipation of Italy.

Shall we find them in the priest? in the power of papal catholicism? Here facts speak still more forcibly. Without staying to discuss with M. Armandi historical incidents very inaccurately represented *—without refuting at length the vague fears of M. Sismondi, whose menace, by the by, that *Rome pourrait encore lancer sa levrière*, finds a sufficient demonstration of its absurdity in the testimony of a man accustomed to take large views of things, and whose opinion is certainly as valuable as that of the historian†—without seeking to surprise in the altered tone of the “Encicliche,” the avowal of papal weakness—it will suffice for me to direct attention to the movements of 1821 and 1831, and to the fact, sufficiently conclusive in itself, of the Austrian invasion. Was there in the former of these movements one single priest who dared, by his acts or by his denunciations, to declare himself an opponent of the insurrection? Was there in the second, although directed immediately against the pope, a single cry uttered in his favour, or a single man who, on hearing an assembly of laymen pronounce his dethronement, dared to rise and protest before the people against such a proceeding? Not a single hand grasped the sword in the whole extent of the insurgent provinces to defend a legate of the pope, the Cardinal Bevenuti, when the government caused him to be arrested, after having discovered the conspiracy which he sought to hatch. All the people armed at Prouse and in other places to repel, by hastening the revolutionary demonstration, the summons to sound the tocsin, and to prepare for civil war, which Cardinal Bernetti addressed in an edict, published, Feb. 12. 1831, to the bishops and governors of the cities of Umbria, which were still tranquil. It was only after the intervention of the Austrians, and by recruiting its forces in the prisons and galleys and amongst the brigands,

* Duphot was not killed by the people, but by a detachment of the soldiers of the pope, commanded by Captain Amadei.

† “The Revolution,” said Napoleon to the Executive Directory, Oct. 19. 1796, “has not the same character in Italy as with us; it has not the same obstacles to surmount; experience here has already enlightened the inhabitants; we are more than sure that fanaticism can do us here no great harm. Rome may declare that the war is a war of religion; but the effect in this country will not correspond to her efforts.”

that Rome was able to organise the *centurie*, which signalised themselves by assassination at Cesene and at Forlì.

At present with respect to politics the Italian priest is potent for good, but impotent for evil. Placed at the head of the Italian crusade, and sanctifying, in his capacity of traditional representative of the religious sentiment, the sacred battles of his country and of liberty, he could render immense services to faith and the people: his presence would solemnly re-establish the harmony between two series, equally indestructible, of human wants, of which the one I believe cannot be truly satisfied, except by its intimate association with the other: it would avert the painful crises which without it, must inevitably accompany Italian regeneration. Standing in the ranks of the enemy and preaching slavery, he would not be heard: his benediction may still be sacred, but his malediction is so no longer.

There is moreover an essential distinction, though almost always neglected, between the priest and papal catholicism, represented by the high clergy. Like every aristocracy, the high clergy is in general inimical to the Italian cause. But below the privileged ranks in the hierarchy, which tremble before the principle of equality destined to re-organise the church as well as society, the simple priest, poor in the country, in the city sharing the progress of intelligence, derives from this and from the people in the midst of which he lives other ideas, other tendencies, other moral instincts. He suffers and is silent, because he also lives like the citizen, in the midst of suspicion and distrust, without possessing any energy for the struggle for liberty, or any of the power of knowledge, or of the force which a sentiment of duty ought to inspire. To him science is a forbidden field; the clerical education is absurd; and his faith, vacillating without intermission between secular scepticism and the hypocrisy of the ecclesiastical aristocracy, is lukewarm, uncertain, and inefficacious. In the book which ought to teach him devotion and the sacred indignation of Lamennais against the authors of the misery of the people, he unfortunately only learns lessons of submission and of resignation ill understood. He does not comprehend his mission; he forgets that the heavenly country can only be gained by works accomplished in and for our terrestrial country: thus he abandons, in abandoning his duties of instructor, the destinies of religion and of the church to the tide of the time and of events; but at the bottom his heart is neither so degraded nor so intolerant as is thought. I do not wish to generalise too much; I do not speak here of the great mass of monks, nor yet of the priests as a body; I only deprecate all anathemas against the latter collectively. I maintain that a progress, though a very slow one, has taken place in them, and that amongst them there is a considerable number of men who love their country sincerely, who groan under its miseries, who know the image of God is not made to crawl in fear and ignorance at the feet of brutal force, and that his prayer never rises more efficaciously to heaven, nor more gratefully to his Creator, than when free and pure as thought in the immortal soul, it issues in a land of freedom from the bosom of a nation of brethren. The sympathies of these good priests were revealed at the same time as was the impotence of the bad ones, during the short movement of 1831. "Some eminent priests—I quote here with pleasure the words of M. Orioli, who is generally so cheerless and discouraging—"entered into the provisional governments of several cities. Afterwards there were some amongst the deputies who assembled at Bologna, to deliberate there on public affairs. Several curates in the country churches spoke from the pulpit even in favour of our cause. One in a rural parish marched at the head of his

parishioners, as captain of the national guard. Both priests and monks were amongst the volunteers who hastened to join the little army commanded by Sercognani. Several theologians amongst those most esteemed for their knowledge, offered to prove in particular works, when the Pope menaced us with excommunication, that the supreme pontiff had not this right in matters purely political. The clergy of Bologna offered to sing for us a *Te Deum* in the church." The circular of the 25th of February of Monsignore Cadolino, bishop of Cervia, those of the bishop of Cesene, and of Monsignore Zollio, bishop of Rimini, the letter of Monsignore Loschi to the revolutionary authorities of Parma, and other documents which may be found in the "*Precursore*" or in the "*Monitore*" of Bologna, of the first months of 1831, are so many testimonies in opposition to the opinion of M. Sismondi, and in favour of mine.

It is not then in the opposition of the clergy or of Rome that we have to look for the cause of the obstacles to the emancipation of Italy.

Still these obstacles exist. They are serious, for they have not been hitherto surmounted, notwithstanding repeated efforts. Thrice the people have risen, and in ten different places in the space of the last forty years, and thrice they have been defeated. During all this period associations have succeeded to associations, struggles to struggles: the work has never ceased; conspiracy has been permanent. Twenty times an outbreak has been imminent, and always on the very eve of action something has happened to prevent the object, now almost grasped, from being attained. The day after some carriages, closed and guarded, swept towards a fortress, to confine there the victims of the conspiracy perhaps for ever, or else some youthful heads rolled into the dust; then all became silent again, and the subterranean process recommenced, to run through the same fatal circle. This mournful story so often repeated, and always terminating with the same denouement, explains the fatal discouragement, the mistrust and the despair, which commencing in misanthropy terminate in selfishness. Hence all the strange conclusions drawn to cut the knot which they cannot untie,—the accusations of cowardice made against a whole people, as if the existence of a cowardly people was possible: hence the exhortations to individual regenerations, which we find for instance in the work, "*England in 1835*," by Raumer, as if the regeneration of the individuals composing a nation could be effected there, where there exists neither country, nor liberty, nor education, nor means, nor end: hence too the precipitate decisions, subversive of every principle of nationality, which assign to another people exclusively the care and the power of one day delivering Italy; and the answers given to the men who protest against this sort of guardianship being elevated to a principle,—"*Can we create by the force of our desires alone a revolutionary power where it does not exist? Can we deny facts, and fly in the face of experience furnished by the abortive insurrections of Piedmont, of Naples, of Modena, and of Bologna?*"

He to whom the "*Revue Republicaine*" of January, 1835, addressed these words, might reply—and he did so—that this was to repeat a fact and not to explain it,—that revolutionary force could not be wanting, where the list of martyrs which had been long more extensive than that in any other country except Poland, was swollen every day by men of every class, where ten provinces, twenty cities, almost three millions of men, are able to effect a revolution, as in 1831, in less than twenty days, without striking a blow, without encountering the slightest internal obstacle,—that it was rather in the direction given to this force that the error must be sought for, which

had hitherto frustrated its action, and for which, perhaps, a remedy might be found,—that once in this track, precedents and examples would have no longer any fixed value, if by accident it should be discovered that a new principle full of life, but hitherto neglected, should be summoned to take part in the struggle,—that the actual question was to seek this principle and to study, if one found it, the means of applying it, instead of augmenting still more the incertitude and discouragement of the country, in repeating without intermission to the rising generation, as an acknowledged and irrefragable truth, the assertion of its impotence and the dependence of its cause on the chances of foreign succour.

The only manner of placing fairly the Italian question, the only one which can lead to its solution, seems to be this :—Is it the elements of emancipation which are wanting in Italy? or is it a proper direction given to these elements which has been wanting? Is it to the chiefs or is it to the masses that we must look for the causes, why the revolutionary attempts hitherto made have failed? On the answer to these questions hangs the fate of Italy. If the faults which have been committed are to be referred to the people, we must be resigned to our fate, we must be silent on Italy, and must patiently expect its amelioration from the general progress of Europe, or as the slow work of many years, perhaps of centuries. But if they are to be attributed to the leaders of the people, we must say so boldly, we must justify the Italian nation, restore its self-esteem, reckon upon it, and exhort it not to be tired of the struggle, for victory is certain at last.

Now for me—or else I should never speak of Italy—the question has long been decided.

The reason why my country is still in slavery, is not that the elements for her emancipation are wanting, but that they have not been properly directed. There as elsewhere, and more than elsewhere, the masses are ready—it is chiefs that have hitherto been wanting. On the day of their appearance—on the day when hazard or their own deeds shall place at the head of an insurrection men who comprehend Italy—Italy shall be free!

My next letter will, I hope, afford you proofs of what I now have asserted.

• JOSEPH MAZZINI.

. We insert the name of the author of these letters as a guarantee of the accuracy of the statements they contain. In ordinary cases we allow the articles in this publication to rest upon their intrinsic merits; but where the actions of living men become the subject of investigation, the avowal of the authorship appears to us essential to the integrity of the design. In all matters relating to the affairs of Italy, the authority of our distinguished correspondent, we need scarcely add, is of the highest value and importance.—Ed.

THE SCANDAL-MONGERS OF LITERATURE.

Domestic Manners of the Americans. By MRS. TROLLOPE. New Edition. London : 1839.

Pencillings by the Way. By N. P. WILLIS, Esq. New Edition. London : 1839.

The Idler in Italy ; being a Journal of the Travels of the Countess of Blessington. Two Vols. London : 1839.

Diary, illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth. New Edition. , Two Vols. London : 1839.

Tutti Frutti. London : 1835.

Chevely ; or, the Man of Honour. By LADY BULWER. Three Vols. London : 1839.

WHAT the canker is to a tree — what the gangrene is to surrounding vitality — what the rot is to a ship — the literary scandal-monger is to society. You know not where the corruption enters — you know not how it works — you know not how far it may spread, or in what direction — you cannot devise any protection against its approaches, and you have no remedy for its festering wounds. The degraded wretch who lives upon scandal at second-hand, who works the base metal into shape in his unknown retreat, and never ventures into the broad daylight of the circles he defames, has at least this negative virtue which the literary scandal-monger of fashionable life cannot assert — that he violates no confidence, and does not procure the means of rendering himself infamous by any affectation of character. His existence is not a lie — he has the marks of the leper upon him, and all men avoid him.

That there should be found in the community a class of persons so depraved is, perhaps, to be regarded as one of the inevitable results of a high state of luxury, which always brings vices of the lowest kind in its train. The healthy influence of public opinion, however, consigns these base mercenaries who prostitute their faculties for food to the obloquy they deserve. They hold no place in society — they are the Pariahs of civilised life, skirmishing for a subsistence on the confines, and living in perpetual dread of detection and punishment. Even those who love the sin recoil from the sinner ; and the reader of the journal of piquant detraction would as soon think of associating with a felon, as with the author of the audacious slanders that fill its polluted columns. The private lives — as far as they are known — of the contributors to such publications, exhibit a desolation of moral and social sympathies, which, at all events, affords some compensation to the world for the profitable criminalities by which they are sustained. Destitute of friendships — shunned by the herd of men — afraid to move into the open paths of daily intercourse — the miscreant dwells in some obscure quarter, where he is visited by none but calumniators like himself, who having no reputation to lose are reckless in their associations. If any unlucky individuals of a better stamp happen to be drawn into his perilous acquaintance, either to buy him off by bribes, or to avert some terrible exposure by a compromise of their contempt and aversion, they visit him at night, not daring

to avow their knowledge of his haunts. Then as his personal safety is constantly endangered by his acts, he flies from place to place to evade discovery—sometimes even disguises his appearance—and not unfrequently changes his name; living, in fact, below the surface, while he works the machinery of publication through his agents, spies, and scouts, with incredible activity and success.

The shifts to which these professional libellers are thus reduced, prove at least that whatever patronage the bad passions of society may confer upon their labours in secret, they are regarded in public with a common sentiment of abhorrence. The scandalous print is rarely seen in private houses; people are ashamed to acknowledge it; and although it finds its way into chambers where an allusion to it would raise a blush, yet there remains enough of the profession of morality and decorum to make it contraband. So long, therefore, as mankind are agreed to consider such productions in this light, no very serious mischief can be inflicted by them. If men are reluctant to confess to having read them, they will hardly retail the scandals they have gleaned from them; the tacit admission of their contaminated nature deprives them at once of all authority and power, since no man can affect to believe that which all men unite in repudiating. Every body remembers the story of the gentleman who ventured into a crowd to look at some plebeian show, confident that he might do so with impunity, as he was not likely in such a place to meet any person to whom he was known. But he was presently recognised by a friend, who asked him how it was he found him in such company; to which he replied by "Nay, how is it I find *you* here?" The individual who is traduced in an infamous journal need not fear being reproached with the fact. It is even more disreputable to be a reader of such a work than to be maligned by it: and this is the guarantee which public opinion holds out against the assaults of that class of publications. If, like forbidden fruit, they provoke inordinate curiosity, still they *are* forbidden, and must be enjoyed by stealth.

But the case of the literary scandal-monger is widely different. Admitted into society upon the usual terms of equality, and, perhaps, to more than the usual familiarity and confidence, this reptile, nursed in the heart of an unsuspecting circle, employs all its little faculties in picking up scraps of intelligence, idle stories that are carelessly repeated without reflection, the tittle-tattle of malice and envy, domestic gossip, and personal anecdotes, which, uttered amongst a group of indolent listeners, and never intended for any wider circulation, assume a grave responsibility when, dressed up with some tact, and of course heightened and embellished, to render them marketable, they are exhibited in the durable form of print. If a heedless expression escape in company, it hardly excites attention; there is no permanent value attached to the mere badinage of the hour: but when we find such expressions, more strikingly shaped, and set in a frame of commentary and description, transferred to the pages of a popular book—which becomes all the more popular by virtue of its dishonourable personalities—we ascribe a certain degree of importance to them, less, perhaps, because of their truth, than because of the notoriety into which they are thus illegitimately forced. In society we do not dwell seriously upon the ephemeral jests, the smart hits, and verbiage that constitute the *finesse* of conversation; but when we see the idle trifling of the dinner-table or the *soirée* set forth in a volume affecting the delineation of characters and manners, we perceive at once the extensive evil which the literary scandal-monger—contemptible as he is in understanding, and destitute as he is of principle—is capable of producing.

This description of literary and fashionable scandal, which professes to pourtray interiors, and draw down distinguished individuals from their lofty niches to parade them in the streets, has latterly grown up into a regular craft. The demand for such ware is chiefly amongst those classes that really know nothing about the kind of life which these books pretend to describe. "People of fashion," said Hazlitt, in one of those admirable essays that have perished in the periodicals, "do not want to read accounts of themselves. What do they care about tiresome descriptions of satin ottomans and ormolu carvings, who are sick of seeing them from morning till night? No; they would rather read an account of Donald Bean's Highland cavern strewn with rushes, or a relation of a row in a night cellar in St. Giles's." Notwithstanding, however, the very obvious fact that the people who are tired of these luxuries are not very likely to write about them, the multitude who are not admitted to see and touch these fine things, and who are apt to think that there is a mysterious manner of sustaining the elegancies of life in the elevated circle from which they are excluded, read all the gossiping books with credulity and avidity, although the revelations they contain cannot be supposed to be either accurate or complete. The only people who could write faithfully on such subjects never, or very rarely, write upon them at all; yet when some superficial, sketchy, preposterous caricature of this sort makes its appearance, it is greedily purchased by the million, just as penny medals are bought up in the thoroughfares, although every body knows they are counterfeit and worthless.

It is difficult to characterise as it deserves the baseness of the writers who, taking advantage of their admission into good society, literally trade upon the accident of their position. The gossip who goes about from family to family, fomenting domestic feuds by retailing injurious reports, inuendoes, and suspicions, is in some sort an honourable person in comparison with your literary scandal-monger; because the mischief done in the former case is limited in its influence, is generally susceptible of remedy, and is always accompanied by a certain amount of personal responsibility, while in the latter instance it spreads over an extensive surface, and cannot be explained away or repaired. The curiosity that follows distinguished individuals into their private habits is natural enough, so far as the public is concerned. We can easily comprehend the feeling that induces the mass of the community to read with interest every book which professes to contain authentic particulars concerning the personal appearance and conversation of popular favourites — statesmen, poets, wits, courtiers, novelists, historians; but although the public at large are exempt from censure for patronising such productions — it being, in truth, one of the penalties of fame to become in this way the mark of observation — the criminality of those who cater for the public taste by violating personal confidences is not the less base on that account. An author who has acquired some reputation by his works, finds no difficulty in obtaining an entrance into the fashionable circles; the modern vice of lionising secures him an *entrée*; he is received with a sort of spurious *éclat*, which his vanity is not unlikely to interpret in the most favourable way; and he runs the round of the season in a flutter of enjoyments that open to him a new world of suggestions and experiences. He is brought into direct intercourse with the most celebrated persons in the country; and whatever may be the inequality of condition between them, or the hollowness of the professions that are made to him, it must at least be obvious that the courtesy with which he is treated ought to be reciprocated in that spirit of self-respect which is presumed to regulate the usages of good society. It is the proud privilege of genius to take its station amongst the highest classes — a station from

which it cannot be removed except by its own acts, and which it may continue to occupy as an unquestioned right, so long as it preserves the simple dignity of its order. The sovereign power that can make a lord cannot make an intellect; and the prerogatives of an artificial nobility are not more clear or emphatic than the natural ascendancy of mind. How encouraging then, and how grateful must be the recognition which the author receives in those circles where that blighting sophism is supposed to be most deeply seated, which regards birth and hereditary honours as constituting the only valid claims to distinction, and which looks down with ineffable disdain upon untitled and unendowed merit! It is so much in the power of literary men to improve this good understanding between the two aristocracies of Nature and Society, and to insure the permanent possession of that place they ought to fill in the regards of the world, that whenever an author abuses his success by stooping to any mean and unworthy traffic in literature, he ought to be proscribed as one who has betrayed the sacred interests of his mission, and forfeited the station he has disgraced. Why should we overlook in an author a species of offence which we could not tolerate in a private gentleman? His talents only heighten his guilt.

Unfortunately we are not accustomed to look at literary delinquencies in this light. We do not lay a sufficient stress upon the malignity or the despicable meanness of the motives which produce the class of works to which we allude. We only feel their piquancy, their broad satire, their personalities, their stings and jokes; we seldom care to reflect upon the friendships that have been broken, the perfidies that have been committed, the hypocrisy, the malevolent revenge, the infamous intrigues, and the long train of falsehoods and deceptions that have been practised in gathering the materials of these disreputable narratives. It must be plain to any person of common sense, that the individual who notes down the heedless dialogues of the drawing-room, and throws them into a catching form, accompanied with personal sketches of the speakers, is, in a moral point of view, more culpable than the swindler who calls at a private house, sends up his card, and during the momentary absence of the servant filches a cloak out of the hall. The scandal-monger, like the swindler, obtains an entrance into the house under false pretences, and all the time that he is admitted and treated as a gentleman, is really employed in considering how he shall turn his good fortune to the best account. He certainly does not fill his pockets directly from the table at which he sits, but he fills his notebook for the ulterior purpose of filling his pockets through the agency of the bookseller. Where is the difference between them, except that the one plays a deeper and more elaborate part than the other, and colours his thefts with some plausible excuses that show off his dexterity to advantage, and conceal the real turpitude of his design? If we pursue the flattered and feasted author to this part of his career, where he prepares to publish his experience of fashionable life, we shall see at what a cost of gentlemanly feeling, integrity, and truth, he appears before the world in the capacity of a scandal-monger, — what sacrifices of personal honour he must make — what pledges he must break — what secrets which, if not confided to him, escaped in his presence under the sanctity of understood privacy, he must reveal — and what thoroughly unprincipled courses he must premeditate and adopt before he can carry his plan into execution. A book of this description cannot be written like a novel, from general observation of society — it is the work of minute and deliberate watching, listening, and prying. The writer must be constantly on the alert for the collection of his trifling facts, such as they are; he must draw out his characters in con-

versation; he must try to get at their opinions, not only of ordinary topics, but of each other, for without this spice of maliciousness the book would be deficient in its chief saleable ingredient; he must pick up anecdotes wherever he can get them, without possessing the means of verifying them, for he dare not venture farther, lest he should betray his sinister purpose; he must affect attention, perhaps subserviency, to the very individuals he is about to defame; he must fetch and carry, lie in wait for hints, take likenesses on his thumb nail, treasure up loose fragments of idle and frivolous criticism, which he well knows how to expand into importance; he must cavedrop and decoy his victims, and perform the most contemptible offices, in order to procure the requisite materials for his projected disclosures; and during the progress of this conspiracy, the people about him are wholly unconscious that there is a spy amongst them, recording all the careless words and actions which occur in the unreserved freedom of intercourse; and they are possibly even still more thrown off their guard, and entrapped into thoughtless expressions, by the cunning arts of the mongrel writer, whom they have so unhesitatingly admitted to their confidence! It is impossible to contemplate this picture of baseness without being impressed with the necessity of stamping the whole class of such publications with odium. This sentence of condemnation is nothing more than a duty which society owes to itself.

Of course all the works that come within our general category are not equally reprehensible. There are degrees of offence from the mere drafting of individual features to the coarse and venal revelation of private character — from the sketcher who is content with outlines, to the retailer of vulgar gossip who dramatises domestic life with impudence and vigour, and supplies what is wanting in truth with broad dashes of invention. We have placed at the head of this article the titles of some works in which various degrees of this flippant and pungent scandal-mongering are exhibited; and we have included one in the number which belongs to a class, wholly exempt from all the bad attributes we have been describing, and, indeed, belonging to a widely different order, but still liable to objections on other grounds — Lady Blessington's volumes on Italy. The staple of her ladyship's diary consists of very lively and clever sketches of the distinguished persons she met in society in that country; and this feature is considered to be so attractive to purchasers, that the most prominent names have been thrown into the form of an advertisement by the publisher, who, no doubt, reckons upon an extent of popularity commensurate with the extent of the personal reminiscences. Lady Blessington discovers in this diary an amiable and good-natured spirit towards her friends; almost all the portraits are complimentary, and there is no fault to be found with the author for any betrayals of confidence. But the principle upon which this work is written, clear as it is of malignant feeling, and excellent as are the intentions of the author, is hardly defensible. If we license the practice of drawing individuals in their undress; of giving full-lengths and half-lengths of people that are met incidentally in society; of converting the saloon and the boudoir into portrait galleries, and of making free with the names (not to speak of the characters) of persons without their consent or authority, where are we to mark the limits beyond which the writer may not trespass in this dangerous and tempting track? It is not a sufficient argument on behalf of such publications, that they are for the most part panegyrical, for even panegyric may not always be just or agreeable; nor can it be considered quite justifiable to turn houses inside out, and delineate contemporary characters before time has rendered them legitimate subjects of history

or biography. Upon what ground of public utility or literary interest is any author justified in detailing experiences of this description, which, instead of showing us public men in their public capacity (the only aspect in which they can be legitimately depicted), show them to us in their private habits — dining, talking, riding, dancing? Lady Blessington's work does not exhibit any of the features of the works of scandal — it does not belong to them — it belongs to a totally different class — it is written with feelings of remarkable delicacy and refinement: yet it can scarcely be pronounced free from objection. But if Lady Blessington's volumes are liable to objection, what is to be said of the diary of Lady Charlotte Bury?

So gross an instance of ingratitude, perfidy, and moral obliquity cannot be pointed out in the literature of any other country. Throughout the whole range of fabricated French memoirs — the rich soil of the worst kinds of personal defamation — there is not a single case which presents such an extraordinary combination of offences against the decencies of life. The forger of a French memoir is generally an adventurer who has got together by some means a few of the frivolous stories that are constantly flying through the gay coteries of Paris, and upon this foundation he constructs a narrative, the one hundredth part of which may, perhaps, contain some elements of truth, all the rest being sheer speculation. But the character of his work is usually political; and although it unfolds a startling variety of personal details, they are not of a description calculated to have a very injurious effect upon society. He pretends to lay open the intrigues of the cabinet, to show the secret springs of particular measures, to introduce us to the privacy of great men, and to give us a glimpse of that curious court machinery, which is designated in this country "backstairs' influence." All these revelations, however, are made with an air of elegance almost ascending to romance; the most consummate poetical taste presides over the scene; the wit is brilliant, but never coarse; and the personalities rarely trench so far upon domestic affairs as to corrupt the tone and lower the entertaining aim of the work. In fact these productions aspire to be received as materials for history, fantastically embellished, and highly refined in the relation. There is no very great immorality in all this. Fiction is, no doubt, put forward for truth; but the deception is tolerably well understood by every body, and it is managed with such skill as to bear upon the whole a very close resemblance to facts. If it be not *vrai*, it is at all events *vraisemblable*; and the author forfeits no credit amongst his friends, for he betrays no friendships whatever. He is a mere compiler of floating rumours, which any body else may with similar impunity appropriate and arrange. The case is altered, however, when such works proceed from persons who have obtained their information by personal observation; who relate circumstances that were made known to them under the seal of sacred confidence; who, during many years of close intercourse with the court, keep accurate diaries of every idle word and look, committing to paper the secret misgivings, the scandalous reports, the hourly suspicions, the degrading jealousies, and prurient vices of the great, and then, retired from the scene where honours and kindnesses were heaped upon them, sit down deliberately and without compunction to vilify their benefactors, to reveal events and conversations implicating not only the virtues of the dead but the honesty of the living, and to sell that knowledge of royalty and court life which they never could have acquired, had not the most implicit reliance been placed in their fidelity and devotion! Is it too much to say that such a proceeding discovers a heartless profligacy unparalleled in these times, and for which no adequate punishment can be devised through the agency of public

opinion alone? When it is remembered that an unfortunate queen — unfortunate in her alliance, and exposed to the most galling persecutions — had lavished upon the author of these incendiary reminiscences unbounded marks of favour; that the private sufferings of that wretched mother in the hours of her weakness and despair were to be converted into calumnies against her, by the person she had protected and relied upon; and that this royal mistress, who had shown so much confiding faith and profuse generosity to her followers, should be made the prominent figure in a laborious work of scandal after the grave had closed over her faults and her wrongs — when these things are remembered, how are we to designate the infamy of such a publication? — infamy perpetrated, too, by a woman, and that woman the sister of a duke and the widow of a clergyman!

The only way to make such writers feel the enormity of the evil they commit, would be to turn their weapons against themselves; to trace their own worthless lives; and to drag their vanities, their vices, and their griefs, without remorse, before the public. What would be thought of a book which should contain the history of a celebrated beauty and coquette, descended from a long line of proud ancestry, inheriting a name without a fortune, compelled to resort to all conceivable artifices to sustain her position, sometimes a mercenary at court, and sometimes a mercenary in print, availing herself of her rank to improve her income through its influence, brooding over her failing resources in the torturing desire to maintain her elevation, toasted for her beauty in her youth, flattered but never loved, advancing in years but retrograding in power, and, unable to secure a conquest, floundering at last into the arms of a tutor? And if we pursue such a history of a life further towards its dark close, what melancholy evidences it furnishes of abused confidence and misspent time: abandoned by friends, suffering under a sentence of ostracism, the beauty, the wit, and the lady of the bed-chamber sinks, in the end, into a lonely and loathsome obscurity!

Even these instances of treachery, however, will bear no comparison with the last specimen we have in the novel of "Chevely." Here are condensed into one work the most disgraceful elements of the whole class. We will not descend into the degrading details of this publication, for its notoriety spares us the necessity of any more special reference to its contents. But we may ask, What is to become of the safeguards of social life, if works of this description are encouraged? Where is the security of households, the sweet faith of domestic trust, the candour of the close relations of home, the honour of women, the reputation of wives, the affection of mothers, the delicacy of all ties, religious and civil, if works of this kind are to be circulated whenever, from any cause, families are divided? Is there no longer a sense of shame to restrain the turbulent passions of human nature? Is respect of kindred no longer one of the guarantees of civilisation? Are wives to be permitted with impunity to break the bonds of domestic confidence, and in moments of vengeance to betray the commerce of their wedded lives? We care not for the small springs of irritation in which such publications may be supposed to have their origin; no causes can exist, or ever did exist, that could relieve such a work of that unutterable perfidy which, in the estimation of all right-minded people, stains its pages. No woman could write a book so characterised by venom, and addressed to such ends, without relinquishing all claims to the sympathy of the world; if, indeed, such a woman could ever have deserved its sympathy. We take the publication itself to be a *prima facie* case against her. A pure mind could not be drawn into such an act by any possible circumstances.

We reprobate these publications as we would any other violation of good

faith, or any other infringement of the recognised boundaries of individual rights. There are limits which ought never to be passed, and which cannot be broken down without destroying the respect in which the inter-relations of society should be held. If we fail to mark such works with entire condemnation — if we fail to assert the principle of domestic sanctity they desecrate — there is an end to order, to safety, to all honourable sentiment, and to that tribunal of opinion which is powerful in its justice, and impotent when vitiated by false influences. Again, observe the deception and fraudulent character of a work like “Chevely,” which insinuates a variety of grievances, and affirms none; which cloaks implied charges under the mask of fiction; and while it is calculated to make a vague impression of an injurious kind, affords an escape from proof through the illusory and irresponsible form in which it appears. A serious and authentic statement of asserted facts is susceptible of reply — this evasive fiction admits of no reply. You cannot sift the grains of reality — if there be any in it — from the chaff of a ridiculous and lampooning story. If appeals must be made upon such occasions to the public, let them at least be made in a shape that can be grappled with. Let not truth be frittered away in garbled and preposterous scenes of mingled buffoonery and invective. It is essential to the best interests of society that all such attempts to pervert its judgment and poison its healthy thoughts should be consigned to ignominy, that the equivocating *ruse* should be exposed, and that we should not be cheated into involuntary opinions by narratives, the application of which may at any moment be disavowed by their authors after the mischief of their publication has been accomplished.

Apart from all considerations of morality, the description of works to which we have drawn the attention of the reader may be dismissed as belonging to the very lowest efforts of the imagination. They exhibit no higher order of mind than that which can embrace the portraiture of the individual. The absence of the power of generalisation is every where evident. Instead of delineating society in classes, and developing the general influences by which it is modified and controlled, these writers never venture beyond personal sketches. They draw heads, and believe they are depicting manners. They are famous for caricatures, but very indifferent at portraits, and dare not trespass on history. The philosophy of social institutions is beyond their reach; and as neither reflection nor judgment is requisite for their paltry tasks, so their performances are vapid, meagre, shallow, and unintellectual.

RUSSIA, AFFGHANISTAN, AND INDIA.

Correspondence relating to Affghanistan.

“Non ita certandi cupidus quam propter amorem.”

AFTER long and dubious controversy, the possibility of a Russian invasion of India appears to be almost demonstrated by recent events. The announcement of the march of thirty thousand troops to the borders of Affghanistan, has created a feeling in the mind of other countries than England, that the European connection with India is about to undergo some fundamental modifications at a period more or less remote. Although causes sufficient for this commotion exist in the political position, and rival interests of the native princes of the theatre of those events, it is to Russia that the universal suspicion attaches as the fomenter of this crisis. The empire of Napoleon has been then overthrown only to substitute the universal monarchy of Russia: and the brilliant commercial political edifice erected in India under the French by the genius of Dupleix, Suffrin and Labourdomais, has been overturned by England, only that France, instead of siding with us as an ally, should now view the embarrassments of the power which expelled her with ill-disguised feelings of exultation. The war against the French Revolution has certainly produced a result which contemporaneous politicians could not have suspected; for one half century of military experience has done more to aggrandise the power of Russia than the course of an entire century of an ordinary character, even though signalised by such monarchs as Peter the Great and Catharine the Second. It was then for the first time that she dared to show her soldiers in the heart of the West; and if the humiliation which Suwarrow had to suffer under the walls of Zurich, from the sword of Massena, appeared sufficient for a time to prevent her from renewing, at such a distance from her frontiers, the memory of Pultowa, the subsidies of England by reanimating her to the combat, and urging her success to the walls of Paris, inspired her with that taste for long and adventurous expeditions of which England must now dread the results. England, by the peace of 1815, has caused Russia to approach nearer to her Indian empire than twenty years of successful war against France has separated her from it.

The present position of Russia in Asia is very different from what it was even twenty years ago. With the exception of Circassia, which is a never-dying worm in the flank of the colossus, she has not a single enemy worthy of her arms. As far beyond the barrier of the Caucasus as the east of the Caspian Sea, and on the spot where Nadir Shah assembled the army with which he invaded India, the Russian advance posts now stand, and are only separated by a few days' march, across a country of plains, from Samarcand, whence Timour departed for the same conquest, and from Balkh, the ancient Bactria, whence Alexander the Great, conqueror of the Persians, having adopted his new resolution, transported himself by a rapid march beyond the Indus.

The difficulty of finding subsistence for a considerable army in its march, and the resistance it would be likely to encounter, are supposed to be the two great obstacles to every enterprise on the part of the Russians; but in countries where ages have introduced so few changes in the mode of living, the example of the past replies sufficiently to the first of these objections. Where Alexander and Timour and Nadir Shah have passed, a Russian army under strict discipline would find no difficulty.

Candahar was the only place where Timour and Nadir Shah encountered a strenuous resistance. It arrested the progress of the Persian conqueror for many months; but an open city of a hundred thousand souls, situated in an open plain, with Asiatic fortifications, would certainly prove but a slight obstacle to European engineers. Affghanistan merits more attention: the burning hatred which that nation bore towards the Persians in the days of Nadir Shah has been transferred to the empire of the Seyks and to Runjeet Sing, its founder, aggrandised at their expense. We have seen Dost Mahomed Khan of Caboul, and the most powerful of its chiefs leagued, with the Persians and advancing against his own nephew, the Prince of Herat; the Russians, by offering their assistance to the Affghans, have every reason to hope for a friendly reception from them.

The army of Runjeet Sing, trained by the French generals Allard and Ventura, may be a powerful ally to England; but without treating with contempt the reforms effected in the military organisation of the Seyks, we yet may be permitted to believe that these Asiatics, trained in the European fashion, would not venture to form themselves in array against a Russian army, and that as it hardly fared with the Turks in their last campaign in Roumelia, their progress in tactics would be found of too fresh a date to stand the proof of the Muscovite bayonet.

It is only in reckoning from the moment when the army of invasion had set foot on the left bank of the Sutledge, the boundary of the British possessions, that the question ought to be regarded as doubtful. From that frontier to Calcutta, the distance is only 400 leagues. An extended chain of fortresses, the citadel of Agra, the immense works at Allahabad at the confluence of the Jumna and the Ganges, form the basis of operations for our army, composed of 30,000 Europeans, and 250,000 sepoys, scattered, it is true, over the immense space comprised between the 34th degree of northern latitude and Cape Comorin. It is impossible to say which of the two armies, Russian or English, encountering each other at the extremity of the continent, would have most preserved the military organisation and moral elasticity necessary for conquest. India, too, silent and motionless for the last thirty years, seemingly resigned to her fate, may nevertheless preserve a feeling of hatred against a government which has raised ten per cent. all the necessaries of life, and be ready to cast herself into the arms of the Russian invader at the first appearance of his flag. The time for the accomplishment of such a design is not so great as one would think: Timour departed from Samarcand in the month of March, and was upon his return to that capital in the April of the following year: Nadir Shah employed nearly the same time. It is true that the conquerors of modern days did not pass beyond Delhi, the seat of the Mohammedan power in India. As for Alexander, he proceeded no farther than the right bank of the Sutledge. But time is of no consequence: a blow struck at Fort William, and our Indian Empire is lost for ever. And never again could England construct a like empire by a succession of efforts and sacrifices of which a nation is never capable twice. A writer whose pamphlet on Russia, India, and England, has been much quoted by the press, finds a difficulty, when discussing the profit of India to Great Britain, to

state a favourable result. It is to the future that he looks for the realisation of his golden hopes; to the time when the increased cotton growth shall have afforded ample supplies to the manufacturers of England; when British capital shall have poured into Hindostan, in that current which was vainly predicted before the expiration of the charter. But Sir Henry Parnell and the ablest statisticians will have written to no purpose if they have not demonstrated a loss instead of a gain to us by our eastern possessions. We have lost all that we have been taxed for the price of tea, the only profitable article in which the Company dealt; their Indian trade and territorial revenue are notoriously less than their expenditure, and a debt of 60,000,000*l.* with a fallacious off-set, is the glorious result of our magnificent Eastern Empire. If a foreign power obtain possession of India, let our Solons dispose of this debt if they can: let them place it upon the shoulders of Great Britain, and contemplate the result with equanimity if they can. The Indian question is in fact a branch of the colonial one. The worth of Hindostan is neither more nor less than that of other colonies.

Affghanistan now merits separate discussion.

This country of Asia forms a great state, the boundaries of which cannot be determined precisely, because its political existence is subject to frequent variations. Considered in its greatest extent, Affghanistan extends from the 57th to the 70th degree of E. longitude, and from the 20th to the 36th degree of N. latitude. It is bounded on the north by Boukhara; on the east by the country of the Seyks and Hindostan; on the south by Belouchistan; on the west by deserts and Persia. Its length is almost 300 leagues, its breadth 140, and its surface about 80,000 square leagues. Its surface presents considerable mountains, some of which elevate themselves to a great height; on the south-east and south-west there are some extensive plains. The climate is temperate in the upper country, but cold and harsh in the mountains. The heat in the plains is very great, and in some of the valleys and sandy places it is stifling. The simoom, that pestilential wind so much dreaded by travellers, sometimes passes over the warm portions of this country, but fortunately does not last long. On the whole, Affghanistan may be said to be a dry country, and little subject to rain, fog, or damp. The difference in the temperature of the day and night is generally very great; the climate notwithstanding is healthy, so far as we may judge from the stature, strength, and activity of the inhabitants. The provinces of Affghanistan are, on the west Khorassan, of which a part belongs to Persia; Sedjistan, Gurgestan, and Dahistan, on the north; Caboul, Ghizneh, and Peshawer; on the south-west Candahar; on the south, Mekran, Belouchistan, and its dependencies. These last countries are independent. Cachmere, as we know, has been taken from the Affghans by the Seyks.

The population of Affghanistan is reckoned at 10,000,000; namely, 4,300,000 Affghans, 1,400,000 Belouchees, 1,200,000 Tartars or Turks, 1,500,000 Tadgeks and Parsees, 500,000 Hindoos, 300,000 Arabs and others. The Affghans received this name from the Persians; they called themselves Pouchtaneh, which the Berdourani, their most eastern tribe, pronounce Pekhtaneh, which has given rise to the name of Patans, under which the Affghans have made themselves known and dreaded in Hindostan. The Arabs call them Solimani, either because they inhabited more particularly the chain of the Soliman-coogh, or after the name of the chief who reigned over them at the era when the Arabs first knew them. The original country of the Affghans is in the southern branch of the Paropamissa or Hindoo-coosh; and it is from thence that they have spread

towards the east as far as the Punjaub, and towards the west as far as the eastern parts of Persia. They are divided into tribes, who are subdivided into an infinity of branches; each has its chief; all are subordinate to the khan of the tribe, chosen by the people from their most ancient family. Sometimes he is named, and divested of his office by the king, according to the good pleasure of the latter, and replaced by a relation of the monarch. In both cases they take into consideration the right of primogeniture, but still more the age, experience, and character. This order of variable succession occasions frequent feuds and dissensions. The khans, assisted by the chiefs of the subdivisions, govern their tribes; in cases of emergency the khans act without consulting them. This form of administration recalls to mind the feudal government, and all the troubles to which it gave rise. It is observed that the Affghans are much more attached to their tribes than to the persons of their chief. The Affghans of the west are much more united among themselves than those of the east; the latter are almost always at war with each other.

The Koran is the general law for civil affairs. The Affghan custom or code is followed in criminal cases. The opinion that it is a right and duty in each man to do himself justice still exists among these people. The priests or mollahs preach in vain against this practice; they cannot destroy it. In certain tribes, the chiefs and patriarchs endeavour to arrange disputes by means of persuasion; if they cannot succeed, they allow the injured person to follow out his own vengeance.

The Dourani form the most powerful, numerous, and civilised tribe; they dwell in the west of the kingdom as well as the Ghildji, the Cakers, and others less numerous. In the west, are the Berdourani, the Chirani, the Viziri, and the tribes of Peshawer and Daman. A division which abandons its tribe may be adopted by another. The rules of hospitality among the Affghans prescribe that they shall treat the strangers in these circumstances with particular care; the tribe to which the new comers join themselves assigns them lands. Their chief sits in the principal assembly: his horde preserves its internal government, enjoys the same rights as the other bands of the tribe, and although it preserves the name of the tribe whence it draws its origin, it ceases to have any relation or connection with it. Sometimes it returns to it. If this tribe and that by which the band has been adopted go to war with each other, the latter among the Affghans of the west remains neutral; among those of the east it ought to assist the primitive tribe. The individuals who desert their tribes without selling their lands are in most cases received into tribes which they join; they are even endowed with lands; but those who sell their lands and abandon their tribes from poverty are placed in a class apart. They do not sit at the divans: the bands to which they belong and the persons to whom they attach themselves watch over their interests. Every one makes it a point of honour to protect these dependants. In certain tribes there are as many of these dependants as members. There are very few, on the contrary, in those which are remote from the great highways. Most commonly they have no territorial property.

This assemblage of little republics composes the Affghan nation, and the whole formed, during more than two thirds of a century, one state under the authority of a common sovereign. The Affghans profess Islamism; they are Sunnites, and very tolerant in matters of religion. There are both Jews and Parsees among them. The rich have many wives, whom they keep strictly secluded. The wives of the poor do the work of the house; those of the inhabitants of the country labour without being veiled,

even in the presence of strangers, Education is not entirely neglected: every village has its schoolmaster, to whom is assigned the revenue of a piece of ground, and who levies a contribution from his scholars. He often exercises the functions of a priest, and sometimes has living in his house the youth whom he instructs. Many towns have colleges in which the mollahs are brought up. When these priests desire to study theology and jurisprudence they go to Bokhara. But Peshawer appears to be the most learned city of these countries. Many young men go thither even from Bokhara to study medicine, history, poetry, and all that completes the education of a man destined for the learned professions. Like all the orientals, the Affghans are very superstitious, and believe in ghosts, dreams, astrology, and the like, with an implicit confidence in the power of talismen. Though hospitable, they are determined brigands, and plunder travellers without any scruple. A part of the nation, particularly in the west, is nomadic; that which inhabits the eastern part of the country prefers the abode of houses to that of tents.

Slavery exists in Affghanistan, as in all Mussulman countries.

The Affghans are large, robust, and generally thin, but muscular. They have aquiline noses, prominent cheek bones, long faces; and beards and hair generally black, sometimes brown, and rarely red. They shave the top of the head, and allow the rest of the hair to grow. Their beard is long and thick. The inhabitants of the east have complexions as brown as those of the Hindoos. Those of the west are much lighter; some are very white. Their physiognomy generally announces vigour and health.

The organisation of the Affghans into tribes reminds us of what we read in ancient writers of the Persians. It must have existed long. But although this people has not ceased to inhabit a portion of the country which they occupy, their name has only been heard in history very recently. At a period extremely remote, we hear of the Paropamisades, who inhabited the mountainous countries situated between Persia and India; Alexander had a great deal of trouble in conquering them. Lastly, in the seventh century, mention is made of the Affghans by oriental writers, on account of their having embraced Islamism:—yet two centuries later many of them were pagans. About this period, the Khans of Bokhara conquered some portions of Affghanistan, and governed them by an officer who dwelt at Ghizneh. One of these officers declared himself independent, and founded the empire of the Ghiznevdes. It was destroyed by an Affghan. The history of this people is afterwards enveloped in obscurity, until the invasion of Tamerlane. In the interval, Patan princes reigned at Delhi, in Hindostan, and one of them had chased from Ghizneh the successors of Tchenghizkan. While the different provinces of Affghanistan passed by turns under the dominion of the sovereigns of Persia and India, the Affghan tribes, shut up within the mountains, preserved their independence. The Dourani lived amidst those of the north. At the commencement of the seventeenth century, being tyrannised over by the Usbecks, they agreed to pay a tribute to Persia, as a price of the protection which was promised them. In 1708, profiting by the weakness of a state which the indolence of its sovereigns brought to the brink of ruin, they revolted. In 1716, they invaded Persia, filled the country with trouble and confusion, and seized upon the government. Vanquished in 1728 by the fierce Nadir Shah, they were not long in revolting anew. He again subdued them; but, charmed by their bravery, rewarded them by concessions of lands, and showed towards them much confidence. This sentiment is said to have been one of the causes which led to his massacre by the Persians, in June, 1747.

On the eve of this event a bloody battle was fought between the Affghans and the Usbecks, commanded by Ahmed Shah on the one side, and the Persians on the other. The issue was indecisive: Ahmed Shah hastened to gain Candahar, seized upon the treasures of Nadir Shah, caused himself to be proclaimed king, in the month of October, and was the founder of the dynasty which reigned until 1809. His possessions extended to the east beyond Scinde, and to the south as far as the sea.

The Affghan monarchy now forms four distinct states, disunited from each other. Caboul is the residence of Dost Mahomed Khan, the most powerful chief; who possesses Ghizneh and Central Affghanistan. He is one of the Barukzyes. The supremacy of this tribe is popular with the nation. The population of this kingdom is about four millions and a half. Ghizneh, in the territory of the Ghildji, was, in the eleventh century, the capital of the empire of the Ghizneyides, which reached from the banks of the Tigris to those of the Ganges, and from the banks of the Oaxartes to the shores of the Persian Gulf. It is now a town of some few hundred houses. In its environs some remains of its ancient grandeur are yet to be seen; but nothing now shows the magnificence of the palaces of the Ghiznevide monarchs, their mosques, baths, or caravansaries, only at some distance there yet exists the tomb of the famous Sultan Mahmoud. It is vast and simple. The Mussulmans call Ghizneh the Medina of India, on account of the great number of tombs of holy personages which is found there.

Caboul, to the north of Ghizneh, is not large, but well-built; although the streets are narrow, like those of every town in the East.

Such is the nation which we have attacked with five thousand Europeans and twenty-five thousand sepoy troops. We are bound to say, after an attentive perusal of the correspondence of Sir Alexander Burnes, that Dost Mahomed Khan does not appear in so unfavourable a light to us as we were led to anticipate. The Ameer had assuredly good grounds for complaining of the manner in which his earnest prayers and overtures for our friendship and assistance were received. He never could extract a single specific pledge from the British envoy, but mere vague promises, which were met, on the other hand, by the detailed assurances of the Russian agent, who was soliciting his alliance at the same moment. It remains to be proved whether the Shah Shoojah and the Suddozye tribe are really of any consequence in Affghanistan, or can maintain their supremacy over the Barukzyes; but, above all things, it is plain that Russia has not specifically disavowed the proceedings of her ambassador at the court of Persia, and the intrigues of his subaltern, Captain Vickovitch. Count Nesselrode's reply to the demands of our foreign secretary is vague and unsatisfactory in every sense of the word.

But however compromised our Indian empire was by our unfavourable policy in Persia, which has had the result of throwing that power headlong upon the divided states of Affghanistan, it was hardly less so by the inveterate hostility which existed between Dost Mahomed Khan and Runjeet Sing, our barrier power and advanced guard upon the north-western frontier. The religious hatred which divides the Seyks and the Affghans is in fact at the root of the perpetual quarrels which agitate them, and not the seizure of Peshawer and Cachmere by the ruler of Lahore; the former of which acts by Runjeet Sing, in terms of treaty with the Shah Shoojah in 1834, when the latter made his unsuccessful attempt to recover his dominions, was the immediate cause of those differences between him and Dost Mahomed which Sir Alexander Burnes was sent to adjust by British mediation.

So long therefore as Dost Mahomed swayed the mass of the Affghan nation and refused to be at peace with the Seyks, two courses alone remained for our government to adopt: either to offend our powerful ally Runjeet Sing by obliging him to surrender to the usurper the city of Peshawer, ceded to him and his heirs for ever by the legitimate though dethroned Shah; or to recognise the claims of the latter by an active interference in the affairs of Affghanistan, draw tighter the bonds of alliance with the Seyk ruler, and check with an overwhelming demonstration of force at once the irruption of the Persians, the intrigues of their colony at Caboul, and the still more dangerous, though insidious advances of Russia, laid bare by the vigilance of our able envoy. Lord Auckland moreover, by taking the decisive step of marching an army into the seat of war, showed in the face of the world, and in the teeth of Russia, that he took up the gauntlet thrown down by that power, and by those means forced from her cabinet the mean disavowal of her agents, Count Simonich and Captain Vickovitch. That she had an evident interest in the designs of the Barukzye brothers against the Prince of Herat and the holder of Peshawer, is proved by the extraordinary fact, that in the treaty between them and the Shah of Persia, which was ratified and confirmed by Russia, the Shah of Persia was bound to provide in the case of the discomfiture of the chiefs of Candahar, not only the expenses of the war, but also *as much land in Persia as they might be dispossessed of in Candahar*; and also by another important circumstance, that Russia had bound herself (according to the declaration of the Persian envoy at least) to keep the western frontier of Persia quiet during the Shah's absence with his army at Herat, by stationing a force sufficient to keep the Turcomans in check in that direction. It is no wonder that the virtue of Dost Mahomed and his reliance upon British protection gave way before such bribes, more especially when the alternative was a war with Persia, backed by Russia, and his own relatives against him — in the case that he sided with English alliance backed by no specific advantages or promises whatever, but, on the contrary, binding him to admit the cession of Peshawer to his mortal enemy. He has consequently thrown himself entirely into the hands of the Russian and Persian party; and so long as he controls the resources of the principal portion of the country, Affghanistan must be ranked with our enemies. Persia and Affghanistan, backed by Russian money liberally spent, might prove more than a match for the barrier power of our ally Runjeet Sing; and were his country subdued, the signal would be instantaneously given for the insurrection of all India. Or, arguing on the supposition that Lord Auckland had not taken the prompt and decisive measure for which he has been condemned, we would have had reason to dread that the ruler of Lahore, unable to make head against the storm which assailed him, and the religious crusade which Dost Mahomed has threatened to preach against him and his race of hated schismatics throughout all Mohammedan countries, would have been tempted to join the alliance of our foes, and give the signal from the banks of the Indus of a new partition of the riches of India. Runjeet's army, be it remarked, was organised by a French general, now deceased, who was recently received at Paris by Louis Philippe in the most gracious manner; and Runjeet's health is so precarious that the probable event of his demise would in the case of longer delay have opened up other combinations among the inheritors of his power, of which it is difficult to calculate the results. Russia too has, it is suspected, made overtures to him already through a special envoy.

Although Dost Mahomed at present holds the sway in Caboul, and his brothers at Candahar, it is confidently reported that he is not so popular

as the Shah Shoojah, who is of the tribe of the Suddozyes; which indeed was proved in the latter's campaign to recover his throne in 1834, where every thing was gained by his own popularity and again lost by one of those fortuitous battles or surprises by which Asiatic principalities are so often won and lost. Still the Barukzye tribe are sufficiently influential to make it good policy in Lord Auckland to offer them an honourable retreat, or the possession of their dominions in *jagheer* or feudality to Shah Shoojah.

Be it as it may, England would not now certainly have so favourable an opportunity for giving the signal of a new crusade against Russia as when the insurrection at Warsaw was for a moment victorious; but for the result we should have no fear, for all Europe would respond to it.

THE PLANTING OF PLEASURE GROUNDS.

IN Loudon's *Suburban Gardener*, the author, when describing a villa in the Italian style, suggests that the grounds should be planted with the same kinds of trees and shrubs as are generally used in the gardens and grounds of villas in Italy, in order that the style of the grounds may be in accordance with that of the house. This is a good idea; and, if adopted, it would no doubt produce a striking, and, in this country, a novel effect. There also appears no reason why this mode of planting should be confined to villas in the Italian style, as it is just as applicable to every other. Every country formerly had its style of gardening as well as of building; and we may just as well adopt the one as the other. Nay, if we take one, it is better to take both; as we shall thus present a perfect picture to the eye, instead of an unfinished one, and the style of ancient gardening may, of course, be quite as well adapted to modern wants as that of ancient building.

Nearly all the modern British villas may be divided into the following kinds: those in the Gothic style, including castles, abbeys, and Elizabethan or old English mansions; those in the classic style, including Grecian and Roman villas; those in the modern Italian style; those built in imitation of Swiss cottages, or other fancy cottages; and solid square houses, in what may be called the modern English style. All these kinds of villas may have distinct styles of gardening adapted to them; and every lover of harmony will easily comprehend how much the general effect of the landscape would be improved, if these varied styles were generally attended to. Let us now inquire in what way gardens and pleasure grounds may be made to accord with each of the different kinds of villas which have been enumerated.

We will first take a style of building purely English, viz. the baronial castle—the ancient use of which was to serve as a place of shelter and defence. Every thing in the style of building of one of these ancient residences bore reference to the purposes for which it was designed. The walls were massive, and furnished with battlements; the exterior windows small and few; and the entrance so contrived as to be easily barricaded. The building itself generally formed a quadrangle, surrounding an inner court, with watch-towers at each corner; and it was either built on a rock, or surrounded by a deep moat with a drawbridge. The rooms were small;

and those intended for the female part of the family generally looked into the inner court. Modern imitators have retained the principal features of the ancient castle. The quadrangular building still remains, with its inner court, arched gateway, watch-towers, and battlements; but the moat has disappeared, and the steep rock has been abandoned; while the principal rooms have been rendered spacious, and their large windows have been placed in the exterior wall, instead of looking only into the inner court.

The gardens of the castles of the Norman chieftains were generally confined to the inner court; and, from the few descriptions that have been handed down to us, this inner court appears to have been planted as a labyrinth; the troubles experienced by strangers in threading which, appear to have afforded unspeakable delight to the highborn damsels who sate at their windows above. The pleasure ground at this period appears to have consisted of an enclosed park; which bore more resemblance to a large field than to what moderns call a park, as ground appears to have been always cleared to form it; and, no doubt, the object in making it was to secure a clear space round the castle, so that no enemy might be able to approach it unobserved. A little later we find an orchard or grove described, divided by straight walks at right angles, and with a mound in the centre, "writhen about with degrees, like cockil shelles, to come to the top without payn." This orchard did not consist of fruit-trees, but was, probably, first only a portion of the natural wood which was left when the park was fenced out, through which walks were cut, while a space was cleared in the centre for an artificial mound. We hear nothing of fruit-trees, nor, indeed, of any trees, being planted, and nothing of any kind of flowers but the rose. Our warlike ancestors appear to have cared little for the delicacies or refinements of life: they lived upon bread and meat, and probably never tasted vegetables, or, indeed, fruit, unless perchance some preserved fruits were presented to the ladies of the family by the nuns of some neighbouring convent.

To confine the gardens and pleasure grounds of a modern baronial residence within the limits of those of the ancient one, would be as absurd as to retain the small rooms and narrow windows of the ancient castle in the modern one. All that is required is to present a sufficient approximation to the ancient style of gardening to keep up the illusion created by the style of the castle. Of course it will not be necessary to place the flower-garden in the inner court, as the space would be much too small for a modern garden; and besides the windows of the principal apartments are no longer made to look into it, but are placed in the exterior walls. The principal pleasure garden must therefore be on what is called the drawing-room front of the castle, the grounds within sight of which are always more decorated than those on the entrance front; and both gardens must be surrounded by an embattled wall, to give the idea of that being available for the purposes of defence. Beyond this wall may spread a broad expanse of lawn, with small groups of shrubs and low trees scattered at considerable distances, so as merely to connect the lawn with the woody scenery beyond. On the entrance front there need only be two grass-plots, divided by a gravel approach in a straight line; there being a sort of sunken ditch covered with grass between the level surface of the grass-plot and the outer wall, to give the idea of its having been the bed of the old moat; while the gravel road is carried on a level over what may be supposed to have been the drawbridge.

On the drawing-room front there should be an architectural terrace, terminating at each end in a stone alcove, and with flights of steps leading down into the garden below. This garden should be laid out in straight

lines and square compartments, with a sundial, statue, or some other object in stone, in the centre of each; and a fountain should be placed in the centre of the garden. The compartments may be divided, if the garden is to be in the most ancient style, with closely clipped hedges; but it would be more in accordance with modern taste, without passing the limits of adaptation, to make the garden quite architectural, with stone curbs to divide the beds, and stone arbours, or wood painted and sanded to imitate stone, to sit in. There should be no large trees in this garden; for it must be observed that the orchard or grove was never within the moat, though what was called the garden always was; and that large trees near the house would completely destroy the idea of its being a fortress, as they would interfere with the arrows and other weapons of defence used by the inhabitants of the castle.

The principal shrubs and low trees, which would be suitable for the garden and orchard of a baronial castle in the climate of Britain, are the juniper, the hawthorn, the barberry, the spindle-tree, the holly, St. John's wort, purging buckthorn, sea buckthorn, double-blossomed and common furze, common broom, several kinds of roses and brambles, the mountain ash, the wild cherry, the white beam-tree, the elder, the red dogwood, the Guelder rose, the wayfaring tree, the privet, the heath, the spurge laurel, several kinds of willows, the sweet-gale, the crowberry, the cranberry, butcher's broom, and some few others. In the orchard or grove there might also be the hazel and the hornbeam; while in the park scenery should be the oak, the beech, the ash, the common maple, the sycamore, and the Scotch elm. The woodbine, the dog-rose, the traveller's joy or wild clematis, and the ivy, should be introduced in all situations suitable for climbing plants.

The gardens of an abbey afford a wider scope. The monks were very fond of gardening; and they grew vegetable luxuries of which the neighbouring barons had no idea. At the present day, no luxury can be enjoyed by one class of the community which is not in some degree accessible to all; but the case was different in the feudal times. Then, every baronial residence was a fortress, beyond the limits of which its inhabitants rarely stirred, except for warlike purposes; and every thing new was looked upon with suspicion. The monks were wiser, because they were better informed; and many a foreign vegetable luxury was cultivated in the rich gardens of an abbey that might have been sought for in vain in all the gardens of the lay lords. The abbeys were, indeed, generally placed on the richest land in the vicinity — in the bosom of some fertile valley, watered by a running stream. The gardens were laid out with verdant terraces, and low walls for fruit-trees; and, though they were partly planted with the same kinds of trees and shrubs as those enumerated for the baronial residences, they had, from their constant communication with the monks of other countries, many others. Many foreign trees and shrubs have, indeed, been found in the gardens of ancient abbeys much larger than the generally supposed date of their introduction would seem to warrant; and which, very probably, were raised by the monks from seeds obtained from Italy, and other countries. Thus a much greater latitude may be allowed for the imitation of abbey gardens than any other, as we scarcely know what plants were known to the monks.

The Elizabethan mansion was a large manor-house, not constructed for the purposes of defence so much as for those of hospitality. The moat was still retained; but it was more for show than use, and because long habit had associated it with the idea of a baronial residence. The garden to the mansion was still stiff and formal, divided into compartments, with fountains

and sundials, and with an architectural terrace bounded by a stone balustrade, and leading into the garden by flights of steps; but the arbours were no longer of stone, and the kinds of trees were more varied. This was the age of filigree parterres, and "various devices" cut in trees, and of tricks with waterworks. Every garden had its labyrinth, and its wood cut into some strange fancy, such as the goose-foot or star. There were also covered walks, high clipped hedges, and verdant terraces.

The flower-gardens for an Elizabethan villa of modern times should have a straight walk down the middle, with the ground divided into compartments on each side. In the corners of these compartments should be a few clipped box-trees, yews, and junipers. There should be a wilderness or labyrinth, with hornbeam hedges; and fountains and waterworks, as far as practicable. An arbour cut in box or hornbeam, or in a large phillyrea, yew, or alaternus, high clipped hedges, covered walks, a parterre of embroidery work, with the crest of the family, or some other device, formed in neat rows of box, and a knot or other figure traced in box, with the spaces filled in with different coloured earths, like toys for children, as Lord Bacon expresses it,—complete a garden in this style; and, if well and tastefully managed, it will have a very good effect. The clipped evergreens are cut into their requisite forms by putting a framework of wire of the proper shape over them, and clipping the branches and leaves to it. The patterns of embroidery are first traced on paper and divided into squares; the ground is then divided into large squares, and the corresponding parts of the pattern traced on it.

The trees and shrubs suitable for an Elizabethan garden and "pleasure" are the cypress, the spruce fir, the arbor vitæ, the sweet bay, the box, the English elm, the lime, the plane, the sweet chesnut, the walnut, the ilex or evergreen oak, the Scotch pine, the arbutus, the lilac, the gum cistus, the rosemary, southernwood, the white climbing and upright yellow jasmines, the German tamarisk, Spanish broom, the lavender, the althæa frutex, the garden syringa, the laburnum, the Judas tree, the laurestinus, the yucca, and abundance of roses. In the kitchen garden there might be apricots, peaches, almonds, mulberries, quinces, &c. As it was the custom in those days to mix fruit-trees with other trees in the shrubberies, there might be a large mulberry on the lawn, and large cherry, apple, and pear trees, mixed with the trees bordering it, with a large walnut in some favourable situation. Roses and lilacs were the favourite flowers. A little later the phillyrea and alaternus became favourite shrubs; and all the skill of the cultivator was called into action to produce variegated hollies. In the earliest nurserymen's catalogues that have been handed down to us, the number of these variegated hollies is quite surprising, and the taste continued as late as the reign of Anne.

It is difficult to say what the garden was of an ancient Grecian villa, since neither descriptions nor models of the villas of the ancient Greeks have been handed down to us. However, as modern architects have adopted the form of the ancient temples for what they call Grecian villas, it will surely be allowable for the modern landscape-gardener to take the Athenian public walks as a model for the grounds. These public walks were planted with oriental plane-trees, and watered with purling streams, on the banks of which grew olives. Under the trees, or rather in the recesses of the groves, were placed statues, votive altars, and ornamental urns and tombs, which were surrounded with cypresses, and overhung with ivy. The poet's narcissus and the crocus were the favourite flowers of the Greeks.

The grounds of a modern Grecian villa should display nothing stiff or

formal in the scenery. If a terrace be raised under the drawing-room windows, with a gravel walk for exercise in winter, it should be bordered with grass, which should slope gently down, and form part of the lawn. The lawn itself should consist of graceful swells and falls, with wood tastefully disposed, and a lake or river within sight of the house. The flower-garden would look best in some romantic glen, or natural hollow; or, if the situation should not afford either, it may be connected with the house by a conservatory, or a walk bordered by trellises covered with climbing shrubs, or by similar shrubs trained up stakes, and hanging in festoons from one to the other. There may be baskets of flowers on the lawn, a veranda to one of the sides of the house, and numerous temples, groups of sculpture, and statues, erected in the grounds. In short, this style allows a great latitude to taste: confining, of course, the statues, &c. to classical subjects, and bearing in mind that the Greeks delighted in shady groves, and in the sight of water.

The trees suitable for the pleasure grounds of a Grecian villa are the oriental plane, the ilex or evergreen oak, *Quercus Esculus*, the velonia oak, (*Q. ægilops*), *Q. ballota*, and *Q. coccifera*; the Constantinople nut (*Corylus Colurna*), the hop hornbeam, the stone pine, the pinaster, *Pinus halepensis*, *P. maritima*, the silver fir, *Abies* or *Picea cephalonica*, the evergreen cypress, *Juniperus oxycedrus*, *phoenicea*, *lycia*, and *macrocarpa*; several kinds of shrubby asparagus; several kinds of smilax, *Berberis cretica*, *Iberis sempervirens*, the common caper (on rockwork, in a sheltered situation); several kinds of cistus and helianthemum; tree pink, tree flax; several kinds of St. John's wort, the common horse-chesnut, *Acer monspessulanum*, *A. creticum*, and *A. obtusifolium*, broad leaved spindle-tree; several kinds of rhamnus, Christ's thorn, pistachia nut-tree, *Pistachia Lentiscus*, *Rhus Cotinus*; several kinds of genista and cytisus. *Anthyllis barba-jovis*, *Coronilla cmerus*, *Medicago arborea*, *Rosa sempervirens*, *Rubus tomentosus*, the snowy mespilus, *Pyrus chamæ-mespilus*, *P. salicifolia*, *Cratægus tanacetifolia*, *Azarolus*, and *orientalis*; the almond, dwarf almond, *Prunus Mahaleb*, the common laurel, *Bupleurum fruticosum*, fly-honeysuckle, *Diospyros Lotus*, *Periploca græca*, Duke of Argyle's tea-tree, lavender, Jerusalem sage, apple-bearing sage, dittany of Crete, sweet bay; several kinds of daphne, *elaagnus*, *Aristolochia sempervirens*, several euphorbias, fig-trees, mulberries, and the European nettle-tree. The walnut and the sweet chesnut were also favourite trees with the Greeks; but the oriental plane, appearing to have been preferred by the Athenians to every other, should predominate in the park scenery, with the silver fir, stone pine, and pinaster. Willows may be also introduced, from the resemblance of their silvery foliage at a distance to that of the olive; and the ivy, *Periploca græca*, and *Aristolochia sempervirens*, should be planted in every situation suitable for climbing plants. The poet's narcissus, the crocus, and other bulbs were the favourite flowers.

The ancient Roman villa, which, as built in modern times, may be considered as a modification of the Grecian, should have a formal flower-garden (as the Romans were fond of the geometric style), with terraces leading to it, and fountains. A few box and rosemary bushes may be clipped into examples of the topiary art; and the stone pine should be introduced wherever practicable. Roses, poppies, lilies, violets, hyacinths, and the poet's narcissus, were the favourite flowers of the Romans; the cherry, the peach, the apricot, and the pomegranate, were their favourite fruit-trees; and the myrtle and sweet bay their favourite shrubs. The nettle-tree and

different kinds of orange-trees were also favourites. Their gardens were surrounded with hedges of box or rosemary, and they contained abundance of statues and fountains.

The Italian villas should have terraces, a veranda, or *loggias*, and a conservatory. The flower-garden may resemble that of the ancient Roman villa, and the grounds those of the Grecian villa; while the trees may combine both, with the addition of *Pinus Laricio*, the Lombardy poplar, the Turkey oak, the Neapolitan and other maples, various kinds of thorn, the catalpa, the Judas tree, both the laburnums, *Pyrus spectabilis*, the holly, the box, common and Portugal laurels, arbutus, phillyrea, rhododendrons, daphnes, yuccas, azaleas, lilacs, cistuses, colutea, *Arundo donax*, butcher's broom, and many others.

"As characteristic of Italian scenery," says Mr. Loudon, "the vine ought to be planted, and allowed to climb up the trees, not for the sake of its fruit, but for effect; and one of the best kinds for this purpose is the claret grape, on account of the colour of its leaves in autumn. The pomegranate, the phillyrea, and the ilex, are highly characteristic of Italian gardens; the stone pine and *Arundo donax* (the Italian reed) of Italian scenery; and the agave and the orange-tree, in tubs or vases, of Italian villas. The most characteristic shrubs of the hardy flowering kind are the cistus and the cytisus. The *Ruscus hypophyllum* and the shrubby species of asparagus are also found more frequently in Italy than in any other part of Europe, unless we except Greece."—(*Suburban Gardener*, p. 360.) It fortunately happens, for the imitator of an Italian villa near London, that the *Pinus Laricio*, the stone pine, and the pinaster, which are the commonest pines in Italy, bear the smoke remarkably well, "as may be seen," continues Mr. Loudon, "by examining the trees of this species in the arboretum of Messrs. Loddiges, and comparing their appearance with that of the American pines, and even the Scotch pines, growing beside them."—(*Ibid.*)

The flower-garden of an Italian villa may be laid out in an arabesque pattern, and planted with carnations and pinks, stocks and wall-flowers, which are all favourite flowers in Italy; and with tulips, narcissi, crocuses, colchicums, cyclamens, scillas, and Neapolitan violets. The Italians are also particularly fond of Chinese roses, which should be disposed in a rosery or rose-garden. Some climbing roses may be trained over trellis-work, or *en pyramide*, with the aid of a slight wooden frame. Along the terraces, and in the conservatory, should be plants in large tubs or stone vases, consisting of orange-trees, several large aloes or agaves, pomegranates, oleanders, myrtles, roses, and jasmines. In Italy they frequently have painted imitations of aloes in pots; and, consequently, these might be introduced, if thought desirable.

The Swiss cottage, to preserve an appearance of consistency, should be placed in wild Alpine scenery, among rocks and mountains. The pleasure grounds should be planted with larches, *Pinus Cembra*, the birch, and other mountain trees. There should be rustic bridges over a stream of water, with a chapel or some rustic building near a lake. There should be no breadth of lawn, no appearance of fertile field: all should be abrupt and picturesque. It is hardly possible to imagine a greater contrast than should exist between the scenery near a Swiss cottage and that near an abbey: the one should be full of startling contrasts and wild and picturesque beauty, like a picture of Salvator Rosa's, and the other should present a scene of calm repose, fertility, and richness. The grounds of other cottages may be laid out according to the fancy of the proprietor, guided in some degree by the style in which the cottage is built.

The grounds of the square English mansion should present the repose and richness of those of an abbey, combined with all the improvements of modern times. The park should be extensive, well wooded, and well watered, with occasional breadth of lawn, so as to show to advantage the rich green sward in which England excels every other country. There should be a shrubbery adjoining the house of ornamental shrubs; in which, towards the farther extremity, should be interspersed some trees, to unite with the masses of wood beyond. There should be a flower-garden, with the flowers planted in beds, so as to form masses of different colours; and there may be other flower-gardens, planted in different ways. There should be an American ground, and a rose-garden; and, if the proprietor be fond of trees and shrubs, there may be an arboretum. At any rate, there may be a pinetum, a willow ground, or oak forest, in which the different species may be collected; and which may be planted with attention to picturesque effect as well as to botanical science. Should there be an island, it, and the banks of the lake in which it lies, may be planted with the different species of alders, poplars, and willows; and if there should be hilly ground, that may be set apart for the pine and fir tribe. It is by no means necessary to plant an arboretum in strict accordance with botanical arrangement, as even botanists do not always agree as to the position of the orders: all that is requisite is to keep all the species of each genus together; and, as far as practicable, the different genera of an order. It is also unnecessary to plant all the known trees and shrubs so as to form a complete arboretum. A proprietor may take any genus or any genera he may prefer, or which may suit his grounds, and illustrate them, without caring for the others.

These remarks are only intended to offer a very slight outline of a picture which the reader may fill up according to his own taste; but they may afford materials for thinking; and, in skilful hands, could not fail in producing striking effects.

BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

Of all the individuals who distinguished themselves in the senatorial transactions of the French Revolution of 1789, of the Restoration in 1815, and of the subsequent period to the Revolution of 1830, there is not one who possesses such remarkable claims upon our attention as Benjamin Constant, not merely for the sleepless zeal and indomitable courage with which he advocated the great cause of liberty, even to the last moment of his existence, but because his life and his services have not yet been chronicled as fully and impartially as they deserve. We do not propose in this present paper to fill this strange blank in contemporary history, but rather to trace the outlines of the materials from whence the desideratum is to be supplied.

Benjamin Constant was born in the year 1768, at Lausanne in Switzerland. He began his studies in the university of Edinburgh, and completed them at Erlangen in Germany. Early imbued with the ardent theories of political liberty which prevailed amongst his countrymen, his mind derived additional excitement from the study of the constitution and the glories of the Grecian republics. In the Revolution which had then broken out in France, the enthusiastic youth imagined that he saw the regeneration of that country's government, and a promise of the adoption of the simple manners and customs which distinguished ancient Greece. Indeed, his active fancy had impressed him with the revival of the golden age. He fervently sympathised with the reformers of France, and looked upon her heroes and legislators as the peculiar instruments of Providence selected to re-establish peace, prosperity, and liberty throughout Europe. No wonder, then, that he resigned the office of chamberlain which he had held for more than a year at the little aristocratic court of Brunswick, where his ideal French nation was treated with the most marked contempt; the local lordlings of the realm not deigning even to permit it to rank among the European nations since the outbreak of the Revolution. Although he was compelled during his residence at that court to restrain his feelings and sentiments, young Constant failed not to con over and over again the brilliant exploits of a Jourdan, a Moreau, a Joubert, and a Hoche, as given (though greatly disfigured by a jealous censorship) in the German journals; nor could his imagination fail of being impressed with the splendours of the Convention, as it stood in its noble position before Europe. That body, without money, without credit, or consolidated government, had succeeded not only in defending France against the hostility of armed Europe as well as of the insidious factions at home, but had also given effect to her mandates throughout the whole range of countries from the Pyrenees to the Rhine; and then, after having attained these triumphant results, had relinquished the instrument by which it had achieved them, resigning its authority of its own free will, and leaving behind a republican constitution based upon the principles of liberty and moderation.

Constant did not long remain a distant admirer of these brilliant scenes, but proceeded at once to Paris, exulting in the expectation of meeting the master spirits of the age. His way lay through Prussia and Holland, humiliated and struck down by the victorious armies of the republic, — the former forced to surrender all her possessions along the left shore of the Rhine, and the latter having lost half her fleet, Dutch Flanders, Venloo,

Maestricht, and both shores of the Maas. In his passage through these countries, he found the petty princes and statesmen, who, at the outbreak of the Revolution, were so confident in their threats against the Republic, reduced to the utmost consternation and dismay; while, on the other hand, the people were breathlessly awaiting the approach of the streaming banner, and the rolling drum, which were to announce to them the coming of the Gallic legions, whose watchwords were liberty and equality. Upon his entrance into the capital of France, where he anticipated scenes of grandeur, sublimity, and peace, he was destined to an overwhelming disappointment. The first object he saw was a cartful of some twenty gens-d'armes, who were being led to the scaffold for having joined the insurgents in their excesses on the 1st of Prairial. The streets of Paris had the gloomy appearance of a field of battle on the morrow after the strife. Only two days previous to his arrival, the doors of the palace where the Convention held their assemblies, had been forced by a drunken mob, who insulted and threatened the members, and for twelve successive hours plunged the city into a state of consternation paralleled only by the disgraceful scenes of the reign of terror.

This was the first political disappointment of B. Constant. His feelings were however soon amply recompensed, by the proclamation of the constitution of the year III.

In the French journals, and even on the rostrum of the *Chambre des Députés*, that constitution is still discussed with all the zeal and ardour of present interest, a circumstance which puzzles not a little the philosophy and penetration of strangers. The fact, however, is, that the French are now, in political matters, what the English were at the time when their *Magna Charta* was proclaimed. The French, like schoolboys, talk about grammatical rules, while the English are too old, and too far advanced in the minutiae and practice of a representative government, to fritter away their time in discussing the elementary principles.

Not long since two French papers, the one ministerial, and the other belonging to the opposition, amused themselves and the public by discussing the merits of this same constitution, with a zeal as spirited and pointed as if the present welfare of the nation depended on it. The one was of opinion, that France was never less free than during the five years the above constitution was in force, while the other maintained precisely the reverse, and with much industry and ingenuity laboured to prove that the extensive provisions contained in it for the maintenance of liberty in general far surpassed even those of the English constitution. Like the two travellers, who disputed about the colours of the chameleon, both parties may be right.

Of all the ephemeral constitutions which have mouldered upon the shelves of the archives of Paris, none had been so distinguished by the unanimous and cordial consent of all parties as that of the year III. At no period of French history certainly was the ruling party so little distracted by internal division, as at the period when the Convention produced and proclaimed that constitution. The re-action of the 9th Thermidor had partially subsided, and the Jacobins, who afterwards twice combated against the moderate republicans, were as yet without influence. All hearts seemed to go with the Convention, and the bitterest enemies of the government of the day (and they were numerous both in the ranks of the royalist and the levellers) united in admiration of the men whose efforts in the cause of true liberty were so conspicuous and earnest.

The spirit in which the Convention was composed deserved this universal

homage. The members of that body were not chosen on the ground of birth or rank exclusively, but were selected on the ground of integrity, past services, experience, and wisdom. The most striking feature, however, which revealed the character of the Convention, and at the same time gave high promise to France of the future, was the adoption of the English parliamentary procedure, which submits all questions relative to new laws, or the abrogation of old, to the searching ordeal of three discussions before it is permitted to be entered on the statute book. The introduction of this policy, so widely at variance with the expeditious and impetuous legislation of the Revolution, could not but be grateful to those who desired to build up on the ruins of absolutism a national system of government.

The popular extension of the elective franchise was another guarantee of public liberty. It is true the Convention was compelled to suppress several societies, in apprehension of the danger likely to result from the turbulent factions which rankled in Paris, and also to interdict the return of the emigrant nobility; but the government of the country was fairly in the hands of the people, nor could any of the public functionaries, from the director down to the lowest officer of the state, hold his place without their sanction. Public opinion was predominant through the columns of a free and enlightened press.

The circumstances immediately connected with the proclamation of the constitution, while they were grateful to the friends of freedom, could not but appear strange and anomalous in the eyes of the monarchs of Europe. That constitution, previous to its proclamation, was laid before the community assembled in congregations throughout the realm, including even the soldiery on the field of battle, in order that its merits might be fairly and fully discussed, and accepted or rejected by the free will of the people. The deliberations in the camp and throughout the country terminated in the unanimous adoption of the constitution; and its proclamation was hailed with unfeigned joy by all classes of society, as the means by which peace and order were to be restored to the nation.

The proclamation was accompanied by two decrees, to the effect that two-thirds of the Convention should be re-appointed to the new legislative assembly, in order that the work of the former might not be destroyed by the latter. These decrees were sanctioned by all the departments, except those of Paris, where royalists were still secretly lurking and exercising the dark and complicated machinery of their influence to thwart or neutralise every measure of the Convention, and distract and divide the attention of the people.

It is not a little curious that young Constant, who had arrived in the capital glowing with patriotism, should have commenced operations in the ranks of the intriguers against that constitution of which he was afterwards the ablest supporter. He had been introduced by some of his countrymen to Madame de Staël, whose house was the rendezvous at that time of the flower of the literary and political genius of France. Here his personal beauty and the nobility of his mind drew upon him the notice of society, and involved him in a variety of dangerous temptations: Madame de Staël herself felt a strong attachment for him, a feeling to which she yielded with all the enthusiasm and unreserve so peculiar to her in affairs of the heart. Thus, young and unknown as Constant was, he soon became the centre of that famous coterie, composed of foreign diplomatists, emigrants, disaffected journalists, and individuals of both sexes, who, thirsting for fame, co-operated with fierce industry against the reforms which were taking place around them. There were seen, among others, Suard, Morellet, Lacretelle

the younger, Laharpe the witty, Lauragais, the Castellans, the Choiseuls, and others, who were equally dissatisfied with the former and present state of things. Amidst the gloomy and care-worn countenances of those malcontents, the blooming features of the comely student, with his long and gracefully flowing hair, exhibited a most striking contrast. He was eagerly listened to when he gave his enthusiastic opinions on the politics of the day, and supported them by the combined power of lofty eloquence and extensive erudition.

Previously to his appearance in the French metropolis, Benjamin Constant had visited England; but what he saw in the English aristocracy had such an effect upon his feelings, that on his return to France he renounced at once the titles and distinctions which had accrued to him from his own noble birth and family. A mind of this tone, so simple, so honest, so credulous of good, was of all others the most likely to become entangled in the meshes which the crafty are ever spreading abroad for the accomplishment of their own purposes. Moreover, his mind had imbibed the mystical and obscure tenets of the German philosophy; and from these he had built up in his imagination a sort of philosophical government, based on the vague notions of right and equality which were then floating through the unsettled mind of Europe. The violent republicans, and those who yet clung to the desperate cause of royalty, watchful to press into their service, at any expense, all the unappropriated talent, genius, and intellect they could win over to their cause, beset Constant immediately on his appearance in Paris. A crafty junta encompassed him. He was soon drawn into an exhibition of his powers, and found ready and obsequious listeners to his Utopian harangues, who never failed to laud to the skies his sentiments, and the eloquence with which they were propounded. Thus flattered and blinded, the inexperienced student was employed as a tool to carry out the machinations of a faction.

The first step he was induced to take was the publication of three letters in the daily journals, in which he attacked the decrees regarding the re-appointment of the two-thirds of the members of the Convention. These letters had a wonderful effect: they exhibited at once to the insidious circle that surrounded him a palpable demonstration of ability which promised to be of all-commanding service to that party who might be fortunate enough to enlist it on their side. A mind of the calibre of Constant might not be proof against the sudden fascination of popularity; but it was not likely that he could long be deceived, or mistaken in his true position. He soon perceived, in the anxious solicitude and importunity with which he was assailed, sufficient reason for suspecting that all was not honest in the hearts of his associates. The purity and sincerity of his own motives and principles kept him free from the contamination of faction, and ultimately his eyes were opened. He saw the fearful precipice, to the very brink of which he had been drawn. He penetrated the real designs of his pretended friends, which he found to be nothing less than the extermination of the patriots, and the restoration of arbitrary power. He shrunk from the circle, and his first movement was to refute publicly the arguments of the three epistles, by which he had made so many odious friends. His refutation, however, which he composed under the guidance of Louvel, as well as the speech with which the latter defended it in the Convention, made scarcely any impression on the public in comparison with the success which attended the letters. Such lessons are not lost on great minds, nor were these on Constant. They inspired him with that prudence and circumspection which characterised his subsequent career, and for which he was afterwards so

often blamed. His ulterior views were soon confirmed by the scenes of the 13th Vendémiaire.

The situation of the Convention had become so critical, and the conduct of their opponents so daring, as to induce Buonaparte to place 800 guns at their disposal for their mere personal self-defence in the very hall of their assembly. The true character of the Convention was exhibited in the moderate use which they made of their triumph over their adversaries. When the issue of that affair placed in their power those individuals who had planned so industriously, and laboured so criminally in the insurrection of that period, what was the conduct of the Convention? Why, they would not see the criminals as they came in their way; and when the sentinels, in the course of their duty, detected a proscribed individual, they cleared the path at once for his escape, rather than exercise that severity which the law would have justified. Not a single execution followed these events; not even a prosecution succeeded the suppression of the treason; not a single hair of a single traitor, although detected and manifest, fell to the ground. Constant could not fail to perceive a striking contrast between the patriots whose characters had been so odiously painted in the saloon of Madame de Staël, and the language of the self-styled moderate party who had ranged themselves around him as friends. He saw clearly the error he had committed, and in the refutation of his own letters proclaimed to the world the renunciation of the party.

The true political career of Constant commenced in the tribunate, a member of which he was appointed by Buonaparte. Of this period he always spoke with self-complacency and pleasure. Here he entered with great éclat the ranks of the opposition, and devoted his industry and genius to the cause of his darling liberty; and to these ranks and to that cause he adhered to the last moment of his life. But melancholy changes took place after the year III, that greatly deteriorated the machinery of government. The Directory, while it remained true to the principles of the constitution, deserved and received the veneration of all true patriots and of the French people, but it did not long maintain this fair character; the malignant genius of intrigue, of treachery, and stratagem, which had been upon the watch for a favourable moment from the commencement of the Revolution, seized it at last, and with its blasting influence arrested the fair growth of the tree of liberty, which henceforth bore no more fruit. The Directory lingered on for some time disgracefully a mark for the finger of scorn and contempt; at length it was dissolved, and it passed (like a thing of shame) away from the memories of men pursued by the groan of universal execration.

Although Constant clearly perceived the degenerating picture of French politics, as it gathered in the distance and spread around him,—although he distinctly saw the fading of that tree, which the French people had planted so enthusiastically,—and although he felt that the cause of liberty was lost, he continued among the last of those who struggled to save the country.

Already in the first sitting of the tribunate he attacked a projected law of government with regard to the rights of that very assembly of which he was a member, and declared, in the presence of the First Consul, whose word had now become law since the 18th Brumaire, that the proposed law was calculated to render all debates useless, to render the consultations of the assembly abortive, and to expose its proceedings to the contempt and ridicule of Europe. Such was, however, the condition to which the assembly was subdued, such was the low tone to which the voice of liberty was reduced, that the law was received and passed. Nor was this all; for on the

next day the cause of the French nation and of liberty were insulted by a severe article in the "*Moniteur*" from the pen of Buonaparte himself, censuring in unsparing terms the conduct of Benjamin Constant.

Buonaparte, who always in his preliminary steps preferred a conciliatory policy, and who never had recourse to severe measures until these had failed, said one day to Constant, "Why don't you call on me in my private rooms and have a friendly conversation on the subject, instead of declaiming in the saloon about equality?" The answer which Constant made must have fallen upon Napoleon like an acid upon an alkali. "The constitution," replied Constant, "has created a public rostrum to give effect to the sentiments of French citizens, and of that right I will never fail to make a daily use for the purpose of combating the propositions of the First Consul." The natural power of Constant as a politician and orator cannot be better illustrated than by the fact, that in the very teeth of the corruption by which he was surrounded, and the overbearing power of Napoleon, he succeeded in effecting the rejection of two consular motions, and in rendering somewhat more constitutional, by means of amendments, another law concerning the justices of the peace.

One day Buonaparte, furious at the success of his opponents, met the senate, to whom he gave audience, with the utmost ill humour, and tearing the carpet with the spurs of his boots, exclaimed, "There sit on the lower benches of the tribunate about twelve or fifteen metaphysicians, who are only good to be drowned: they are like vermin in my coat which I must strike off. Let them not think that I am as easily to be attacked as Louis XVI." The distaste which Buonaparte, at all times, manifested for the lofty and independent tone of Constant and his coadjutors was striking and undissembled; but his hatred of the senatorial metaphysicians, as he called them, knew no bounds, when the members of the tribunate protested against the privilege of government to call the French nation "subjects." Chenier exclaimed, at that time, from the rostrum, "Our armies have for upwards of ten years combated for the purpose of making us citizens, and now we have become subjects." Constant took a lively share in the discussion, and thundered forth vehemently and eloquently against the slavish appellation. These scenes would, by the by, most certainly have been acted over again, after the Revolution of 1830, had his life been spared for some time longer.

The constitution of the year VIII could by no means satisfy a man who entertained such broad and extensive notions of liberty. Since the period of his acquaintance with Madame de Staël his active faculties had been incessantly engaged in writing, speaking, and agitating; in fact, his whole nature had become so deeply imbued with republican principles, and his jealousy in the cause of national liberty had so trained him in political action, that the senatorial office became his adopted home.

The restrictions which limited the utility of the semi-monarchical constitution were, however, but ill calculated to afford opportunity for the exercise of his powers. Indeed it may be said that the occupation of the eloquent members of the senate was gone, the executive authority having the supreme right to propose and maintain laws; and, what was more, that very executive being confided to the hands of a single individual. The sole veto of the First Consul was sufficient to break down all the apparent constitutional mock bulwarks against usurpation and the violation of public liberty. So changed had the state of political affairs become, that it was enough to know that the proposition of a law emanated from the government, or, what was the same thing, from the First Consul, to render all opposition unavailable. The only privilege conceded to the tribunate was to

appoint a speaker of their body, to oppose or support, in the legislative assembly, the proposed law; which assembly, after having heard the arguments on both sides of the question, was ordained sole arbitrator, either to adopt or reject that law, without consulting the tribunate. The senate, on the other hand, was nothing more than a sort of court of cassation, intended to remind the government of the existence of the constitution, whenever that body showed a disposition or attempted to pass its limit. Yet even this was but a shred of authority; for, whatever might be the theory of its power, it was doomed in practice to be slighted and insulted. It more than once happened that the government, in the prosecution of its views, exhibited, intentionally, the most marked contempt for the constitution and the assemblies; frequently considering it unnecessary even to go through the form of requesting their sanction to its projects. A shadow of something like constitutional opposition was, no doubt, reserved for the tribunate; the members of which were certainly permitted to discuss the measures of government, but their opposition was nothing more than a phantom, and their discussion like so much smoke dispersed abroad in the atmosphere. Yet weak and ineffectual even as this opposition, as it was called, proved to be, it was enough to call forth the anger of the First Consul, who issued a *senatus consultus*, by which it was reduced to fifty members, and Constant, Chenier, Daunou, Guinguen , and many more stanch liberals, lost their seats.

Arrested thus early in his political career, Constant retired in 1802 to Coppet, in Switzerland, in company with Madame de Sta l, who was then banished from France for her political intrigues. Constant now devoted his time to literature; and his great work on religion, which he had begun in 1794 at Lausanne, made some progress during this period. Here, also, he composed a novel, "Adolph," in which were revealed the secrets of his own heart. Rest and tranquillity there was none for him, even in his retirement. His political fame had spread so far, and attracted the attention of the leading spirits of distant countries so generally, as to render an extensive correspondence with the emigrants and great statesmen throughout Europe almost indispensable. He had already at Edinburgh formed the acquaintance of men who subsequently became celebrated — such, for instance, as Dr. Graham, Henry Erskine, Lord Buchan, John Wilde, and Mackintosh; acquaintances which afterwards ripened into friendship. His correspondence at this period also included N. M. Montmorency; the Dukes of Broglio, Jancourt, &c. while his old associates and fellow-labourers of the tribunate, Souvet, Chenier, Reoderer, Cabanis, and many others of the politicians of the Revolution, sought on all occasions his advice and counsel. Thus it may be said, that although in the distance, and unconnected with the scenes in the political world, the spirit of Constant continued to animate the affairs of many countries, and gave a secret, yet active, tone to their policies.

There is one remarkable point connected with the life of Constant which is worthy of observation; namely, that his most signal acts and distinguished writings owe their origin to some female inspiration. His correspondence with Lady Hardenburg, whom he afterwards married, and who was herself a sentimental mystical poetess, probably gave rise to his great work on religion. It was under the influence of the presence of Madame de Sta l, when at Coppet, that he wrote his famous pamphlet on "The Form of Government." His hatred against Buonaparte originated with that of the latter against De Sta l, who had no sooner experienced persecution after her return to Paris in 1798, than Constant published his "Essay on the Revolution of 1660," as an answer to that of Boulay de la Meurthe; in fact it was

the ascendancy of that lady over his mind which more or less stimulated his pen in all his subsequent writings. In the sequel we shall also show, that, on the return of Napoleon from Elba, his, Constant's, equivocal conduct and change of opinion was mainly to be attributed to the same fascinating influence.

Having accompanied Madame de Staël once more to Paris, he took his departure for Germany, and arrived in 1804 at Weimar. Here he reposed in the peaceful and classical company of Schiller, Goëthe, Wieland, the historian Müller, and others of the literati of the day. Germany he found greatly altered since he had left it. The universities, so much feared by the princes, had not drunk so deeply from the cup of republicanism as might have been expected; on the contrary, they had assumed more of the tone of ancient chivalry than of the modern spirit. Yet, in the predilection of the German youth for ancestral notions and old Teutonic nationality, the discerning spirit of Constant detected the germ of republicanism, and the unequivocal signs that indicated the congeniality of the soil upon which it had fallen. The princes themselves, vacillating between a sort of indeterminate liberalism on the one hand—the effect of their immediate contact with the philosophers of the day—and fear for their own safety on the other, held a wavering and uncertain position in the land of their authority. The condition of the poets and philosophers was equally affected by existing circumstances; and while it was evident their hearts espoused the cause of the Revolution, it was equally evident that the common weakness of men, which impels them to bow the neck before, and court the favour of, the great, was exercising a silent, yet certain, influence throughout all the detail of their actions.

As concerned the better informed classes, the predominant opinion was in favour of the French government, the firmness and energy of which no one could deny. An attempt was made by princely power, as well as by that of genius, to chase from the German mind the principles and doctrines of the new school; yet, notwithstanding the admonitory declarations of authority, the violent articles of Wieland in the German "*Mercury*," or the comedy of the young poet Goëthe, styled the "*Citizen General*," the French Revolution, and the doings of her great men, still found favour in the eyes of the people. Benjamin Constant beheld all these things, and it led to the conviction in his mind, that if revolutionary France were so disposed, it would not be a difficult step to seize upon Germany.

We shall pass over in silence the sentimental life of Constant at Paris, Coppet, Interlaken, and Lyons, his secret marriage on the 5th May, 1808, and many more incidents relative to his private and domestic affairs, and shall at once proceed to that period when he re-appeared in public in his political character.

When Napoleon declared war against Russia in 1811, Constant resided at Göttingen, where he spent his time in the company of Villers (author of the "*History of the Reformation*"), Heeren, Heine, Creutzer, and Goerres, and laboured assiduously in the composition of his work on religion. He lived in comparative retirement and privacy, while Madame de Staël espoused the cause of Russia.

Upon the fatal retreat of the grand army from Moscow, he, for the first time after the lapse of ten years, appeared before the public in a pamphlet on the spirit of conquest and usurpation, which he published at Göttingen, from which place he subsequently retired to Hanover, in order to avoid the martial bustle of the army whose road lay through Göttingen.

In this, his new retirement, he was unexpectedly visited by his old friend

Bernadotte. The friends fell into a familiar conversation at dinner, and talked over the scenes and doings of bygone days, and the new aspect of affairs, which was brightening up in the distance of the political horizon. Constant, who no longer doubted the downfall of Napoleon, spoke with unfeigned delight of the anticipations which he held of the restoration of liberty in France; while at the same time he did not conceal his gloomy apprehension of the consequences which he feared would result if France were indebted to the allied powers for her liberation, and the country were overrun by their armies. Constant, in thus candidly expressing his opinions, conjured the Crown Prince of Sweden, who appeared to have gained great favour with the allied powers, to exert his influence in order to induce the allies to permit France to choose her own mode of government. The dissembling Bernadotte listened attentively while Constant gave his views and opinions on the passing events, and replied to him by dwelling on the circumstance of the high favour in which he stood with the allied sovereigns, and the friendship which they professed for him publicly, but concealing the fact of their secret suspicion of him. He then solicited Constant to make use of the interest of Madame de Staël, who was in high esteem with the Emperor of Russia, for the purpose of impressing that potentate with the notion that he, Bernadotte, was, of all others, the most appropriate instrument which could be employed in effecting the settlement of French affairs, and establishing order and stability to the satisfaction of all parties. Constant was at this period wiser than at the time of his first introduction to French society: "in short," says he, "I saw a man before me who burned with desire for the French throne; but," continued he, "as he was a native of Gascony, we could not come to a clear understanding."

Constant at last resolved on going to France. He departed on the first of April, 1814, in the escort of the corps of the army of Bernadotte for Brussels; from whence he went in company of Madame de Staël to Paris, and immediately promulgated his views on the subject of the restoration in an article which appeared in the "*Débats*" of the 21st of the same month. Those views were, at that time, entirely novel in France, viz. the neutrality of the royal power between all parties; a notion which, in fact, constituted the whole machinery of a representative government. To this doctrine Constant adhered to the end of his life, and maintained it both in his writings and on the rostrum, and laid, though perhaps unconsciously, the foundation of the parliamentary opposition. Thus Providence willed that the same army who brought in their escort a Bourbon hostile to the Revolution, should also bring a man in the same rank, whose commanding eloquence in the senate, and fluent reasoning in the press, should form a counteracting power, and thus avert many of the evils naturally resulting from that great national event.

After the Restoration, Constant was indefatigable in his political avocations. In every conceivable form he applied his strength and genius, and in pamphlets, articles, and speeches, he laboured to rouse the French mind, and warn the ministry against the consequences of their ill-conducted government. For more than fifteen years, with the voice of a prophet, he impeached their pernicious course of policy; spoke of the crumbling base upon which they had taken their stand, and pointed to the fearful abyss upon the brink of which they so wantonly stood, and into which they ultimately fell as he predicted. His industry was unbounded. The frowns of the court, or the apathy of the people, neither damped nor slackened his ardent spirit or indomitable zeal. The one object of his heart was the liberty of his country, and to that object he yielded his life with the truest devotion.

When the vast labours of Constant are reviewed, they are, indeed, surprising; and we must wonder how he could find time for the composition of those sound and logical publications which, from time to time, issued from his pen, to say nothing of his other and varied labours.

We have arrived at a period when his republican fame was overshadowed by a behaviour so equivocal in its nature, as to occasion the most serious alarm to his friends, and to call forth the severest reproaches against his conduct, as well as dark suspicions against the sincerity of his principles:—we allude to the time of the return of Napoleon from Elba.

Important effects are not always generated by important causes, nor is it less true, that great men are not always occupied with great tasks and thoughts, such as they appear before us in their public and official capacity. Thus it was with Constant. When the storm had burst a second time around the Capet family and shook them from their throne, and the people of France were welcoming with open arms the return of their beloved military hero; when Europe, again awakened and alarmed, and her princes panic-stricken at the return of that lion to his lair, who had so often made them tremble, was awaiting the one dreadful and bloody struggle, at least, which it knew must be made in the cause of the Bourbons; when Paris was raging with conflicting passions and sentiments, and liberty was threatened and in danger from all parties; where was our stanch republican hero? Where was Benjamin Constant, the calm reflecting writer, and the avowed sworn friend of liberty? Alas! the truth must be confessed. Constant, who was already forty-seven years of age, with a head partly bald and partly covered with grey hair, was amusing himself in the lap of a mistress, of whom he was so enamoured, as to yield up all his better feelings and judgment, and to surrender himself at once to that single passion, *love*; and how did he act amidst the confusion by which he was surrounded? Did his bold republican genius exhibit itself? Oh no! When attacked on the one hand in the public journals, as having by his writings caused the downfall of the Bourbons, and on the other, as having, in conjunction with Mad. de Staël, by the basest intrigues succeeded in rendering Napoleon and his cause odious to the eyes of the allied princes, his answers were indeed poor, evasive, and abstract; nor was he even aroused by the reverberating roar of that artillery which announced the arrival of Napoleon at the seat of royalty—the Tuilleries.

The object of his love was a woman, a friend of Mad. de Staël, who was as celebrated for her personal charms, as the latter was for her mental endowments. This lady was constantly surrounded by the most distinguished characters of all countries. She had always been secretly attached to the cause of the Bourbons, so that her house at that critical moment became the rendezvous of the royalists. Constant, who was a mere play-ball in her hands, naturally associated himself with the visitors of her house, and more especially with Lainé and Lally-Tolendal. Here he also made the acquaintance of Chateaubriand, who assured them that he had it in his power to save France, if he were minister of the interior. Constant also saw here a great deal of Guizot, and Royer-Collard, both stanch doctrinaires, but who like the other royalists would make no decided stand, or do any thing to recover public opinion. The consequence was, the King departed on the 20th of March. On the same day, Constant, still under the influence of his royalist Dulcinea, inserted in the public journals a bitter article against Napoleon, who suddenly arrived that evening in the Tuilleries. Constant naturally supposed to be in danger, was instantly concealed by Lafayette and Tracy in the hotel of the American ambassador, from whence he secretly departed in the company of the latter to Nantes. Arrived at Ancenis, he was informed

that Nantes had declared itself in favour of Napoleon, and that the prefect of that place had taken flight. He then resolved on returning to Paris, to meet his destiny.

Expecting every moment to be thrown into prison, he was one morning surprised by the entrance of General Sebastiani, Degerando, and two other statesmen, who requested him to join the party of Napoleon, who was resolved to give to France a liberal and representative government, and who would be glad to have an opportunity of discussing the matter with him. Constant consented to accompany them to the Tuilleries, where he found the Emperor, surrounded by the Duke of Bassano, Regnault, De St. Jean, D'Angely, Rovigo, Andreossi, and Defermon, all men of repute and principle. Pressed on all sides; and especially by the insidious words of the Emperor, than whom none better understood the art of persuasion, he was induced to sit down and write the appendix to the instrument for which he was afterwards so much censured.

Such was the exact conduct of Constant in that memorable affair. Like many men of inferior powers, he seems to have been politically stunned by the suddenness of the event which had swept over France. It was Constant who defended in the tribunate the liberty of the nation against the repeated attempts of the First Consul; it was Constant who fifteen years afterwards disputed Napoleon's encroachments, inch by inch; it was Constant whose voice was heard throughout Europe sounding abroad the creed of liberty; and it was Constant who, on the assumption of the imperial diadem by his great opponent, met, and, if he did not bow the neck before him, failed in that free and deep eloquence for which he was so famous, and suffered that grand opportunity to escape him, which he might have employed with so much glory to his own fame and advantage to the country. From such men as Constant public opinion does not accept any excuse. His first punishment was the insertion of his name in the amnesty of the 24th of July, and his second its omission, not in consequence of the pamphlet which he published in his own defence, but of the intercession of Decazes. He therefore found it advisable to retire to England, from whence he returned only after the re-action of the 5th of September; and it was during this time, that he wrote his "Memoirs of the 100 Days."

His return to Paris was, as usual, marked by the publication of a pamphlet, "On the Political Doctrines," which he composed at the request of Madame de Staël, as a refutation of Chateaubriand's work, "The Monarchy according to the Charter." This pamphlet excited great attention, but he did not follow it up with decisive action. At this period Madame de Staël fell seriously ill, and Constant abandoned political society altogether. From this moment gambling became his ruling passion: he was seen to spend whole days and nights in private and public gaming-houses, risking enormous sums on the chance of a single card. It is a remarkable fact, and, we think, little known, that he owed his subsequent election to the Chamber of Deputies to the gaming-table. These citizens only who paid yearly to the state 1000 francs direct taxes were eligible to that office, and it was well known that Constant did not belong to that wealthy class. It was said, when the chances of play had put into his hands the means of thus qualifying himself, that Lafitte's purse had been the means by which Constant purchased a house worth 100,000 francs; but that was not the case, although it must be admitted that such a trait was by no means inconsistent with the patriotic and generous nature of Lafitte. His career during the fifteen years of the Restoration presented a checkered picture of industry and dissipation: the hours of the day were

passed by him in the Chamber and on the rostrum, and those of the night either at the sedentary labour of the writing-desk, or the anxious excitement of the gaming-table. It is scarcely possible to go into a detail of his numerous speeches and writings on all sorts of political questions; the mere enumeration of his writings on legislation, the press, and elections, — [of his articles in the “*Mercure*,” in the “*Annals des Chambres*,” in the “*Minerve*,” “*Tablette*,” “*Courier Français*,” and “*Temps*,” besides his numerous speeches in the Chamber, and pamphlets in defence of liberty in general, would form by itself a voluminous catalogue. In short, to write the life of Constant, would be to write the History of the Restoration; for there is scarcely any event in that period in which he did not move as a leading spirit, even at the very hazard of personal safety; as in 1817 at Strasburg, when his house was besieged by the officers of the *École de Cavallerie*, and in 1824, when his opponents denied him the right of French citizenship.

Yet all these mental and physical exertions, instead of exhausting his spirit, seem rather to have acted as stimulants, and to have given new vigour to his energies. Indeed he stood in great need of such aid, for he had not only to defend himself against the attacks of his foes, but often even of his friends. It is almost inconceivable how he could, in the midst of these incessant struggles, have found yet leisure for all those thick volumes which issued from his pen, such as his “*Manual of Constitutional Politics*,” besides his articles in several diurnal journals on literature, the arts, and sciences. During the night it was his habit to take notes, and crowd together on slips of paper his materials, and next morning, before he went to the Chamber, he had already tired his amanuensis. His uncommon mental strength and activity did not abandon him even to the last. Even when disease had bowed down his tall and majestic form, and weakened the physical man, the spiritual still held on its gigantic course, and with untameable vigour grappled with its laborious every-day work.

It was a fine sight to behold him wending his way to the Chamber, some time before the opening of the doors, clad in his silver embroidered coat, without which uniform no deputy was permitted to ascend the rostrum, in order that he might be ready to speak should occasion require, while his hands and arms were burdened with books, manuscripts, proof-sheets, &c.

No sooner had he taken his seat in the extreme corner of the left, than he commenced writing, his books and papers arranged before him; and such a heavy number of letters and parcels did he send away, as to keep continually on their legs all the messengers and porters attached to the Chamber. He had scarcely done with his letters, than he would commence the correction of the proof-sheets of his issuing publications; while, at intervals, he would take notes of the arguments of the speakers, and converse with his friends, who never failed to crowd around him. In the midst of all this confusion (which was no confusion to the clear head of Constant) he would not fail to ask the word at the moment an orator had resumed his seat; then he would ascend the rostrum, with small slips of paper in his hand, which appeared to have been taken at random from beneath his papers and manuscripts. Once upon the rostrum, his spirit rallied all its powers, and his pale features, in the animation which gradually lit them up, indicated the glowing feelings which were stirring within his breast. At first the words fell from his lips in a slow and lingering manner, which tended rather to disappoint those who were attracted to the Chamber by the fame of his eloquence; gradually, however, his voice rose, became clear and sonorous, his eyes sparkled, and his full extemporaneous speech flowed along in uninterrupted majesty.

His favourite topic was the *liberty of the press*; and on this subject he always brought into action the whole of the artillery of his eloquence. On that topic alone, the speeches which he delivered would fill a large volume. So engrossed was his mind with it that in his speeches on other themes he could not refrain from occasional glances at it; and he scarcely ever delivered a speech in which might not, more or less, be traced the deep hold which this subject had of his mind.

His last speech, shortly before his death, was against Guizot and some of his former friends, in defence of the liberty of the press, and against Humann, who had undertaken the advocacy of the bill proposed by the attorney-general, more on the ground of personal hatred to the journals, than conviction of the utility, necessity, or justice of the cause. It is impossible not to admire the firmness, the intrepidity, and perseverance of the man, who, under difficulties, and they were many, of the most disheartening kind, could so cheerfully and disinterestedly place himself in the breach, and maintain the battle with such devoted ardour against the phalanx whose ranks were so numerous. Constant, like a true veteran, although broken down by age and infirmities, felt it to be his duty still to ascend the field of action, and spend the last pulsation of his frame in the cause of freedom, of France, and humanity!

His death followed soon after (in 1831). His passage to the grave was marked, like his passage through life, by the sympathy of that people whose cause he had so nobly defended. The whole of the Chamber, the whole of Paris, followed his honoured remains to the tomb.

Many of our readers may perhaps have heard of the rumour, that Constant made a secret treaty with the July monarch. We wish we possessed the means of contradicting the report; but our business is only with truth and justice. The report is too well founded, that Constant did receive from the Citizen King the sum of 200,000 francs. We have no excuse—there can be no palliation for this unfortunate act; yet the sternest patriots cannot help sympathising in the melancholy lot of him, the friend of humanity, and the defender of those interests, the most essential and dear to the human race, whose personal necessities reduced him to the humiliation of accepting from the enemy, that which should have been presented to him in public, in a vase of gold (as the city of London did to Wilkes), as a memento of a grateful people for the long life which he had devoted to their cause.

At the outbreak of the new Revolution, Constant clearly foresaw that the advantages to be reaped from it would scarcely deserve the blood that must be shed in its cause—yet he did his duty to the last. On the 28th of July his friends wrote thus to him:—"We are engaged in a terrible game: the stake is our heads. Come and bring yours." He did, indeed, "bring his head," but nothing more, for his frame and health were broken by a severe operation he had undergone some days previously. Had the troops of Polignac and Marmont been the victors, he would have been carried to the scaffold in a dying state. That, however, was not to be his fate—the people triumphed, and he was borne by them about the streets, into the Mansion House and Palais Royal. He resembled a banner rent by balls in the field of battle; and thus he was displayed before the fire of the enemy by the triumphing people. When the war of the Three Days had ceased, and the people had completed their victory, Constant was again sought for by the statesmen, and made use of in the consolidation of the new constitutional monarchy. He gave his consent to the Louis Phillipe scheme, while his friends, who were aware of his decay and approaching dissolution, pressed him to accept

of the offered pecuniary present. The feeble invalid gave way to their importunities, perhaps consoling himself with the idea that his refusal would not check the current of the popular stream, which was now running in favour of the Orleans. Contrary to all expectation he regained some strength, and, as if revived and invigorated in his heart by a new ray of hope from the newly erected throne, his drooping spirits rallied, and his political genius again shone forth in the promise of yet further efforts in the cause of liberty. When he saw how matters went, he resumed his old corner to the left in the Chamber, a corner at which many a minister had looked with dismay and trembling. He died when his part was played out to the end, but not before misanthropy had caten into his heart, and cankered his spirit of warm humanity. He disappeared, like Romulus, from among the assembly of the senators, in a thunder storm. He had fulfilled the melancholy duty of a priest: he had preached faith, where there was no prospect of being listened to; and until his strength failed him he continued to speak the words of hope and consolation to his country.

Benjamin Constant was one of those who could not exist without the divine manna — hope and fair prospects. These were dashed by the revolution of July! Within two days he clearly saw to what end it would lead, and was perfectly undeceived as to the delusive hopes of anticipated liberty.

He who had combated for the principles of 1789 defended himself still very bravely against the attacks of the philosophers of the nineteenth century; but his efforts were ineffectual, because the Liberals were fighting in the ranks of his opponents, and the more so as he met them in one common and tender point — religion. Constant regarded liberty as an independent deity, and religion as its auxiliary ally. The doctrinaires, on the other hand, desired to render the people subservient to the government through the agency of religion, while Constant considered a free, and enlightened, and self-governing people an object as sublime as religion itself. These opinions drew him to the school of transcendental philosophy, where he ultimately found a *nonentity*, at the same time that he felt that the young and rough liberalism that was bursting forth around him was not in accordance with his own refined sense of freedom; his sentiments were therefore often at variance with the views of the heads of the secret societies and ardent youth whom he frequently met towards the end of the reign of Charles X. at the soirées at Lafayette's. Indeed he would have played but an ineffective part in these our days. His stern and inflexible spirit, yearning incessantly for a high order of national independence (higher, perhaps, than the people of his age could appreciate or enjoy), would have found its aims perpetually thwarted by the supple and slavish policy of the times. He was deeply impressed with this fact. He knew the men who stood at the helm of French affairs even to the very heart's core; and he died almost in despair at the forlorn prospects of his darling liberty.

STUDIES OF UNDEVELOPED CHARACTERS IN SHAKSPEARE;

FROM SKETCHES AND SUGGESTIONS IN HIS PLAYS.

No. V.—*The Tempest.*

WHEN the vessel which bears the King of Naples and his company, has foundered and is just going down, there is heard "*a confused noise within,*" and amidst the agonised cry, the following words are distinguishable:—

"Mercy on us!—we split! we split!—Farewell, my wife and children!—Farewell, brother!—We split! we split! we split!"

We do not conjecture these expressions of terror and last leave-taking to have been personally addressed to the wives, brothers, and children, either of the drowning sailors (who were very unlikely to have such relations on board), or even of the passengers who formed the suite of Alonso; but that the feelings of the individuals gushed forth towards those far away, to whom their affections were strongest, and whom they never expected to see any more in this world. In those who uttered these expressions of love towards their dearest relatives, we perceive more unadulterated natures than in the nobles and courtiers, and the fratricidal Sebastian, who proposes to go and "take leave of the king," while the treacherous usurper Antonio characteristically manifests his devotion to externals by exclaiming "let's all sink with the king!" There was no atom of affection towards the person of the king in this; it was the mere desire to "break their fall" into the other world, by clinging to the greatest worldly power in the present. The contrast between the last words of the courtiers, and the "*confused noise within,*" is worthy of some study, which might not prove unprofitable to the heart as well as head.

There were four or five women who attended Miranda during her very early childhood in Milan, but she only remembers them "like a dream;" and mention is made of the "brave son" of the usurping Duke of Milan, which son was supposed to have been drowned. But as no one was drowned we might have expected to have seen him. He does not, however, appear. Of Miranda's mother we are only informed that she was "a piece of virtue," who told Prospero that Miranda was truly his daughter; while in alluding to her grandmother, Miranda says that she "should sin to think otherwise than nobly" of her chaste ancestor, by supposing that the wicked Antonio was not her father's legitimate brother. And thus the virtue of both of the undeveloped ladies is most unnecessarily called in question, by a gratuitous defence, showing the bad influence of a licentious court even upon so original a genius as that of Shakspeare. What could Miranda know of such things?

Sycorax, a native witch of Argier, the mother or dam of Caliban, is a far more tangible character—though in sooth one might rather object to touch her. There is something in her nature, as well as personal appearance, of which the ordinary impression of an ugly wicked old witch conveys no adequate idea. She was a frightful, haggard, and extremely dirty skeleton; her dull, yellow, and brown-baked, shrivelled skin, just covering her marrowless edifice of disjointed bones. Her long black nails

—inherited by her cub — denoted her faculties as a “tearer,” while her deep-set eyes, as blue as gall, gleamed forth in feverish quest on every side. Yet, with all this, there is a sense of imbecility associated in our minds with regard to old Sycorax. She was constantly half choked with the quantity of vice and wickedness within her, because she had not an equal degree of power to enable her to exercise her inward calling, by giving it off in all directions. Her envy of this power of evil in some of her intimate friends had bent her body hell-wards, accordant with this tendency of her soul. It is true that she is designated as —

“ — A witch ; and one so strong
She could control the moon — make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power.”

This power over the moon and the tides, doubtless accompanied with other elemental influences, was certainly not a trifle ; yet Prospero would have been too strong for her. She was, in addition, so imbecile of mind as to make choice even of a god whose power was inferior to the magic of Prospero. To be sure we have only Caliban’s word for this, and he might be very apt to judge by *his own pinches*. Still we are sceptical as to the occult forces of Sycorax ; and the nasty vermin whereby she worked her charms, “toads, beetles, bats,” tend to confirm us in the idea of the very low or limited degree of rank she enjoyed as a sorceress. She was accustomed to brush —

“ — Wicked dew,
With raven’s feather from *unwholesome* fen ; ”

and this she dropped, or caused to be dropped, upon the bodies of her victims, and thus infected them with sickness, a fever, or a leprosy : but all these things are quite second-rate excellences, scarce worth being “damned for.” Meantime she had, no doubt, a most diabolical will (the worse from the constant irritation of feeling herself without any commensurate power), and this, we believe, rather than the toads, beetles, bats, and other *charms* of Sycorax, to have been at the bottom of the conquest she achieved over the heart of Caliban’s father.

In his rank and capacity of father to Caliban, the freedom being solely qualified by this extenuating circumstance, we have ventured to allude to a distinguished individual of inextinguishable genius, whose amiable qualities have hitherto been hidden in darkness. The individual was not a native of the isle : he seems to have sojourned a while in Argier, but his actual birth-place, or parish, was lower down. Perhaps Argier is a corruption of Algiers. How this paternal personage came to Algiers or Argier, might be accounted for by the simple process which would enable us to discover the ascent of a soul from Erebus — if we knew what that process was ; that he descended, however, like a bolt of lightning into the earth, we have the written attestation of several respectable descendants of Algerine eye-witnesses. Shakspeare does not mention his real name, merely designating him with some degree, as we think, of opprobrium and disparagement, as “the devil.” The same poetical chronicler also terms his son Caliban a demidevil, which of course clenches the fact as to the entire *status* of the sire. So much for this undeveloped paternity ; but as to the “charms” aforesaid, and all personal causes of attraction, — what he could possibly see in Sycorax, absolutely stagnates the very sources of human conjecture !

We cannot, however, bid a final adieu to Sycorax without a further observation. Besides the great additional support to opinions already ex-

pressed concerning her, something important is suggested in the dialogue which first occurs between Prospero and Ariel: —

"*Prosp.* ——— Hast thou forgot
The foul witch, Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her?"
"*Ariel.* No, sir.
"*Prosp.* Thou hast: where was she born? — speak, tell me!
"*Ariel.* Sir, in Argier.
"*Prosp.* O, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banished; for *one thing she did*,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?"
"*Ariel.* Ay, sir.
"*Prosp.* This *blue-ey'd hag* was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors: thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou did'st painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou did'st vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike: then was this island,
(Save for the son that she did *litter* here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born), not honour'd with
A human shape.

* * * * *

Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

ACT I. SC. II.

We have scarcely been able to finish the transcription of the above quotation, from our extreme impatience to ask the reader what he imagines could have been that one thing which Sycorax had done, which occasioned her life to be spared? It must have been of some service to the people, or more probably, the potentate of Argier; there must have been some good in what she did, though doubtless it was not for the love of the good, but because a greater evil was elsewhere produced. Yet to what the thing was, no sort of clue is given. Did she, once upon a time, raise a storm and shipwreck a fleet of Christian invaders, for the pleasure of seeing their drowning faces look up amidst the flashes of the lightning? Did she save the king's life by some necromantic medicine,—a pungent extract of bat and beetle,—because he was a horrible tyrant and the scourge of his people? Did she protect the king's only child (who promised to be a worse tyrant even than his father) from two snakes who had secreted themselves in the garden,—her onslaught being impelled by a sudden fierce propensity towards the same, whereof the writhing tails were seen sticking up out of her gustacious jaws, during full ten minutes, by the whole court of Argier? *Non equidem invideo, miror magis!*

Claribel, the daughter of Alonso, king of Naples, was the involuntary cause of the circumstances through which the plot of the *Tempest* is developed. The king, her father, was determined to marry her against her inclination to the king of Tunis, and set sail with her himself in order to enforce obedience. In returning from the celebration of this *unholy* rite, his tyrannical and short-sighted cruelty was visited with the horrors of the shipwreck, which wrought to the ends of Prospero. This unhappily married daughter of the king seems to have been an amiable and interesting victim. Even the "men about court" speak of the sacrifice with regret:—

"Gonzalo. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

"Sebastian. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

"Adrian. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

* * * * *

"Gonzalo. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

"Antonio. And the rarest that e'er came there.

* * * * *

"Gonzalo. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage.

"Alonso. You cram these words into mine ears against

The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy remov'd
I ne'er again shall see her."

ACT II. SC. I.

As to the king of Tunis we may suppose him to have been a very disagreeable object (no doubt a black personage) in the eyes of the fair Claribel. But "that's no rule," and he might have been a marvellous, handsome, amiable, and proper man in the eyes of other ladies. It is not unlikely that Claribel had a previous attachment to some one else. Her aversion, however, to the king of Tunis, is unequivocally expressed:—

"Sebastian. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

"Alonso. Pr'ythee, peace!

"Sebastian. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow."

ACT II. SC. I.

We have hitherto avoided, in the previous plays of the series, almost all the numerous unsubstantial or purely spiritual entities and hints of being, that skip and glance athwart the vision in Shakspeare's poetry. To the idea of the fair queen with her lute (in *Henry IV.*) we ought, perhaps, to have added the magic musicians, conjured up by the fervid imagination of Glendower.

"And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here!"

The writer of an article in a musical periodical (and the reader will easily discover the writer to have been Mr. Leigh Hunt) has recently singled out the foregoing passage, and illustrated it with a beauty vieing with its own. "Here is a cloud of invisible musicians hanging in the air a thousand leagues off, that is to say, three thousand miles, somewhere (not to interfere

with the main American land) down in the Atlantic, towards Cape Horn. But supposing us to sail near this enchanted air, are they invisible? — or may we not (if our eyes be gifted enough) rather just discern them up aloft, hanging somewhat like a dim cluster of bees in the noon-tide, a mile higher than the lark reaches? — and if we listen, may we not hear them dimly sounding a numerous music, like what we might suppose to be that of some star inhabited by none but musicians, and so diffusing downwards a soft, trembling sound over the waters, *analogous to quivering beams of light*, and making the boats thereabouts hush along with mixed fear and rapture."

After this, which seems to belong more appropriately to the "Tempest" than any other play, we shall say nothing of the "elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves," &c. whom Prospero invokes; the urchins who cramped Caliban; the ministers of Sycorax, &c. The reader, however, may smile when we ask him to observe the following passage. Stephano and Trinculo, led by Caliban, discover the rich garments hung upon a line to decoy them:

"*Stephano.* Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line; is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin! you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin."
ACT IV. Sc. 1.

The passage in itself is sufficiently trashy, and an appropriate effervescence of the drunken fancy of such a fellow as Stephano; we offer it, nevertheless, as manifesting a peculiar characteristic of Shakspeare's love of personification — in short, of Life. He cannot even let a clothes-line and a jerkin alone, but must needs put them *en rapport* (as the animal magnetists say) with the interlocutors of the scene.

When we have mentioned Gonzalo's son, whose extravagant love of toys equalled, perhaps, his father's extravagant humour (the latter, on being accused by Sebastian, of intending to carry home Prospero's island "in his pocket," and give it to the said son "for an apple," replies that he will sow "the kernels of it in the sea, and bring forth more islands!") our task, with regard to the "Tempest," will have been nearly completed. But something still remains; and fortunately for the less malleable and less suggestive qualities of prose, which would but ill have served us in this last extremity, we have raked up from a mouldy chronicle the following batch of olden verse, interpolated, no doubt, by some well-meaning tradition-monger, who honestly thought that the grim biographical hints it contains of the death of Sycorax and other matters, would supply its deficiencies in all poetic elegancies. We give it just as we found it: —

"Deepening in hue, like to a clotted cloud
Before the storm, and lessening as it sweeps
The ghastly hemisphere, what ugly blight
Is downward shot to the horizontal verge?
Where hath it settled? on what errand sent?

"It was the hideous idol, Sêtebos!
Swift generated, as a thunder-stone,
That on a magic isle hath fallen, and stuck
In the burst earth! Passive as a flint its face;
Passive the large white rings of its flat eyes;
Petrific were its low-set kernell'd horns.
The mouth, combustion's black and shapeless work,
Was but a trap for apprehension's brood
Of quick revulsions, — but no life was in it:
And yet a ravening horror iced the air,
Which made the silence like a constant ghost,
Haunting the scene of sacrifice.

Behold !
 A hag — a heap of devil-inspired wrinkles —
 Clad all in rotting weeds, moves thro' the fog ;
 Palsied and hook-back'd like the abortive moon,
 Whose ragged crescent trembles o'er hell's lake.
 Her dark-bark'd, knotty knees indent the sward,
 Like old roots kneaded down by older time ;
 Her wither'd arms are lifted, and her fingers,
 Whose long claws catch the light, stretch forward wide,
 While her sharp voice chaunts forth a frantic prayer.

And art thou come at last, O Setebos ?
 And wilt thou aid my wishes, when the date
 Of this my stay on earth is burn'd out quite,
 Which it will be at sun-set of this day,
 And I return down to my native realm ?
 Here shall I leave my offspring, rightful lord
 Of all this spell-fraught island ; — but thou know'st,
 Or thou should'st know, dumb god, that hither soon
 A mortal man, holding immortal powers
 Of high enchantment and compulsive thought,
 Thron'd on the shipwreck, will in tempest come !
 Scorch up his eyes, dumb god ! — strike him stone deaf !
 Catch him asleep, or praying, and so kill him
 By shell and shingle whirl'd about i' the wind,
 And on his brain discharg'd ! But if indeed
 Thou wilt not, or thou canst not do this thing,
 Then art thou worthless, and a god accurst ;
 And let my dying maledictions strike
 Thine inward fires to conflict with themselves,
 The torment ne'er exploding — ne'er consumed ! ”

“ The fierce hag fell upon her face, and died !
 Her soul flew downwards : Setebos remain'd
 In all his hideous flint, while rose the moon
 With silver sweetness and a patient smile,
 Above the nest of coiled-up Caliban.
 There lay the uncouth urchin-infant, dreaming ; —
 And in the joyous changes he became
 A ruler and a dancer o'er the fields,
 Crown'd with a shell, and all in sea-weed pomp
 Of garments glistening with the briny ooze ;
 A hunter and devourer of good spoil,
 Such as in cunningest nook like jewels lurk'd ;
 A peopler of the land, who laugh'd to see
 His urchin colony scampering all about,
 While each one sang, and beat his hairy paunch,
 And pipe and tabor answer'd from the air,
 Far o'er the sunny isle.”

The characters outlined or suggested in the course of this drama (Sycorax being so completely portrayed as to constitute one of the principal exceptions to our title of “ Undeveloped ”) are the following : —

Antonio's Son,
 Miranda's Mother,
 Miranda's Grandmother,
 Sycorax,
 Gonzalo's Son,

Caliban's Father,
 Claribel,
 The King of Tunis,
 Setebos, &c.

FIELD-MARSHAL SUWAROFF, AND THE CAMPAIGN OF 1799.

PART THE SECOND.

BEFORE we return to the operations of the campaign it will be as well here to state the views entertained by some of the allied cabinets, and which are brought to light by the correspondence we have taken for our text: they tend to throw light, not only on the events of the field, but on the history of the period also.

From the letters of the Emperor Paul it appears that the Russian government were very anxious to carry the war into the south and centre of Italy, there to establish some influence of their own. For this purpose the country was filled with secret agents, a fleet was kept in the Adriatic, where they endeavoured to obtain possession of Ancona. Suwaroff combats this resolution on military grounds; declaring that the fate of Italy will be decided in the north; and the result justified the assertion so rapidly as to prevent all further attempts in the south. But the cabinet of St. Petersburg continued to keep an eye on Malta; a corps was ordered to land on the island, which the French had not yet surrendered, and the emperor actually appointed a military governor to the place. After the capture of Turin, Suwaroff had, by order of his sovereign, invited the King of Sardinia to return to his dominions; but this the Austrians instantly oppose, declaring that, during war, a country is much better governed by the military authority of the conquerors than by its legitimate princes; the king was therefore obliged to remain at Cagliari. The Austrians also object to the proposed march to the south, and seem not well pleased with the attachment every where evinced towards the Russian government and its general.

The victories of Suwaroff had probably led to a belief that something might be gained by joining the coalition against France; and we consequently find Prussia negotiating an alliance with Russia for that purpose. The events in Switzerland soon put an end to these diplomatic doings.

We must now return to the events of the field. Moreau had not awaited Suwaroff's return from the Trebia, but had sought hasty shelter in the mountains of the Riviera, where it was now the Russian's anxious desire to follow him, had not the express orders of the Emperor of Austria forbade all offensive movements till the fall of fortresses. The constant difficulties thrown in his way by the Aulic council seem, at this time, to have completely broken his spirit, so that he applies for his recall. On the 6th of July he writes to the Emperor Paul, and, after saying that he had "given up all hopes of the Archduke Charles," continues, — "The timidity of the Aulic council; their jealousy of me as a stranger; the intrigues of the different generals, who address themselves directly to Vienna, from whence they obtain their instructions; my inability to carry into effect operations dictated at the distance of a thousand *versets*, oblige me to solicit from your majesty my recall, unless all is altered. I wish to lay my bones in my native land and to pray for the welfare and happiness of my sovereign."

To the Russian ambassador at Vienna he constantly complains of the contrarieties which he is made to experience; and foretels truly enough that as *pedants* and *martinets*, — *Bestimontsager* he calls them, — had oc-

casioned the loss of the Netherlands; sent the court of Turin to Cagliari, and that of Naples to Palermo: so they would yet send the court of Vienna to Presburg. On the 8th of July he writes to him as follows:—“The wise B—— (meaning Count Belgrade) has got into the habit of losing men. At the opening of the campaign in the Tyrol, he brought the enemy a sacrifice of 10,000 soldiers under Laudon. And now in my difficulties he has played me away 2000 more. * * * A few secret intrigues with the Aulic council excepted, Count Melas is a good honest man; so is Kray, who of all here would be the most fit to succeed me in the command. * * * * The French have lost upwards of 65,000 men during the campaign; Moreau and Macdonald have not above 10,000 each; the favourable opportunity should be seized.* But * * * the greatest favour his Imperial Majesty could confer upon us would be to change the tortoise into a reindeer. His majesty wishes that, if I intend to fight a battle to-morrow, I should first apply to Vienna. But in war things change hourly, so that no fixed plan for its guidance can ever be made beforehand. I never dreamed of following in the footsteps of Hannibal at the Trebia till chance had enabled us to profit by the treasures found at Turin; not even at Milan, the gates of which were opened to us by the battle of Cassano. The back of fortune’s neck is bare; but she has fine curls hanging over her brow; and if you do not seize her by the forelock, she will soon escape your grasp. Is not one campaign better than ten, and is it not preferable to take the shortest road to Paris than to debar yourself from all success by the profound wisdom of your own measures? Farewell, my friend and benefactor; obtain for me power, or liberty to return to the plough.” On one occasion, in speaking of some harsh measures of the Austrian government, he has the following passage, that may perhaps be thought at variance with the character generally ascribed to him. “I conquered Poland by generosity and humanity, and Italy must be subdued by the same means.”

No sooner had the fate of the citadel of Alessandria given him free hands to act, than preparations were made for the invasion of the Genoese territory. Release from long thralldom seems to have poured fire through his veins, and on the 31st of July he writes to Melas, “I conjure your excellency, by your devotion to our sovereign, and by your zeal in the good cause, to exert all your power and authority, to have the necessary arrangements for our advance into the Riviera ready in the course of eight days. No excuse can now be taken, celerity is indispensable, delay a crime, and its evil consequences unpardonable.”

While the Russian field-marshal was thus engaged, the French were preparing on their side to save him the trouble of a long advance. The wrecks of their Italian armies having been allowed to collect in the Riviera, were soon reinforced from France. When about 45,000 men were assembled, the young and fiery Joubert was placed at their head, with orders immediately to advance and raise the siege of Mantua. These orders were too much in accordance with the general’s own wishes to be long delayed: he issued from his fastnesses with about 35,000 men; and though the allies were numerically superior, it might be fairly enough expected that they could not, immediately, assemble any greater number for battle. The news of the fall of Mantua, which had just surrendered, Joubert refused to credit, deeming it a mere device of the enemy.

The Austrians, with the view of throwing a shade of ridicule over old Suwaroff, constantly kept back all notice of the dispositions made for the battle of Novi, and contented themselves with producing a few lines of

doggrel verse, sent to General Kray the evening before the action, and containing, as they would insinuate, all the arrangements made for the attack. We now know how matters stood. As stated, Joubert intended to advance into the plain for the purpose of relieving Mantua. On the 14th he received certain news of its fate, and immediately recalled his leading divisions, intending to retire next day into the Riviera, unless attacked at Novi, where, from the nature of the ground, he thought all the chances of victory were in his favour.

Suwaroff, for the purpose of making good use of his numerous cavalry, intended to fight in the plain, and had made arrangements for intercepting the retreat of the French; but he no sooner found that the leading columns of the enemy were withdrawn, than he immediately altered his resolution, and fearing that they might escape altogether, or fortify the strong position of Novi, he determined to attack them at once, with all the troops within his reach, and hold them fast till the other divisions should come up. It is no doubt a dangerous experiment to bring the separate corps of any army successively into action if they are too far asunder to lend each other immediate and certain support; for it exposes them to be defeated in detail; but there are cases in war when generals must give the rein to courage, and trust to fortune; and when the spirit of victory is high; when it brings conviction of success in flashes of inspiration to the heart and mind; when all are eager to fight, and confident in the skill or fortune of their leader, then we may strike boldly against all the odds that cold calculation would sum up against us.

The details of the battle of Novi we must pass over: the action began early in the morning, was very bravely contested, and ended with the complete defeat of the French, who, besides their commander-in-chief, lost four generals, 10,000 men, and all their artillery.

It might have been supposed that so decisive a victory would have been quickly followed up, and that the capture of Genoa would have been the reward of this splendid feat of arms. But here we have another admirable proof of the working of coalitions, and again find national jealousies thwarting the progress of military operations.

The Archduke Charles had remained so inactive in Switzerland, that the inferior French had taken possession of the St. Gothard and the passes leading into Italy; and one of their corps actually threatened Milan. Against this unexpected attack it was necessary to detach General Kray with 10,000 men. Besides, the Austrian government were determined not to allow the Russians to take Genoa from the French; they thought the town better in the hands of foes than of friends: or they thought rather that, at a proper time and place, they could take it themselves. How sadly they were out of their calculation in regard to time needs not be told here. The Russians had, as we have seen, shown great anxiety to obtain possession of Malta, and to get a footing in Italy; they had a fleet in the Mediterranean, and now proposed to invade the Riviera; and in Suwaroff's disposition the attack on Genoa was to be executed by the Russian troops, while the Austrians were to take the direction of Ceva and Aquis. This was enough for the cabinet of Vienna, and we consequently hear nothing more of the proposed undertaking, while every effort is used to hurry the Russians out of Italy.

There is nothing to show that Suwaroff was aware of all these ambitious views and mean jealousies.

At the moment of which we are writing an Anglo-Russian army of 35,000 men was landing in Holland under the command of the Duke of

York ; while another Russian army of equal strength was already approaching the frontiers of Switzerland, under the orders of General Korsacoff. Seventy thousand men were thus about to be thrown into the scale in favour of the allies, at the very moment when they were completely victorious in Italy, and already superior in Switzerland. Even without this great reinforcement success was within their reach, had they followed up the advantage gained ; but the mismanagement of generals, and the incapacity of cabinets, attempting to direct military operations, ruined the brilliant prospects which the sword of Suwaroff had opened ; and the additional thousands, hurried to the field, came but to heighten the shame of defeat, and to render more conspicuous the folly by which disaster had been occasioned.

The extreme anxiety of the Austrian cabinet to get the Russians out of Italy led to an arrangement between the allied courts, according to which the Russians were all to be assembled in Switzerland under the command of Suwaroff, leaving the Archduke Charles to transfer his inactivity to the Rhine and the Necker. In vain the Russian field-marshal represented that his troops were peculiarly unsuited to mountain warfare ; equally vain were his representations of danger of allowing the Archduke to leave his position till the Russians should be all assembled. "Massena," he says, in a memorandum on the subject, "has no object in waiting for us when he can beat us in detail. He will first throw himself upon Korsacoff, who is nearest to him, and then upon Condé, and that will probably be enough for him." How just was the prophecy we shall see presently.

In the meantime Korsacoff had arrived in Switzerland with 30,000 Russians, and the Archduke thought it right, as he tells us himself, to strike some decisive blow with the overwhelming majority which these troops gave him. He made a feeble demonstration against the left of Massena's army, but relinquished the intended attack the moment he found himself opposed, by a couple of light companies, at the passage of the Aar. His Imperial Highness strives hard to free himself from the charge of want of resolution displayed on this occasion ; but no effort can clear him of having neglected the golden opportunity of overwhelming, by his vast superiority, the only efficient army which then remained to republican France. Having established Korsacoff in the position of Zurich, and left Holtze with 20,000 Austrians to await the arrival of Suwaroff, he took the road to the Necker : his departure was the very turn of fate.

Suwaroff had obtained, through Lord Mulgrave, a promise that the Archduke was not to leave Switzerland till his (Suwaroff's) arrival, a promise that was confirmed by Count Thugot, the Austrian prime minister, himself. And yet we know from the Archduke, that he had "positive orders to march to the Necker immediately, but to keep his orders secret till the moment of execution"!!! This certainly looks like treachery ; but it was evidently nothing more than a little diplomatic trickery of which the gentlemen of Vienna were, no doubt, very proud at the time. They knew Suwaroff's objection to the Swiss expedition ; they also knew his irritable and obstinate disposition, and were afraid that he would refuse to march if informed of the Archduke's departure : this, at least, is the most charitable construction we can put on their strange and unworthy conduct. These cabinet dwarfs trifled with the giant of war, till crushed beneath the weight of the fearful Colossus which they thought their puny hands could guide at pleasure.

The important fortress of Tortona had no sooner fallen, than Suwaroff, having freed Italy in half the time Napoleon took to conquer it, advanced with his usual celerity to Taverne, where by agreement with the Austrian

commissariat, mules were to be in readiness for the conveyance of provisions and ammunition across the mountains. Not a single beast of burden was found, and five days were lost in collecting what proved after all an insufficient number, for the Cossacks had to dismount and give their horses to make up the deficiency. The artillery and heavy baggage were sent round by the Splügggen, and only a few mountain guns, carried on mules, were taken along with the army.

General Le Courbe was stationed with 12,000 men between Altorff and the Hospital, and occupied with about 3500 men of his right wing, the passes of St. Gothard. On the 24th of September Suwaroff advanced from Airolo with 18,000 men, the remnant of the Russian army of Italy, to the attack of the mountain. The narrow paths and steep ascent rendered the enterprise extremely hazardous: and on the part of the French, the defence was skilful and determined. From overhanging cliffs, from behind fragments of rock, from crevices, breaks in the ground, and from every turn of the road, fire poured in upon the advancing masses. This first attempt at mountain war seems to have had something altogether appalling for the Russians. They came from the fertile, smiling fields of Italy, and were here to break through the closed ranks of snow-covered Alps. The narrow ravines, the huge and countless fragments of granite, the high perpendicular walls of rock, and the continued ascent through heaps of ruined masses, remnants of the mighty revolution of nature, struck fearfully on the imagination of all ranks. Even the enemy in possession of this lofty region, and familiar with all its gloomy horrors, assumed a gigantic appearance in the eyes of the invaders: they murmured and refused to advance. The voice of their general, himself looked upon as a man of superior and gigantic nature, vanquished these dangerous impressions; and, in constant and bloody combat, the column reached the summit of the mountain about four o'clock in the evening. They had lost about 1200 men in the ascent.

But another action of daring had still to be performed. The road from St. Gothard to Altorff leads through what is termed the Urner Loch, and over the Devil's Bridge. The Urner Loch is a tunnel eighty yards in length, and blown out of the solid rock, and about 600 yards in front of the bridge over the Reuss, a river fordable, indeed, but thundering in rapid course through high, steep, rocky banks. The pass hardly admits of being turned, and is of a nature not to be encountered except in the wildest mountain regions. The retiring French had broken down one arch of the bridge, but had made no attempt to barricade the Urner Loch.

On the morning of the 25th of September, Suwaroff arrived at the pass. The leading battalions threw themselves gallantly into the dark, steeply descending abyss, whence some new and unknown species of destruction seemed vainly to waft its shadowy terrors upon the hearts of the advancing soldiers. Troop followed troop, the rearmost pressing the foremost rapidly down the gorge; — nor halt, nor stay was possible, and the leading ranks, hurried tumultuously forward, found themselves before the broken arch of the bridge, and received with a murderous fire of musketry from the opposite rocks. Wounded and unwounded went down the precipice with frightful crash; and frightful was the situation of all, for death came on wings of fire from above, and threatened in the foaming waves of the Reuss below. In this hour of fear the Russians gave proof of the greatest courage and resolution. They descended, under constant fire, into the bed of the river; forded the rushing stream, though breast high; ascended the opposite side, and overcoming all resistance, drove the enemy from their formidable position.* Though this was no doubt effected by superior numbers, who were

enabled to extend themselves along a considerable front, yet it must still be acknowledged as a brave and noble deed of war.

The bridge was soon restored, and on the 22d, the army being joined by General-Auffenberg with 5000 Austrians, reached Altorff on the Lake of Lucerne; and here it was that Suwaroff first became aware of the dreadful error into which the incomprehensible conduct of the Austrian staff had led him. The St. Gothard's road ends in the waves of the Lake of Lucerne at Altorff, and the enemy had of course not left a single vessel for the conveyance of the allied troops!!! By land the Kizig Kulm appears to defy all passage: rising from the valley of the Schachen, this frightful mass of rocks stretches its naked arms high in air, threatening, like landmarks fixed by the hand of fate, to debar all further progress. It is only over the highest ridge of the mountain, and by paths deemed dangerous even to hunters and shepherds, that the army can reach the valley of the Muotta, and the road to Schwytz; and even this must be quickly accomplished; for since two days the roar of cannon has been heard above the roar of the cataracts, and the world's destiny may hang upon an hour's delay.

Massena no sooner learned the departure of the Archduke Charles for Germany, than he saw the advantage which might be taken of so great an error on the part of the allies. The immediate overthrow of the Austro-Russian army under Holtze and Korsacoff offered the only chance of turning the fate of the campaign, and perhaps of saving republican France, the government of which had sunk to the lowest ebb in public estimation. If the intrepid Suwaroff joined the allies with his victorious army, then the fate of Switzerland was decided; the *moral* of the French troops ruined, and France itself thrown open to invasion, at a moment when there was no government round which the national patriotism was likely to rally. The peril was evident, and yet Massena hesitated long; and if the blow which he struck became decisive, it became so, as much from the want of skill displayed by his adversaries, as by his own energy and ability. Three weeks had elapsed since the departure of the Archduke Charles, and Suwaroff, though arrested for five days at the foot of the St. Gothard, had carried that formidable post, and was already in full march towards Altorff: a day's delay might now bring certain ruin.

Early on the morning of the 25th of September, the French forced the passage of the Limath, twenty miles below Zurich, and defeated a Russian division which attempted to oppose them. It is only justice to say that the arrangements for the operation were made with great ability, and that the execution was distinguished for skill and gallantry. On the 26th, the decisive battle of Zurich was fought, the Russians were completely routed. On the same day, Soult defeated the left wing of the allied army under General Holtze, who was killed in the action.

This battle of Zurich was, in its consequences, the most important of all those fought by the armies of republican France. It turned the fate of a campaign which threatened the safety of the country, and dissolved the most formidable and prosperous coalition which had yet been formed against the new order of things. The next campaign was little more than a gathering in of the fruit of this one battle; the Austrians were then, with broken hopes, alone in the arena; England had withdrawn from the scene of continental warfare, and Russia had abandoned the cause altogether.

On the 26th of September, the very day that Soult and Massena achieved this great victory, Suwaroff arrived at Altorff with an army already much loosened in its discipline by want and exhaustion. For five days the Russians had been constantly ascending and descending rugged mountain

paths, carrying on a new and dangerous species of warfare, — forcing passes, climbing rocks, fording rivers; — they had been exposed during the whole time to the most inclement weather, and from the convoys not being able to keep up, had been destitute of all provisions, except what they had taken from the French, or collected from the inhabitants. The train of stragglers and beasts of burden extended all the way from Altorff to the St. Gothard.

Under these circumstances, a couple of days' rest seemed indispensable to the army, but the continued roar of cannon told that it could not be granted; and Suwaroff determined to cross the mountain by paths such as he had not as yet encountered, and such indeed as no army had ever, long as wars have been carried on, before attempted to ascend. To demand this new exertion from troops reduced to the state in which the Russians were on their arrival at Altorff, required no ordinary resolution; to obtain compliance was a proof of the powerful sway which the commander exercised over the minds of his followers. An ordinary general, if we can suppose such, or one so situated, would have halted or retired; but Suwaroff was too conscious of his strength to recoil from these difficulties, and too proud to support the idea of being absent from a battle-field which any power of mortal exertion could yet have reached. His impatience brooked not one instant's delay, nor was an instant lost.

On the morning of the 27th of September, the army commenced the passage of the gigantic Kizig Kulm. The distance from the Schachen into the Muotta valley hardly exceeds nine miles; but the path is so steep and dangerous, that a single traveller requires seven or eight hours to perform the journey; and the 200 Cossacks who preceded the columns, only arrived in the valley at 5 o'clock in the evening, having been twelve hours on the march. Suwaroff reached Muotta with the leading division, at 8 o'clock in the morning, having been all night on the mountain; and the rear-division only came up at sunset on the 29th, sixty hours after the departure of the van. No sooner was the main body at a distance, than the rattling of musketry told that Le Courbe was already attacking the rear-guard; and the fatigued, barefooted, and heavily-laden soldier was forced to exert the last breath of life to escape destruction from the foe, and to drag himself along from rock to rock over paths rendered slippery, and doubly dangerous, by the rain and by the collected cataracts descending from all the overhanging cliffs. Every chasm and ravine was filled with sick, straggling, and exhausted men, and with lamed and dying beasts of burden. How many perished in this dismal march, because the last spark of life gave way before the haven of hope was reached, or because a false step hurled them headlong down the frightful precipice, has never been mentioned; but the peasantry of these retired valleys speak, even to this day, with wonder and astonishment of this unrivalled expedition.

At Muotta, Suwaroff heard the disastrous news of the battle of Zurich, and then only became aware of the full peril of his own situation. The attack made by Le Courbe on the rear-guard had been easily repulsed. But Massena, having left a corps to pursue Korsacoff, was advancing from Schwytz with the greater part of his victorious army, while General Moliter was already in possession of the passes leading out of the Muotta valley. Nothing but the greatest boldness and daring could save a suffering and exhausted army so situated. On the morning of the 30th September the troops began their march towards Glarus; which, if not exactly a retrograde, was no longer an offensive movement; it was, for the moment at least, a total abandonment of the intended conquest of Switzerland. Even edging

away from the enemy cost the proud spirit of Suwaroff a terrible effort, and he yielded only to absolute necessity; for it was evidently impossible with his worn-out troops, destitute of cavalry and artillery, and short of ammunition, to face three times their number of French soldiers flushed with recent victory. General Moliter was driven on before the advanced columns; he defended position after position with great bravery, but was constantly forced to give way. On the 1st of October, and while the van of the army was thus engaged, Massena arrived from Schwytz, and fell with his victorious troops on the rear. This attack was either so badly made or so bravely resisted, that the French experienced a signal overthrow, and were forced to retire, leaving a vast number of killed and wounded on the field, and 1000 prisoners, together with five pieces of artillery, in the hands of the conquerors. This is, under all the circumstances of the case, one of the most extraordinary victories ever achieved in war: it is like the wounded bear crushing, in his dying grasp, the heedless huntsman who ventured to follow him to his last den of death and despair.

The army reached Glarus on the same day, and having there found a magazine of provisions, Suwaroff despatched General Auffenberg to secure the passes into the Grisons, and gave the remainder of his army three days' rest. Surrounded on all sides by vastly superior numbers, even this delay seemed dangerous; but the inactivity of the French justified the measure, and on the morning of the 5th, the army resumed its toilsome march. To reach the valley of the Rhine they had to pass the lofty mountain-ridge, called the Panixberg, less difficult, indeed, than the Kizig Kulm, for it is crossed by a bridle-road, but the snow which had fallen for two days had covered the face of the hill and rendered it completely trackless. The wearied soldiers who, for fourteen days, had been toiling incessantly to climb the rocky masses that met them at every turn, began to fancy themselves under the power of evil spirits, determined to effect their destruction by enclosing them in these labyrinths of desolation. On the morning of 6th they ascended the Panixberg: far as the eye could reach from this mighty Alpine height the whole country presented only one vast desert of snow; no path, no mark of human habitation was visible; nor did a single bush, or pine, offer the possibility of kindling a spark of cheering fire. On the eastern side, a cold wind had congealed the snow and covered the face of the mountain with a complete sheet of ice; so that the fall of the foremost men and horses was the only warning for the rearmost to seek better paths. The whole day was passed in this manner, and it was with difficulty that the advance-guard and the head-quarters reached the village of Panix late at night. The main column, encumbered with sick and wounded, remained all night under a frosty sky, on the top of the snow-covered mountain. More than 200 men, and all the remaining beasts of burden, perished during this night: the few mountain guns still left had to be thrown down the precipice, and it was only on the evening of the 8th that the last of the stragglers reached the village. On the 10th all the remains of the army were assembled at Ilanz, where ended the sufferings of this Alpine march. In the valley of the Rhine the troops found supplies, and a good road leading to the Lake of Constance. The French made no attempt to impede the retreat after the action of Glarus, and showed a singular want of energy and ability in all their operations against the Russian field-marshal. It was evident that Massena had no wish to risk the laurels of Zurich in a desperate combat with the conqueror of Novi.

The Archduke Charles had taken Mannheim, and forced the French to raise the siege of Philipsberg, — operations which could have no influence

on the fate of the campaign, — when the news of the disasters in Switzerland reached him. He instantly hurried back to the Danube, and arrived with his whole army at Donaueschingen on the 7th of October, at the very time when, on his side, Suwaroff reached Ilanz. Here another golden opportunity for deciding the fate of the campaign was again offered to his Imperial Highness. Korsacoff, terrified by the orders of Suwaroff, who, on peril of his life, commanded him not to retire another step, had already turned upon the pursuing foe, though with little effect; but had the Archduke joined him with the whole of his unbroken army, and fallen with this combined force upon the scattered enemy, success was almost certain: The French were already half vanquished by the ardour of pursuit; elated with conquest, they had thrown themselves after the allies, and in long, thin, unconnected columns, were traversing, like a mountain torrent, split by intervening rocks, all the valleys and ravines of Switzerland, from the St. Gothard to the Lake of Constance; so that an efficient and compact body could hardly fail to crush them in detail. But though success was at that moment more necessary than ever, not to check an enemy, but to gain an ally, — for the Russians were already loud in their complaints of actual treason, — the Archduke remained, as usual, inactive in his camp. Victory is a female, and as pitiless as the rest of her sex when scorned; and never smiled upon his Imperial Highness again. The ruin of mighty lands had, unfortunately, to pay the forfeit of the gentleman's errors and of the lady's caprices.

On the 12th of October Suwaroff removed to Feldkirch, from whence he sent to the Archduke Charles a plan for a combined movement against the enemy. Writing to his friends at the same time, he expresses his conviction, however, that no efficient assistance is to be expected from the Austrian field-marshal, without whose aid the Russian army is no longer in condition to bring offensive operations to any successful termination. This expectation was but too truly fulfilled. The Archduke, instead of promising full and active co-operation, and striving to soothe and gain the old, and naturally irritated soldier, criticised the plan, — proposed other measures, — without saying a word about aiding them; thus appearing only to advise or instruct, and ended by asking for any early meeting in order to arrange future operations. This was the last drop of water which made the goblet overflow. Suwaroff sent an evasive answer, showing the full bitterness of his feelings. And when, on the 16th, an aide-de-camp of the Archduke came to renew the application for a meeting, the old man's anger could contain itself no longer. "Tell his Imperial Highness," said Suwaroff, "that I know nothing about defensive warfare; I only know how to attack. I shall advance when I think proper, and shall not stop in Switzerland, but proceed immediately into France. Tell him farther, that at Vienna I shall be at his feet; but here I am at least his equal. He is a field-marshal, and so am I; he is in the service of a great emperor, and so am I; he is young, I am old. Victories have given me experience; I have no counsel to take from any one, and take none except from God and my sword." Having once given scope to his passion, he broke out into bitter complaints against the Austrians, and declared his intention of retiring into winter-quarters. All attempts of the Archduke to make him change his resolution were unavailing. Suwaroff proposed to establish his head-quarters at Augsburg, and his Imperial Highness was inconsiderate enough to remonstrate against the choice of that particular place, as it interfered with the Austrian line of communication. "Would it be more agreeable," replied the old marshal, "that I should retire into

Bohemia?" Writing to the Archduke on the 1st of November, he says, "In your letter of the 30th ult. you make use, in regard to me, of the word 'retreat:' against this I beg to protest, having never, in the whole course of my life, known that word, or 'defensive war;' which cost us 10,000 men in the Tyrol at the opening of the campaign; a greater loss than we sustained during the whole course of it in Italy."

As long as wars are carried on by men of mere earthly mould, influenced by human feelings and passions; so long must a knowledge of human character form the first requisite of an officer; and yet it is nearly the last attended to in all ranks; and the extreme want of tact and judgment displayed by the Archduke Charles and the Austrian cabinet in their intercourse with Suwaroff, must detract greatly from their claims to fitness for the high situations which they filled.

In the first instance the Russian army only fell back to Augsburg; but the representations of Suwaroff, the Grand Duke Constantine, and other officers, had been so unfavourable to the Austrian government, that the Emperor Paul recalled the troops and renounced the alliance. The Emperor Francis, with whom Suwaroff had always corresponded in the most friendly terms, as well as the Archduke Charles, used every effort to detain the field-marshal; but in vain. All they could obtain was a promise that he would wait for further orders at Prague, and return to the field if commanded. As no such orders arrived, he proceeded on his march, and led the army back into Russia. That he had great reason to complain of the Austrian government, is certain; but this sudden abandonment of the cause, which he and his sovereign looked upon as an honourable one, and in support of which he had performed so many brilliant actions, — the unexpected forsaking of an ally, called to the field by Russian promises, — seems hardly to admit of any defence: for in his high station it was a crime to allow personal anger to influence public conduct. His march through Switzerland was one of victory rather than of defeat; and such even the result would have proved, if, with the conviction of having performed great actions, and with the consciousness of being equal almost to the greatest, he had not allowed a hatred of the Austrians to spring up in his breast and smother all the better feelings of his nature. By yielding to unworthy resentment, he excluded himself from the brilliant career allotted to him; exchanged the noble part he was called upon to act in directing the efforts of civilised nations, for that of a mere Tartar khan, who in a moment of barbaric rage, calls out to horse, and gallops back to his deserts, followed by the whole of his savage horde.

Suwaroff, had been invited to Petersburg where he was to be received with triumphal honours; but he was taken ill on the road and confined to bed for several weeks at Kotryn. During this time his enemies contrived to excite the displeasure of the weak-minded Paul against him. In the course of the campaign Suwaroff had occasionally neglected some of those points of military etiquette on which little minds place such great value, and the emperor issued an order, which he caused to be read at the head of every regiment, and which was to the effect that, "the general-in-chief, Prince Italinsky, deserved the utmost censure for having disobeyed the orders of the emperor." The blow struck the old man severely, and again threw him back on his bed of sickness, and he was often heard to exclaim that he had lived too long. He recovered sufficiently however to proceed to Petersburg, which he only entered after dusk; and though received by the guard with military honours, he went immediately to the house of a relative in a retired part of the town, where none of his friends were allowed

to visit him. This mark of imperial displeasure, together with the grief occasioned by seeing himself totally abandoned by the world in the hour of affliction, pressed heavily upon him, and he declined rapidly. The emperor relented indeed, at last; but it was too late: exhausted by toil, suffering, sorrow and anxiety, the old man breathed his last on the 18th May, 1800, in the seventy-first year of his age.

HISTORY OF THE LATE DEBATE.

HAVING in our last number, and in reference to the debate upon the motion of the Earl of Roden, discussed at considerable length the merits of the Marquis of Normanby's government in Ireland, we think it unnecessary to enter into any very extensive details in relation to the same subject upon the present occasion. As, however, the debate which has just been concluded in the House of Commons upon the resolution proposed by Lord John Russell has elicited some rather unexpected exhibitions, and is likely to lead to some very important consequences, it will be desirable to take a general view of the present condition of the whole controversy. It will of course not be forgotten that upon the 21st of April the Earl of Roden, deputy grand master of the Orangemen of Ireland, made a long address to the House of Lords, for the purpose of proving that crime had never by any former government been suffered to go forward to the extent to which it had been allowed to proceed under the government of the Marquis of Normanby. It will also be recollected that the statements of fact made by the noble Earl in the course of his speech rested for the most part upon the communications of certain magistrates, who to all mankind, except the noble Earl himself, were and are altogether anonymous; as not only the names, but even the local habitations of the so called conservators of the peace, were at their own request kept a secret from the world; and that in so far as the statements of Lord Roden could be fixed down to any particular time or place, they were completely refuted by the Marquis of Normanby, whose speech upon the occasion made an end in the minds of all candid persons to all doubt about the merits of the case.

Our readers will also recollect that in the article to which we allude, we ourselves established the utter absence of truth which distinguished some of the statements which had been trumpeted with the greatest vehemence,—as the extraordinary tale about the murder of Mr. Reynolds, who was not murdered at all; that we called upon the public to suspend their judgments upon the remainder of the anonymous allegations, until the production of some authentic information upon the subject; and that all the anticipations which we then expressed as to the result of further discussion and of more explicit and authoritative intelligence have in every respect been completely fulfilled. We concluded, from the circumstances which we have mentioned, that the proceeding of the Orange party in the House of Lords was not really what it professed to be, but that there was in view a different object from that at which they pretended to aim.

With regard to the end which the noble deputy grand master really pro-

posed to himself, we do not think that any judicious person can entertain any doubt upon that point. It seems to be quite evident that his object, and that of the party who supported him upon the occasion, was to transfer the executive government of Ireland from the Castle of Dublin to a select committee of the House of Lords. To establish in "the bosom of the seigniory" a "council of ten," or of eighteen, which, after having governed Ireland upon the principles and for the purposes of an Orange oligarchy, would in time be prepared to extend the same happy form of administration to the remainder of the empire.

The introduction of witnesses in masquerade was an appropriate concomitant to such an effort; and we doubt not but that if the plot had only been successful, we should behold in due time a very considerable similitude in much more important particulars between the constitution of England and that of Venice. This naked assumption of the executive power into the hands of the aristocracy is entirely without precedent, since there has existed in this country any distribution of public power having any pretensions to the designation of a constitution. When the House of Lords actually possessed the whole power of the state, they had the discretion to exercise it through the medium of that branch of the legislature which *professed at least* to represent the general body of the population; and in a country where, according to the theory of the constitution, the government was said to be conducted for the general interests, and in accordance with the public opinion of the whole community, so much deference was paid to this hypothesis that the members of the House of Commons were allowed to assume the appearance of controlling every part of the administration. It was thought that the Reform Bill very effectually altered this condition of affairs; and whatever may be said of the defects of that measure in its composition or in its consequences, it has had, for a time at least, the effect of inducing a general belief that it had abolished the supremacy of the aristocracy in the legislature. The aristocracy themselves were so completely amazed by what appeared to be so vast an alteration in their condition, that for some time

"They lay astounded on the oblivious pool,
Groveling and prostrate —
No wonder, fallen such a pernicious height."

Having, however, slowly returned to a sense of their actual condition, they began to discover that the state of affairs was not so bad as it appeared; and accordingly, after a little time, they tested the reality of their power by legislative obstruction; and finding that the popular branch of the legislature, headed by the administration, submitted, as we think, most injuriously and ingloriously to such obstruction, they have now made an effort to seize the executive authority, and so to concentrate within their own body the whole power of the state.

In these circumstances it became the imperative duty of the leader of the ministry in the House of Commons to resist *in limine* this daring encroachment; and accordingly, upon the very day when the select committee was appointed, Lord John Russell gave notice that he should take the earliest opportunity of calling upon the House of Commons explicitly and directly to express their approbation of the course of government which had been condemned by the House of Lords. This motion came before the House of Commons on Monday, the 16th instant; upon which occasion Sir Robert Peel moved an amendment in the following words: —

"Resolved — That, on the 13th day of March last, a motion was made in this House for the production of various documents connected with the state of Ireland in respect to crime and outrage, including communications made to the Irish government relating to offences connected with Ribandism, and all memorials, resolutions, and addresses, forwarded to the Irish government by magistrates or other official persons, in respect of crimes and outrages committed in Ireland, and the answers thereto.

"That the period included within the returns so called for extends from the commencement of the year 1835 to the present time; and that the motion made for the production of them was assented to by this House, no opposition to it having been offered on the part of her Majesty's government.

"That, on the 21st day of March last, the House of Lords appointed a select committee 'to inquire into the state of Ireland since the year 1835, in respect to crime and outrage, which have rendered life and property insecure in that part of the empire.'

"That, in consequence of the appointment of such committee by the House of Lords, it has been proposed that this House should resolve, 'That it is the opinion of this House that it is expedient to persevere in those principles which have guided the executive government of Ireland of late years, and which have tended to the effectual administration of the law and the general improvement of that part of the United Kingdom.'

"Resolved — That it appears to this House that the appointment of a committee of inquiry by the House of Lords, under the circumstances and for the purpose above mentioned, does not justify her Majesty's ministers in calling upon this House without previous inquiry, or even the production of the information which this House has required, to make a declaration of opinion with respect to one branch of the public policy of the executive government, still less a declaration of opinion which is neither explicit as to the principles which it professes to approve, nor definite as to the period to which it refers: and that it is not fitting that this House should adopt a proceeding which has the appearance of calling in question the undoubted right of the House of Lords to inquire into the state of Ireland in respect to crime and outrage, more especially when the exercise of that right by the House of Lords does not interfere with any previous proceeding or resolution of the House of Commons, nor with the progress of any legislative measure assented to by the House of Commons, or at present under its consideration."

The first four paragraphs of this amendment are what Mr. Charles Knight would call "Contributions" to the Parliamentary History of the Year 1839. Whether that eminent publisher will think fit to include them with the numerous interesting and important publications with which he has already favoured the world under the same designation, is, however, a little doubtful. Having thus recited in the first resolution the events of the 13th of March in the House of Commons, and of the 21st of the same month in the House of Lords, he goes on in the second resolution to submit that the preceding facts, taken *in cumulo*, did not justify the government in calling upon the House of Commons to make an absolute and express declaration of their opinion upon the matter which is now the subject of inquiry before the Lords. The amendment had therefore no reference whatever to the merits of the question in issue; and it was merely an elaborate and complex formula, constructed for the purpose of deprecating discussion. The discussion, however, has taken place; and considering its own importance, as well as its probable consequences in several respects, we think that we cannot occupy the remainder of the space devoted to this article in a more profitable manner than by giving a short summary of the whole debate, interspersed and followed by such observations as appear to ourselves to be appropriate and important.

Lord John Russell opened the discussion by referring to the proceedings in the House of Lords; in reference to which he very pertinently observed, that the name of the mover himself (the Earl of Roden) was sufficient to excite suspicion in Ireland. (Loud cheers.) "When we know," said Lord John Russell, "the officer in command, we can have little doubt of the colour of the flag." The constitutional principle which regulated and restricted the respective authority of the two Houses of Parliament his lordship laid down in the following words: —

"You cannot have the policy of the executive carried on according to the opinion of the House of Commons and also according to the opinion of the House of Lords: when they differ you must take the opinion of one or the other. I say the opinion of the House of Commons ought to be expressed on the subject; and I say if the opinion of the House of Commons differ from the opinion of the House of Lords, then—according to the practice of the constitution of this country—according to the power vested in the House of Commons—the opinion of the House of Commons on this subject ought to prevail."

After which his lordship proceeded to lay open the original causes of the present evils of Ireland. This part of the subject, which is of such unlimited importance, has been so seldom touched upon in the discussions which have taken place in Parliament, that we shall make no apology for quoting the passage at some length. We purpose ourselves to take the earliest opportunity of completely developing the case in this respect. Lord John Russell observes—

"Now, sir, I come to that which is, no doubt the important question, upon which this House, if they agree with me so far, ought to decide, and on which I fear I must trouble them at considerable length, and with much detail. For we are resolved to bring before them,—in order that the house and the country may know what at least have been our views with regard to the state of Ireland, that they may not be led away by partial statements with respect to the outrages and crimes which have taken place—that they may not conclude from the words of this resolution of the House of Lords that outrages and crime have so prevailed because the administration of the government have been in the hands of men of liberal inclinations, and of liberal policy—but that they may see to what are owing the crime and outrage existing in Ireland,—to what it is owing that at the present time crime and outrage have not been repressed, but that there still remain evils the seeds of which were sown in other days [cheers], and which require not four years but forty years [cheers] to be successfully eradicated. I will go back for this purpose to a year at the commencement of the reign of George III. In the commencement of the reign of George III. we find accounts of attacks upon houses, of persons going about armed forcing others to give up land, of persons going about disguised at night, of witnesses being threatened, of force being used, and combined force, in order to carry into effect the objects which the conspirators had in view. Now this state of things, lawless and turbulent as it was, was not very much different from the state in which other countries have been—not very much different from the state in which this country is represented to have been in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth. Neither was it exceedingly different from the state in which Scotland was represented by one of the ablest of her writers to have been at the period of the revolution of 1688. There was nothing in the circumstances of those periods to which the wisdom of the ministers of Elizabeth and the wisdom of the ministers of William III. was not capable of applying a remedy. Is there anything in the nature of the Irish people which forbids that outrage and crime should be successfully met, and a remedy effectively applied? I think no one can deny that, looking at the upper classes of society, no men have shown greater talent, greater pregnancy of wit, or greater aptitude for the pursuits of arts and arms than the people of Ireland. As to the lower classes, whether we view them as soldiers in the service of their country—or workmen in the various departments of labour—no men have been more remarkable for valour or industry, or have evinced more of the qualities by which a country can rise to eminence. There is nothing in the character of the people themselves which forbids that their evils should be successfully met. But I will read what was said upon the causes of the state of things existing in Ireland not very long after—about ten years after—the passing of the Whiteboy Act. It is useful that I should state this; it is proper that the House should know of it, because honourable members are aware how much the Marquess of Normanby has been condemned for declaring that 'property has its duties as well as its rights' [cheers]; and it is, sir, in my opinion, the neglect of those duties in past times which has led to much of the misery of the present time [hear, hear!]. I wish to read upon this point the opinion of Mr. Fitzgibbon—afterwards Lord Clare; one who, it must be admitted, was not a very popular nobleman; and who was afterwards a great leader in the government of Ireland [hear!].

"After alluding to the attempt to raise the price of labour, he proceeds to say,—'I am very well acquainted with the province of Munster, and I know that it is impossible for human wretchedness to exceed that of the miserable peasantry in that province. I know that the unhappy tenantry are ground to powder by relentless landlords. I know that, far from being able to give the clergy their just dues, they have not food or raiment for themselves: the landlord grasps the whole; and, sorry am I to add, that, not satisfied with the

present extortion, some landlords have been so base as to instigate the insurgents to rob the clergy of their tithes ; not in order to alleviate the distresses of the tenantry, but that they might add the clergy's share to the cruel rack-rents already paid.' That was the character given of the landlords by Mr. Fitzgibbon, as the Attorney-General. I should like to know what he would have said if he had been told that it was not competent for him to express the simple opinion that 'property has its duties as well as its rights.' Would to God that Mr. Drummond's opinion and his description on this subject could be only accounted correct as to the past time, and that he could make an exception as to the existing landlords of Ireland ! I have now to quote another description of the state of the country, and the cause why it was not remedied. It is from the work and letters of Arthur Young, who after stating that the people were treated better and better, says : — 'The age has improved so much in humanity, that even the poor Irish have experienced its influence, and are every day treated better and better ; but still the remnant of the old manners, the abominable distinction of religion united with the oppressive conduct of the little country gentlemen, or rather vermin of the kingdom, who never were out of it, altogether still bear, very hard, on the poor people, and subject them to situations more mortifying than we ever behold in England. The landlord of an Irish estate inhabited by Roman Catholics is a sort of despot, who yields obedience in whatever concerns the poor to no law but that of his will. To discover what the liberty of a people is, we must live among them, and not look for it in the statutes of the realm : the language of the written law may be that of liberty, but the situation of the poor may speak no language but that of slavery. There is too much of this contradiction in Ireland ; a long series of oppressions, aided by many very ill-judged laws, have brought landlords into a habit of exerting a very lofty superiority, and their vassals into that of an almost unlimited submission. A landlord in Ireland can scarcely invent an order which a servant, labourer, or cotter dares refuse to execute. Nothing satisfies him but unlimited submission. Disrespect, or anything tending towards sauciness, he may punish with his cane or his horse-whip with the most perfect security. A poor man would have his bones broken if he offered to lift his hand in his own defence.' This is the description, in very plain and humble terms, of the then condition of the peasantry. I shall take another description on this matter from a writer, whose name I may mention as that of a man than whom there never was one of more philosophy, of more eloquence, or of more reflection, as a statesman. The extract is from Burke, who, in writing to Sir Hercules Langrishe with respect to Ireland, observes — 'You, who have looked deeply into the spirit of the popery laws, must be perfectly sensible that a great part of the present mischief which we abhor, in common (if not all that exists), has arisen from them. *Their declared object was to reduce the Catholics of Ireland to a miserable populace, without property, without estimation, without education.* The professed object was to deprive the few men who, in spite of those laws, might hold or obtain any property amongst them, of all sorts of influence or authority over the rest ; they divided the nation into two distinct bodies, without common interest, sympathy, or connection. One of these bodies was to possess all the franchises, all the property, all the education ; the other was to be composed of drawers of water and cutters of turf for them. Are we to be astonished when by the efforts of so much violence in conquest, and so much policy in regulation, continued without intermission for near one hundred years, we had reduced them to a mob that whenever they came to act at all many of them would act exactly like a mob, without temper, measure, or foresight ?' This is an extract which shows, I think, most plainly and most truly, what was the condition of Ireland at the time."

The noble lord next adverted to the laws, unexampled in atrocity, which had been enacted for the repression of the outrages which grew of necessity out of such a state of society ; and then added, "that he found in the legislation of the period no measure having for its object to remove the cause of those evils by improving the condition of the people. The consequence of this omission was, that whilst the most important and extensive improvements were taking place in the condition of every other people in Europe, the history of Ireland presented nothing but a series of the same disorders, outrages, and calamities which prevail at the present day. During the whole of the period to which he alluded, the government of that unhappy country was in the hands of the party of the noble earl who led on the attack upon Lord Normanby, and who would have us believe that a liberal and merciful government, which had for the first time done equal and impartial justice to the people, had thereby led to the increase of outrage and of crime." As an instance of the recklessness with which such assertions had been made upon the present occasion by that party, his lordship referred to the despatch of Lord Oxmantown to Mr. Littleton in 1834, in which he

represented the Irish peasantry as a horde of savages and fiends, whose crimes rendered the country uninhabitable, and forced the peaceable part of the population to emigrate to America; whereas the same noble lord, in speaking at the late meeting in the King's County of the character of the same peasantry up to Lord Normanby's arrival in 1835, painted them in colours which brought back the recollection of the ancient shepherds of Sicily and Arcadia. It had also been affirmed, and we believe not untruly, by Lord Oxmantown, in the despatch referred to, that it was at that time safer to violate the law than to obey it. Adverting to this assertion, Lord John Russell declared that such a state of affairs resulted from the impression which generally prevailed amongst the people, that in criminal trials of every description fair and impartial justice was not to be expected from the established tribunals of that country. We ourselves, like every body else acquainted with the sentiments and feelings of the Irish population, can bear testimony to the existence of the impression of which we speak; and we have no hesitation in saying that, to a great extent, it was well founded. That juries were continually packed for the condemnation of culprits, and that in the most shameless and sanguinary manner, is a fact as notorious as that Ireland is an island in the Atlantic ocean. That such proceedings have occurred at comparatively late periods, in the presence and with the apparent sanction of the judges, is equally certain; that prisoners were tried by persons who were notoriously inflamed with the fiercest hostility to them, and that even the committing justice (!) has sometimes passed into the jury box and become an active party to the ultimate conviction: these are matters equally out of controversy. That the administration of justice should in such circumstances be not only suspected but abhorred by the population, is a result which can surprise nobody. During Lord Normanby's government, for the first time this system has been abolished, and a fair and impartial trial secured to every individual; and the result, as may be supposed, and as we are informed by Mr. Matthew Barrington, is that the circuits "exhibit the most satisfactory evidence of the improving condition of the country, and of the increasing confidence of the people in the administration of justice." We think it unnecessary to dwell any longer upon Lord John Russell's speech, as it will be more satisfactory to touch upon some of the remaining topics in another part of this paper. We agree, however, with the "Morning Chronicle," in thinking that "some very important inferences are to be drawn" from several parts of it, and to those parts we shall take care to revert upon a future occasion.

After Lord John Russell had resumed his seat, Sir Robert Peel rose to move his amendment; and we shall venture to say that so extraordinary an address as that of the right honourable baronet was never heard within that house. The professed object of the right honourable baronet was, of course, to justify the proceedings of the House of Lords, and to prevent the House of Commons from adopting the resolution which approved of the manner in which Lord Normanby had administered the government of Ireland. Yet, having this object in view, he said, "I do not say that the Irish government has encouraged crime" — "I will not vote any censure, nor concur in any censure of Lord Normanby," — "whose government is, in several respects, entitled to my highest approbation." Quintilian has observed that the surest evidence which any man could have of the correctness of his judgment and the purity of his taste in literature, was the fact of his deriving great delight from perusing the productions of Cicero: *Ille se multum profecisse in hac re sciat cui Cicero valde placebit.* We believe that the quantity of virtue and wisdom contained in any man's opinions and

conduct upon the subject of the administration of Ireland will always be very exactly indicated by the degree in which he is gratified by the contemplation of Lord Normanby's government; and we cannot, therefore, help sincerely congratulating the right honourable baronet upon the "proficiency" which he has made in this respect since the time when he governed Ireland himself, and when the humanity, wisdom, and impartiality which distinguished the government of the noble marquess, and have formed a precedent for all posterity, were so far from being exhibited by the right honourable baronet, that very few persons were sanguine enough to anticipate that they would ever be exhibited by any governor at all. To return to the speech of Sir Robert Peel, it was, in so far as it applied to the amendment, an immense expansion of the nothingness and indirectness of the amendment itself. It consisted of a huge fasciculus of allusions, evasions, qualifications, exceptions, limitations, and suppositions, "antitheses and parisoses;" having nothing direct or practical, and scarcely anything even palpable to the touch of ordinary intelligence, and resembled altogether the operation of manipulating a cloud. An extract or two from the speech will, we think, completely exemplify and justify the observations which we have made upon its character.

The right honourable baronet says:—

"But coming to the motion before the house, there are two propositions which I have to adduce in support of my amendment, and in destruction of the resolution of the noble lord. In the first place, I submit that it is not suitable to the character or functions of the House of Commons to make *abstract* declarations of opinion respecting the public policy of government, *unless under peculiar and special circumstances*; and in the next place, that the objections to abstract declarations of opinion are infinitely aggravated when they are sought to be the cause of an *unjust* conflict with the House of Lords. If I establish either of these propositions, I then think I shall have given a conclusive answer to the noble lord's resolution. I say, in the first place, that declarations of confidence should be resorted to *with extreme caution*; they should be rather inferred by the general support which this house gives to the executive government, and the manner in which it deals with the measures proposed for its consideration by the ministry, than declared by *abstract* resolutions of this sort [hear!]. *There certainly are occasions which may justify a government in calling for such an expression of confidence on the part of the House of Commons*; but the occasions are rare indeed which should justify the selection of one particular feature in the policy of the government, to the exclusion of the general consideration of the whole course of policy of the government; and it would be leading to great embarrassment, both to this house and the government, if such a practice were often resorted to. It would be difficult to conceive the existence of any government, however perfect in its general policy, which should not make some errors, or adopt some individual course of policy which the House of Commons could not justify or approve of if appealed to for its opinion; and then this evil would result to the country from our coming to a vote of partial approbation or condemnation, that we should leave the public in utter doubt and ignorance whether the House of Commons approved or not of the general conduct and policy of the government. It would be impossible for any government to stand in the face of such a system of procedure on the part of this house, because if any ground or point of policy were to be selected, upon which they might be successfully assailed, the defeat of the government must be the result [hear, hear, hear!]. *Still I am ready to admit that there may be occasions in which a partial declaration of confidence on the part of the House of Commons may be justified.*"

In reference to this, we must, in the first place, observe that we do not understand how a declaration which expresses the approbation of the House of Commons concerning the executive government of Ireland by Lord Normanby from April, 1835, to the beginning of 1839 (for that is in substance the nature of Lord John Russell's resolution), can with any propriety of language be called an *abstract* declaration at all. We were certainly under an impression that an abstraction was a very different sort of article from the present resolution. But, not to dwell upon verbal subtleties, we take leave to ask whether the *circumstances* in which the resolu-

tion has been moved are not of that *special* and *peculiar* character, which, according to Sir Robert Peel himself, afford a justification of the course which has been adopted? Is it not a very special circumstance that the House of Lords should, under the futile and flimsy disguise of the appointment of a committee of inquiry, give utterance to a fierce and sweeping denunciation of a government which in several respects is honoured with Sir Robert Peel's own highest approbation, and that they have falsely and calumniously denounced, as the abettor and encourager of crime and outrage in Ireland, a nobleman concerning whom Sir Robert has declared he will vote no censure, nor concur in any censure upon him, and that he will as little give any countenance to the declaration of the Earl of Roden that Lord Normanby had given more encouragement to the perpetrators of outrage in Ireland than any of his predecessors? Is there nothing special in the imputations made in the House of Lords upon Lord Normanby, which imputations — if Sir Robert Peel's views and conduct be correct — must be as false as they are fierce? If ever circumstances were special, these are — so very special, indeed, as to be entirely unprecedented. But it appears that the irregularity of resolving this “*abstract* resolution, except under *special circumstances*,” would be much aggravated if the abstraction is to be made the cause of an *unjust* conflict with the House of Lords. But if the resolution of Lord John Russell be a mere abstraction, how can it conflict with any thing? Even the proceeding of the House of Lords is described as a sort of abstraction of another kind. The “*seignior*,” by resolving to inquire into the crimes and outrages *which rendered life and property insecure in Ireland from 1835 to 1839*, did not intend to censure any body at all, or even to affirm any thing in a positive shape. So says Sir Robert Peel; “so say they all of them” upon the same side of the question. Yet it would seem that the words printed in italics enunciate a very positive and a very important proposition; and if the speeches are to be taken as a commentary upon the motion, we may safely conclude that a more positive, or more special, or more personal proceeding, never was adopted in that house. But if we are mistaken in this matter, whence comes the collision? What are the bodies to collide, and what the causes? There are, according to the account of Sir Robert Peel, neither one nor the other. But supposing a collision to be possible, it is evidently a contingency and a futurity. If the “council of ten,” or of eighteen, shall adopt the sentiments and the language of Sir Robert Peel about the Marquis of Normanby's government in Ireland, and resolve that it is highly desirable to continue to carry on the administration in that country upon the principles which have been adopted of late years, why, “then and in that case,” there will be no jarring all, but “harmony unmixed.” But if a collision is to take place, who will have been the authors of it? It does not appear that as yet we have very decidedly established any legislative law of the road for the regulation of collisions of this kind; but it is quite certain if the collision were to occur between two stage instead of two state coaches, that the collision would be attributed to the party who had made the first move, and gone to the wrong side of the road. We do not think it necessary upon our own parts to say any more upon this point. We cannot, however, leave it without drawing the attention of our readers to a passage in which the subject has been touched upon by Mr. Horsman, in a letter to one of his constituents, with so much sound sense, good temper, and discretion, that we think her Majesty's government will do well to give a candid and careful attention to the suggestions which it contains. The following is an extract of the letter : —

"The chief objection urged against Lord John Russell's motion was its tendency to bring us into collision with the House of Lords. I own that, with me, that was its greatest recommendation. I am no enemy to the Lords, unless they show themselves enemies to the people. I would not deprive them of any of their rights, but neither would I suffer them to trample on the rights of others. For some time past they have systematically impeded the functions of the government, and stemmed the progress of wholesome legislation. The time is now come for us to decide how the country is to be ruled; whether by a liberal majority in the House of Commons, or by an illiberal and irresponsible majority in the House of Lords. The collision is not recently begun; for five years past the two houses have been at variance, and that of the people has ever given way. For the first time in the history of this country, we see its affairs administered by men who have been brought in by the popular will, and yet are unable to achieve a single popular measure. Long and patiently has the nation watched for some effort of the government to emancipate itself from the thralldom of the Lords; but its disappointment has been equal to its patience. Some there are who think that even now, at the eleventh hour, the struggle is to be made. I confess my fears on that head are stronger than my hopes — I look in vain for any such symptoms of reviving energy; and I regret to find I am not a solitary example among the adherents of the ministry who are compelled to feel towards them less of confidence than goodwill."

Upon the other parts of Sir Robert Peel's speech it is unnecessary to say much. The vehemence with which he expressed his determination to say "no" to the resolution of Lord John Russell only showed the necessity under which he laboured of screwing his courage up to the sticking place by internal excitement. This, and all the other gross inconsistencies of his speech and conduct upon the occasion, were the inevitable results of his position as the leader of a party who have neither learnt nor forgotten any thing, and with whom it is presumed, at this time of day, the right honourable baronet can have very little in common. He expressed his disapprobation of the calumnies which are annually poured out in Exeter Hall against the Catholic priesthood of Ireland. The Earl of Roden, in the House of Lords, denounced the same priesthood as the objects of indispensable extermination; and similar sentiments were expressed in the House of Commons by Mr. Plumptre, who appropriately represents the orthodoxy and enlightenment of the Tom-Courtenayites of Kent. There can be very little accordance of judgment and very little sympathy of feeling between persons entertaining opinions and sentiments so contradictory as those professed by the right honourable baronet and a large body of his followers. But although he occasionally is ashamed to march through Coventry with them, yet the exigencies of his ambition prevent him from surrendering his commission and allowing any other individual to be

"By merit raised to that bad eminence."

we think that the whole of his speech upon the late occasion is a complete exhibition of the state of mind necessarily produced by this condition of circumstances.

Passing over several of the other speeches, we arrive at the oration of Sir Robert Bateson, one of the most decided members of the Roden party, who characterised the population of Ireland in the following words: —

"The people of Ireland were a warm-hearted, generous, honest, and susceptible people; but they were susceptible of bad as well as of good feelings, and they were not allowed to follow the dictates of their own feelings, but were worked upon by interested persons, who kept them in a state of constant excitement. Poverty made them an easy prey to those who, designedly wished, for base, sordid, and selfish purposes, to excite them [hear, hear!]. Those persons had to answer for the present state of Ireland. They had to answer for the bloodshed that had unhappily disgraced Ireland; and he could tell the honourable gentlemen opposite this, that if they ceased from agitation, and, without reference to Protestants or Roman Catholics, Whigs or Tories, lent themselves to advance the real improvement and benefit of the people, to educate them in the knowledge of their duty to God and man, to provide employment for them, and to abstain from exciting the tenant and labourer against the landlord and

master, the people of Ireland would soon be in a very different condition to that in which they were placed at present [hear, hear !].”

The perusal of this passage, and especially of the parts printed in italics, must be highly amusing to all who are acquainted with the history of the party to which Sir R. Bateson belongs, and who are, therefore, aware that the whole policy of that party at all times “at the beginning and now both was and is” to perpetuate the poverty and prevent the education of this “honest, generous, and warm-hearted people.”

Sir R. Bateson was followed by Mr. Grote, who had no objection to bestow the highest encomiums upon Lord Normanby's government; which vote, however, he could not give without declaring that “the government of the noble marquis shone out in remarkable contrast to the general course of proceeding of her Majesty's ministers.” He stated further, that “he could not conceal from himself that there lay wrapped up in the literal and primary sense of the resolution of Lord John Russell a negation of a vote of censure, and therefore unavoidably a vote implying more or less of *general* approbation and confidence.” For our parts, we are unable to perceive any traces of that which intruded itself so irresistibly upon the vision of the honourable member. The objection of Sir Robert Peel upon this point was, that the government had *only* called for a *partial* vote of approbation upon a *particular branch* of their policy; whilst even Mr. Leader, who generously tendered the ten votes of himself and his friends to Sir Robert Peel for the purpose of turning out the administration upon the merits of their general conduct, lamented that the *decemviri* could not make such a move upon the present occasion, as the ground chosen by the ministers was entirely too narrow for the performance of such a *manœuvre*. The account given by Mr. Gibson of the perplexity into which he was thrown by the number and variety of the glosses which the commentators of the Commons House had put upon the text which had been transmitted from the Lords, certainly very comical:—

“Then, with respect to the question whether the vote of the House of Lords involved a censure upon the ministry. A great deal of difference of opinion seemed to be entertained upon this point. The right honourable baronet denied that it was a vote of censure. The honourable member for Wakefield said it went a great way towards it. The honourable member for Wiltshire said it was an implied censure; and a noble lord had said it was a *prima facie* censure. An illustrious duke in another place [order!] had said it was not a vote of censure. The ministers, however, all said it was a vote of censure; and as for himself, as his experience in parliamentary proceedings was not sufficient to enable him to say whether or not it was a vote of censure, he should, therefore, give no vote at all on the preliminary question.”

Nobody can say that this conduct was not very judicious. Having arrived at the conclusion that he knew nothing about the matter, he determined to leave the decision altogether in the hands of the cognoscent; and instead of following the complicated course of Sir Robert Peel, and resolving that it was not proper to resolve any thing about it, he abstained from a decision without going through the formality of resolving to abstain, and so saved himself one step in the process of doing nothing. Mr. Gibson was followed by Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, from whose excellent speech we have only room to extract the following passages:—

“So little faith did the right honourable member for Tamworth place in the progress of crime and demoralization amongst the Irish people, that his advice was to give them municipal reform; and the right honourable gentleman the member for the University of Dublin could not, with all his talents and influence, induce more than forty members to listen on a former night to his catalogue of charges against his countrymen. The honourable member

for Belfast had last night repelled with indignation the charge of the honourable and learned member for Dublin, that he was a reviler of his country, and indulged in general protestations of affection for the people of Ireland. He could not help thinking, however, that both the honourable gentleman and some of those who succeeded him took a curious way of testifying their goodwill by calling on parliament to treat the Irish as a band of cut-throats and assassins; and by not only drawing up a bill of indictment against a whole people, but pronouncing a verdict against them without inquiry, and impugning the right of exercising any mercy towards them [cheers]. It was a strange subject of delight to represent those who belonged to the same country as distinguished by atrocious barbarism and unmitigated crime [cheers]. He wished to ask the honourable gentlemen opposite one question — 'are you prepared to adopt the policy which you must be conscious will be forced on you by the great mass of your supporters, and take on yourselves the responsibility of office?' When the independency of our Indian possessions was threatened — when an insurrection in the colonies had broken out — and when Russia seemed by no means to abandon her aggressive policy, it was considered imprudent to make any proposition in the House of Commons for an increased military force; and was this the time for the right honourable baronet to take on himself the responsibility of sending four regiments into Ireland (for that number would be required) to keep down seven millions of our own subjects, by waging a tithe war, and to restore Orange domination [cheers]?"

But perhaps the most important speech delivered upon the occasion was that of Mr. Pigott, the solicitor-general for Ireland; a gentleman of the most unblemished private character, whose rapid advance in his profession has in modern times been only equalled by that of Sir William Follett, and whose promotion has been, like that of the same eminent individual, entirely the result of his talents and attainments. Mr. Pigott has been connected in some capacity or other with the administration of justice in Ireland since the commencement of Lord Normanby's administration; and the following is the statement which he makes as to the relative amount of crimes and outrages committed during the period in question: —

"I will just read to the house what have been the results on all these points, and I trust that they will bear with me for a short time. In the first place, sir, the honourable baronet who spoke last but one in this debate, was quite correct in his assertion; for there has been in the number of the graver offences a marked diminution. I will tell the house the results from 1834 to 1838, as shown by the police returns. Homicide has diminished 13 per cent.; firing at the person has diminished 55 per cent.; incendiary fires have decreased 17 per cent.; burglaries have decreased 58 per cent.; stealing cattle has diminished 46 per cent.; killing or maiming cattle has diminished 12 per cent.; the administration of unlawful oaths has diminished 66 per cent. [cheers]; illegal notices have diminished 44 per cent.; attacks upon houses have diminished 63 per cent. [cheers]; illegal meetings have decreased 70 per cent. [cheers]; and levelling houses has diminished 65 per cent. [loud cheers]. On the subject of convictions in proportion to committals, comparing the years 1823, 1824, and 1825 with the years 1836, 1837, and 1838, the convictions have increased in proportion to committals from 28 per cent. to 43 per cent. [cheers]; the non-prosecutions in proportion to the committals have diminished from 34 per cent. to 21 per cent. Comparing the years 1822, 1823, and 1824 with the years 1836, 1837, and 1838, the convictions have increased in proportion to the committals from 36 per cent. to 43 per cent.; and the non-prosecutions have diminished from 37 per cent. to 21 per cent. Comparing the year 1834 with the year 1838, there has been this remarkable result: — It appears that the convictions have increased from 40 per cent. to 47 per cent. on the committals, whilst the failures by no bills and no prosecutions have diminished from 36 per cent. to 15 per cent., or about 5-7ths [cheers]. All those results, sir, I have taken from printed documents: they are not drawn up from the reports of the clerks of the peace and of the crown, but *they are taken from records which are a check upon those returns, and are made by the inspectors of prisons from the gaol books themselves.*"

Of the accuracy of the *other returns* furnished by the clerks of the peace, and relied upon by Mr. Shaw and the Duke of Wellington, he presents a sample in the following statement, extracted from a communication of the clerk of the peace for the county of Tipperary.

* "With reference to the annexed criminal returns, I beg leave to mention that, as clerk of the peace, I have no means of ascertaining the number of committals in the year. I can

only give a return of the number of persons included in the different bills of indictment at each session. So if one person is indicted for three offences (suppose riot, rescue, and assault), by the annual returns he appears as three. These, sir, are the returns from which the honourable member for Belfast took his 27,000 offences; and these are the returns which deluded an illustrious duke in another place [oh, oh! from the Opposition, and loud cheers from the ministerial benches]. I am sure that the noble duke was the least likely person to make any statement which he did not believe to be founded in fact; but it was from these returns, thus prepared, that the noble duke took the number of 700 murders. The letter of Mr. Sadleir proceeded — ‘And if his trial is postponed, he again appears as three; consequently the annual returns are incorrect as to persons.’”

So that if a man be indicted for a riot, assault, and rescue, he figures in the report of the clerk of the peace as “three gentlemen at once;” and if his trial be put off, his individuality becomes extended into six persons. There was no attempt made to answer the speech of Mr. Pigott, which Lord Morpeth correctly characterised as a lucid and masterly exposition. We regret that the narrowness of our present limits prevents us from making longer extracts from this important address. Mr. M. J. O’Connell, in the course of a very clever speech, mentioned an answer given by Mr. Swan, the deputy grand master of the Orange Society, in his examination touching the entrance of Lord Mulgrave into Dublin, in June, 1835. Having declared that the noble lord was accompanied by persons who carried banners bearing party inscriptions, and being asked to particularise one such, he gave as an example, one upon which were painted the words “equal laws,” which he declared to be in his estimation a *party flag*.^{*} The inscription and the answer very correctly characterise the two parties who are at present at issue in Ireland, as to the mode in which that unhappy country is to be

^{*} The following observations were made upon the same subject by Colonel Perceval: — “The very first appearance of the noble lord (Normanby) was the signal for agitation and rapine. He himself saw the noble lord enter Dublin, surrounded by an immense assemblage of people, bearing banners and flags with the very same insignia as those used in the rebellion of 1798 [cries of no, no!] from the ministerial benches].

Mr. H. GRATTAN: No such thing!

Colonel PERCEVAL: The honourable member might deny it if he pleased, but what he stated he himself was a witness of. He took out his pocket book at the time, and noted down the circumstance [read, read!]. Amongst other insignia, he saw the harp without the crown.

The reader after perusing this piece of rabid ribaldry, will be astonished to hear that this *harp without a crown*, which the honourable member designates as an emblem of rebellion, is actually one of the devices upon the shield of the Protestant University of Dublin — of the university presided over by the King of Hanover — of the same university whose impartial governors rejected, not long ago, the unanimous petition of all the resident students for the revival of the Historical Society, lest it may lead them into political discussions; and very soon after allowed them to establish an Orange lodge. We have now lying before us several volumes given as prizes at the quarterly examinations in Dublin, and the shield of the university, which is exhibited three times in each volume, bears in every instance this rebellious device of a harp without a crown.

To expose the whole of the “ingenious devices” which have been resorted to for the purpose of bolstering up the charges against Lord Normanby would be altogether endless. One of them, however, is so shameless that we cannot avoid bringing it under the reader’s notice. The circumstance to which we allude is the charge that a person who had been convicted upon an indictment for rape was liberated, upon the condition of his marrying the party whom he had so injured. Such a compromise is certainly very uncommon in England, although an instance of it actually occurred here within a short time, about a year or two back. But every body acquainted with the administration of criminal justice in Ireland knows that a charge of rape used to be a not uncommon method of procuring a husband; and that it was the ordinary custom, in such cases, for the prosecutrix to marry the prisoner in the dock, and under the inspection and superintendence of the very judge who sat upon the bench. Lord Stanley, who attempted a very dull joke upon the subject, could scarcely, we think, be ignorant of this fact. He has resided a good deal in Ireland, and in the very locality where such occurrences were most common; and, even if he had not witnessed it himself, he must have learnt so very remarkable a usage from Mr. Bolton, his steward, who is himself a Tipperary justice. The most astonishing part of the matter is that so disgraceful a custom was, for the first time, repressed under the government of Lord Normanby, and by a judge who was raised to the bench by the noble Marquis — namely, Mr. Baron Richards. Yet this case was brought forward in the House of Commons by Mr. Shaw, himself a judge, and who, although we believe that he never enjoyed any degree of practice, yet must have known what was notorious to the whole community.

governed in future. Of the party who exhibited upon their banner the *factions* inscription of "equal laws," Sir James Graham gave the following character in the course of his speech : —

The people of Ireland were proverbially kind, and generous, and warm-hearted, and brave, and were so charitable that at all times, even when themselves suffering from privation, they were willing to share their small pittance and their last potato with the passing beggar who came to their door.

Concerning the principles which would guide the policy of his right honourable friend, in the event of his being again placed at the head of the government, the right honourable baronet made the following statement :—

"The resolutions had been advocated as a security against the renewal of Orange despotism. Of all the chimerical visions that ever entered into the mind of man, he (Sir James Graham) believed that the most extravagant. Old things had passed away — all was passing. The sun did go back on the dial. They might as well affect to be afraid of the restoration of the Stuarts, or the revival of the lord-lieutenancy of Strafford. He (Sir James Graham) did not conceive that any government could stand, or ought to stand, which attempted to govern on an exclusive principle. There might be a difference as to the precise means ; but after the passing of the Emancipation Act, there could be none as to the principles on which government must be conducted. These principles were a firm and impartial administration of justice, and an equal and fair distribution of patronage with regard to individual character, conduct, ability, and private worth, and without the least reference to religious opinions. This was the principle declared by his right honourable friend near him ; and he thought he might appeal to the public as to whether the honour of his right honourable friend was not a sufficient guarantee that those principles would be adhered to by him which he said he would adhere to."

If this be all true, it would appear that the Ethiop has completely changed his skin, and that within a very short period. An infallible authority has asserted that nothing will be but that which has already been. If we apply this principle to the present point, and couple it with an event which actually happened during the short period of Sir Robert Peel's administration, we shall find some reason to apprehend that the vicarious undertaking of Sir James Graham will be in some danger of non-performance.

It was only a few months before Lord Mulgrave's arrival in Dublin, that Lord Claude Hamilton had been appointed a justice of peace for the county of Tyrone, after having, "in the face of the country, been initiated into the Orange Society ; after having been publicly decorated with orange emblems, and publicly chaired, in such decoration, through the town of Dungannon by a body of Orangemen, in the presence of the Custos Rotulorum, the Marquis of Abercorn, Lord Castlestuart, and nineteen magistrates, besides several clergymen, and country gentlemen !" The circumstances above mentioned were not only not concealed from Lord Haddington, but were actually detailed by Lord Caledon, the lord-lieutenant of Tyrone, in the letter in which he transmitted to Sir Henry Hardinge the request of Lord Claude Hamilton to be appointed to the commission. The usual course upon such occasions is to lay the request before the Lord Chancellor at once. But Lord Caledon, feeling "*how his hopes of tranquillizing the country had been counteracted*, and knowing, as he did, that the conduct of Lord Claude Hamilton *had caused an increased excitement*," could not directly present Lord C. Hamilton to the Chancellor for appointment "without exposing himself to animadversion." The noble earl goes on to subjoin the following extraordinary statement, *per contra* : —

"On the other hand, when I reflect that *he has been elected for the county*, and that his rank and station fully qualify him for the appointment, *I know not how to withhold my recommendation*, more especially as I do not believe that the act of which I complain was in itself illegal ; and, above all, when

I am *willing to hope* that, if appointed to the magistracy, *his decisions will not be biassed by party prejudice.*" The decisions of a gentleman who was publicly initiated an Orangeman, in the face of the assembled aristocracy and commonalty of the county, — who was publicly decorated (!) with the emblems of that confederation — who was publicly chaired in his new character, and whose conduct, according to Lord Caledon himself, had increased the excitement which counteracted Lord Caledon's hopes of tranquillizing the country!

If ever there was a complete instance, in temporal matters, of hoping against hope, here was certainly a most exquisite example of that self-contradictory confidence. Lord Caledon hoped that Lord C. Hamilton would not *disturb the tranquillity* of the county, or *be biassed by any party spirit*, although the degree in which Lord Claude Hamilton *had been biassed by party spirit* had materially assisted in *destroying the tranquillity* which Lord Caledon *hoped* to have established!

The answer transmitted by Sir Henry Hardinge in the name of Lord Haddington is as great a curiosity as the original document to which it responds. The right honourable secretary commends the conduct of Lord Caledon "in suppressing all party feelings;" goes on to declare, "that the line which he had pursued was in strict accordance with the principles by which her Majesty's councils were then guided (9th February 1835); and that it was only by a *firm and impartial adherence to this system* (of suppressing all party feelings), that the peace of the country could be preserved." Hitherto the composition of the right honourable secretary certainly appears very plausible, and we believe that there are very few readers who could anticipate with what ingenuity the knowledge of the catastrophe is kept out of the possibility of being known until the conclusion of the drama. The composition, however, after having assigned several reasons why Lord C. Hamilton ought *not* to be appointed to the commission, concludes by directing him to be appointed;

"And, whispering 'I shall ne'er consent,' consented;"

the consent being justified by the following consistent, perspicuous, and very satisfactory statement: — "His Excellency, after an *attentive consideration* of the statement of Lord Caledon, thinks it *not* expedient to withhold the commission," &c. We are for the present obliged to postpone all further observations upon the remaining speeches, but shall probably return to the subject upon another occasion.

The effect of the whole discussion, in so far as the Marquis of Normanby's character and conduct were concerned, was to elevate them to even a higher degree of eminence than they had previously attained. The extent to which "all crimes and outrages, tending to render life and property insecure in Ireland," were diminished under his government, and in consequence of the wisdom, vigour, and impartiality with which justice was administered, was exhibited in a new and striking point of view by Mr. Pigott; whilst the increase of the value of every kind of property was shown by Lord Morpeth upon the highest commercial and professional authorities. It even appeared, from the minute and circumstantial statements of the same noble lord, and of Mr. Pigott, that Lord Normanby had not even committed the amiable offence (which might have been expected from the generosity of his nature) of leaning too much to the side of mercy, and that the charges made against him upon that ground were as void of foundation as the others. It has been shown in a very practical and intel-

ligible manner, that the noble marquis was the main stay of the administration, and that any ministry of which he forms a part will always command the ardent support of the people of Ireland; whose conduct, in reference to the present occasion, is entitled to the highest admiration. We cannot help expressing the satisfaction which we feel on perceiving that all the anticipations which we ourselves expressed as to the probable course of the Irish people upon this subject have been so completely borne out by the result. We anxiously hope that they will continue to exercise their political power as they have hitherto done, for the support of the principles of liberality and justice throughout the empire; and that they will continue to merit the gratitude of every friend of justice and good government by their patriotism and intrepidity, without incurring the horrible penalties to which they have hitherto been exposed, and which they are suffering even now.*

After a debate which occupied five days, a division took place upon Sir Robert Peel's amendment on Friday night; when the numbers were,

For the amendment	-	-	-	296
Against it	-	-	-	318
Majority for ministers	-	-	-	22

Sir Robert Peel declined to require a division upon Lord John Russell's motion. The question was then put upon Mr. Duncombe's resolution; in favour of which there appeared

Against it	-	-	-	81
Against it	-	-	-	299
Majority against the motion	-	-	-	218

The circumstances, however, in which the latter division took place, prevent it from possessing any importance in any respect.

* It was justly observed by Mr. Berwick in his late excellent speech on the great meeting in Dublin, "that while the condition of the Irish voter places him at the mercy of his landlord — his very existence being, in many instances, dependent upon his tyrant's capricious rage [cheers] — yet have the people of this country rendered incalculable services to reform; that while a majority of representatives returned by England within five years of the passing of the Reform Bill are ready to restore the dominion of a faction who opposed that measure, three fourths of the representatives returned by Ireland are found on all occasions labouring in the work of reform, preserving England from the dominion of those who, in opposing reform, drove her to the verge of revolution, and swelling the minorities on all those questions which are uppermost in the hearts of all Reformers [cheers]."

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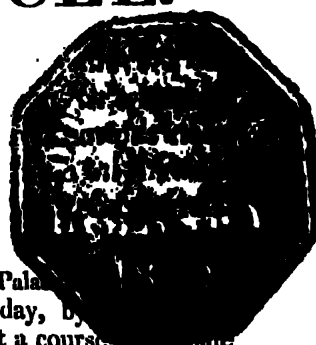
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THE MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

June 139 No 16.



THE HOUSEHOLD QUESTION.

“ Buckingham Palace ”

“ The Queen having considered the proposal made to her yesterday, by Sir Robert Peel, to remove the ladies of her bedchamber, cannot consent to adopt a course which she conceives to be contrary to usage, and which is repugnant to her feelings.”

Her Majesty's Answer to Sir Robert Peel's Proposition.

THE circumstances, to which the above laconic letter refers, are already well known to our readers. In the discussion of them almost every variety of argument has been employed, but the subject is not yet exhausted. Indeed the most important question involved in it waits for that dispassionate investigation which it could not receive from the newspapers, in the heat and fury of a sudden and unexpected contention.

This question, the only one which can now arise in the consideration of this valuable state paper, is, Whether the course proposed by Sir Robert Peel was “*contrary to usage*?” Her Majesty has satisfactorily determined that it was “repugnant to her feelings.” To this question we propose, therefore, to confine our observations.

We have searched in vain for what the Tories would call a *constitutional* precedent in support of Sir Robert Peel's *sine quâ non*. In the earlier period of our annals we find innumerable instances of powerful oligarchical factions compelling our monarchs to discard their favourites of all sorts, from ladies of the bedchamber, and ghostly confessors, to their recognised and responsible ministers. Faithful personal friends of the monarch, of every class, genus, and species, were, in those days, sure to be denounced as *evil counsellors* by those who sought the permanent establishment of their own power on the ruins of the royal prerogative. The feuds, which resulted from those attempts of faction against the rights of the sovereign, are too well known to require detail. It is unnecessary to trouble the reader with more than a general reference to them; for however the Tories might be disposed to imitate such proceedings, they would never cite them as precedents.

On tracing the progress of our institutions, it will be found that as the rights of the King, the Lords, and the Commons, became more distinctly defined and better understood, the practice of interfering with the composition of the court gradually fell into disuse. As the influence of the legislature increased that of the closet diminished, and the avowed and responsible minister superseded the secret adviser. The reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. are commonly regarded as the period when the Lower House first acquired that power and authority which have since given it the commanding position which it has held in the management of the national interests. From that time to the present we have not had one quarrel between the rival parties of the state, as to what ladies the sovereign should be allowed to associate with—not one even, as to what gentlemen should form the circle of the King's or Queen's private society;—nor can

the Conservative leader find one solitary sanction of the course he thought fit to propose to her Majesty, unless he takes refuge in the record of the proceedings of the rebellious oligarchs of the middle ages. Perhaps a Tory might, on an emergency, regard these as "*ancient constitutional*" precedents, entitled to all the weight and authority with which "*the wisdom of our forefathers*" may be presumed to invest them.

It is extremely difficult to discover any historical facts whatever bearing even the most remote analogy to the demand made on her Majesty, when viewed in connection with the circumstances by which she is surrounded. Throughout the entire range of English history—since England was a kingdom—we have had but four queens regnant. Mary and Anne were married. In the reign of the former not the slightest attempt was made to interfere with the private arrangements of the household. Does any one suppose that Sir Robert Peel would have made the proposal to Elizabeth, which he made to Victoria, or that, if he had, she would not have committed him to the Tower for his treason, or boxed his ears for his impudence? That vigorous and beneficent lady would unquestionably have punished him, in some shape, for such an attempt to deprive her of the only portion of her "state and dignity" which rendered royalty tolerable.

Up to the Revolution it appears that no part of the household was subject to removal on the change of administration. At that epoch a new principle was introduced, and several of the chief appointments in the household were decreed to follow the course of those in the cabinet. Such was the theory; but, in practice, the occupants were seldom removed for a mere difference of opinion on political matters with the members of the administration. Thus this department was conducted till the accession of the Tories to office under George III., when the principle recognised since the Revolution was almost invariably carried out in practice, and all the gentlemen holding the chief appointments in the household were changed with every administration. In this, perhaps, we are wrong. We should have said, that the Tories invariably removed *all* their opponents—the Whigs removed only a *few*. The former understood the magic power of "backstairs' influence," and of patronage—the latter magnanimously despised it. But though the Tories admitted their own *constitutional* right to dismiss their opponents, it seems that it was not equally clear to them that their opponents possessed a similar *constitutional* right to dismiss them. In 1797 the Earl of Moira thought that no officer in any "department not immediately connected with ministerial functions" should be liable to removal on changes in the ministry*; and in 1812, when the only obstacle to the formation of an efficient ministry, as required by the votes of the Commons, was the demand of Earls Grey and Grenville to remove some of the Prince Regent's household, and when his Highness, having no particular regard for any of the members of his establishment, was willing to surrender them all, he (the Earl of Moira) would not allow him to "part with one of them." But we will return from this episodic digression, and briefly state the mode in which the patronage of the household was disposed of in the various periods to which we have alluded.

We have already observed that prior to the Revolution a change of ministry did not involve any changes in the household: of this the following instances may be accepted as a proof—if proof be requisite. The office of Lord Chamberlain was filled by Lord Manchester from 1660 to 1671; that of Vice Chamberlain by Sir George Carteret from 1660 to 1670, and by

See his letter to Colonel McMahon, as cited in Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, N. S., vol. xiii. col. 596.

Henry Saville, Esq. from 1670 to 1686; that of Groom of the Stole by the Earl of Bath from 1660 to 1685; and that of Lord Steward of the Household by the Duke of Ormond from 1660 to 1689.

Even after the Revolution there seems to have been a great indisposition to meddle with the arrangements of the household. It was considered an indecent interference with the personal comforts and rights of the sovereign, as a mere private individual, that the complexion of his society should depend exclusively on the whims of the electoral pot-wallopers of the kingdom; and accordingly the changes at first were "few and far between," and particularly during the reign of Anne. Thus the office of Lord Chamberlain was filled by the Earl of Jersey from 1700 to 1704, by the Earl of Kent from 1704 to 1714, and by the Duke of Grafton from 1724 to 1757; that of Vice Chamberlain by Peregrine Bertie, Esq. from 1690 to 1711, by Thomas Coke, Esq., afterwards Lord Lovel, from 1711 to 1727, and by the Hon. W. Finch from 1742 to 1765; that of Groom of the Stole from 1704 to 1710 by the Duchess of Marlborough, and from 1710 to the close of that reign by the Duchess of Somerset; that of Lord Steward of the Household by the Duke of Devonshire from 1689 to 1707, and by his son from 1707 to 1710; that of Lord Treasurer of the Household by Francis Lord Newport from 1689 to 1708, when he died, and was succeeded by the Earl of Cholmondeley, who held it to 1713; that of Master of the Horse by the Duke of Somerset from 1702 to 1715, when he resigned; and that of Captain of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners by the Duke of St. Albans from 1693 to 1712. When, notwithstanding the many changes of ministry which took place in that reign, we find so few changes in the male department of the household, can we suppose that the female department was subjected to greater mutations, or, perhaps, we ought to say mutilations? Lord John Russell noticed in the course of the late debate the fact, that though the Earl of Sunderland and Lord Rialton were removed from their offices in August, 1710, their ladies remained Ladies of the Bedchamber till December, 1711, when their father, the Duke of Marlborough, having been dismissed in a manner which they thought unjust, they voluntarily resigned their appointments. This, we believe, is the only instance of any ladies resigning their situations in the household of Anne in consequence of political differences, but the coolness which had then arisen between the Queen and the Duchess would in itself be sufficient to account for their voluntary retirement.

We now come to the third period of this "eventful history," when the practice was adopted by every administration of removing all their male opponents from the chief appointments in the King's household. This was invariably acted on by the Tories: the Whigs seem to have been more averse to altering the private arrangements of royalty, unless the most urgent necessity demanded their interference. Thus they did not remove the Duke of Montague from the office of Master of the Horse in 1783, nor any of the following officers in 1806, — Lord Chamberlain, Earl of Dartmouth; Vice Chamberlain, Lord Edward Thynne; Groom of the Stole, Earl of Winchelsea; Lord Steward of the Household, Earl of Aylesbury; Comptroller of the Household, Lord E. Thynne; — all these held their appointments from 1804 to 1812, except the last, who held it only from 1804 to 1807. The negotiations of 1812 were broken off because Lords Grey and Grenville having inquired "Whether this full liberty extended to the consideration of the new appointments to those *great offices* in the household *which had been usually included* in the political arrangements made on a change in the administration," Lord Moira thought that though "the Prince had

laid no restriction upon him in that respect, and had never pointed in the most distant manner to the protection of those officers from removal, it would be impossible for him to concur in making the exercise of this power a positive and indispensable condition in the formation of an administration, *because he should deem it on public grounds peculiarly objectionable.*" One of the reasons afterwards assigned by that nobleman for considering the exercise of this power peculiarly objectionable was that the removal of those officers would have been an unnecessary humiliation of the Prince, and *would have set the seal of office to accredit every ribald tale of scandal that had been circulated in this town.*" * The power then demanded by the Whig lords was to extend only to "*those great offices in the household which had been usually included in the political arrangements,*" &c.; and as a proof that the expression "*those great offices*" was not designed to include the lords or ladies of the bedchamber, we may adduce a short extract from Mr. Ponsonby's speech in the Commons in explanation of the causes which rendered the negotiation abortive: —

"He knew that the practice from the Revolution had been never to change from some situations, and that the *Groom of the Stole* and the Master of the Ceremonies, for example, *were never changed under any administration.*"†

Now the Groom of the Stole is First Lord of the Bedchamber to the King, or first Lady to the Queen. If it was the practice never to change him, how could those in an inferior position be liable to removal? Let us see how that office was actually disposed of. Thomas Viscount Weymouth was made Groom of the Stole in 1782, and held the office to 1796, when he was succeeded by the Duke of Roxburgh, who held it till his death, in 1804. The Earl of Winchelsea was then appointed, and held it to 1812. He was succeeded by the Marquis of Winchester, who held it to the death of the late king, in 1837. The office of Master of the Robes was held from 1797 to 1808 by Lord Selsey; from 1820 to 1830 by Lord Francis Cunningham; and from 1830 to 1837 by Captain Francis Seymour. During the changes of administration in the reign of the late monarch there was no attempt made to remove any persons but such as held "*those great offices in the household,*" &c. &c.; and not a single Lord of the Bedchamber was removed in consequence of his political opponents coming into the ministry.‡ From this brief retrospect the reader can determine whether the Conservative leader treated his queen with the same respect and delicacy of feeling which had invariably been exhibited towards every other member of her house on the throne of these realms.

It has been said that the conduct pursued towards a queen consort should not form precedents for that to be pursued towards a queen regnant; but we imagine that any delicacy due to the one is due to the other, and in a ten-thousand-fold degree, when the latter is young and unmarried. If the households of Queens Charlotte and Adelaide were not altered on every change of administration; if their domestic arrangements were considered of too sacred a character to be continually pried into by political janisaries, and made the subject of discussion in the cabinet or the legislature; if they selected their friends, their officers, and attendants without let or hinderance from any ministerial inquisitors — ought not Victoria to be permitted to enjoy the same privileges? Must she alone be

* Speech in the House of Lords, June 19. 1812: Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, vol. xxiii. N. S. col. 596.

† Hansard's Parl. Deb. *ibid.* col. 431.

‡ The Tory ministry in 1835 appointed a few lords of the bedchamber, but did not remove those previously in office.

sacrificed to the desperate struggle of an unpopular and rapidly declining faction?

We have shown the mode in which all parties treated the household arrangements of Anne. It cannot be forgotten that she was married and of mature years when she ascended the throne. No ministry attempted to force into, or out of, the household of Charlotte, their friends or their enemies. She had the same Mistress of the Robes from 1761 to 1793; her second Mistress of the Robes, the Marchioness of Bath, held her office till 1808.* Her Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Aylesbury, appointed in 1780, continued in his office till 1792, when he was succeeded by the Earl of Morton, who held it till 1808.* Charles Fitzroy, Esq., appointed her Vice Chamberlain in 1768, held it to 1782. The Honourable Stephen Digby held it from 1782 to 1792; and his successor, William Price, Esq., held it from 1792 to 1808.* With the ladies of her household no ministry were silly enough to interfere. The household of Queen Adelaide was composed almost exclusively of persons opposed to the Whig administration, which however never attempted to remove them.

It is unnecessary to adduce further proofs of the unprecedented character of the Peel proposition. The honourable baronet has himself admitted that it was unprecedented. "Sir, the policy of these things depends not upon precedent—not upon what has been done in former times—it mainly depends upon a consideration of the present crisis." This was his language in the late debate; and it scarcely leaves a doubt that the course which he proposed to his sovereign, and for which he could not find a precedent, was, even in his own estimation, "*contrary to usage*."

At this point we should, according to our original design, close this paper; but there are a few other topics so closely connected with this extraordinary proceeding, that we cannot dismiss the subject without referring to them.

The Conservative newspapers complain that Sir Robert Peel has been calumniated by those, who charge him with having demanded the power and intimated the intention to remove all the ladies of the household. This was the impression left on the Queen's mind as to the nature of his proposal. In consequence of some observations which fell from Lord Melbourne in the debate of Tuesday, the 14th ult., a cry has been raised about this as an "*erroneous impression*." On that occasion Lord Melbourne, after stating that her Majesty had informed him of the nature of her interviews with Sir Robert Peel, said that she also informed him that—

"The right honourable baronet made a proposal that he should have the power of dismissing the ladies of her Majesty's household, not stating to what extent he would exercise that power—not stating how many, or whom, it was his intention to propose to remove—but asking the power of dismissing the ladies of the household, and leaving unquestionably upon her Majesty's mind a very strong impression that it was intended to employ that power to a very great extent—to such an extent, certainly, as to remove all the ladies of the bedchamber, as well as some of those filling an inferior situation in the household. Such, my Lords, was the impression on her Majesty's mind—an impression which, from what has since transpired, is evidently erroneous. No doubt such an impression was a mistaken one. The right honourable baronet has distinctly stated that he had no such intention, and there cannot be the slightest doubt upon the point."

We confess that we do not understand how Lord Melbourne leaped to the conclusion that the impression on her Majesty's mind was erroneous. Is it merely because Sir Robert Peel said, that on discussing the subject

* We specify 1808 merely to show that the ministry of 1806 did not remove them. How much longer they held those offices we have not at this moment the means of determining. But it is immaterial to the present subject.

with his friends he had intimated that he would propose no change with respect to those below the rank of lady of the bedchamber, and that it would not be necessary to remove all the ladies of the bedchamber, as some were unobjectionable, "from the total absence of party or political connection?" Such might have been his views as to what ladies it would be expedient, in the first instance, to remove; but if he did not desire the power of removing all, why did he not name those whom he considered objectionable, and ask the Queen to dismiss them? That would have been a plain, straightforward mode of proceeding, and would have removed all doubts, and all impediments to the secure enjoyment of office. But he demanded the power of dismissing all, without particularising any; and there is nothing in his letter to show that he had given her any well grounded reasons to expect that he would not exercise it, *if necessary*, to the fullest extent. Let us examine the letter, recollecting that it was written after the negotiations had terminated, and designed more as a justification of himself with his party and the public, than as an explanation of his views to his sovereign. In this document he says, —

"In the interview with which your Majesty honoured Sir Robert Peel yesterday morning, after he had submitted to your Majesty the names of those whom he proposed to recommend to your Majesty for the principal executive appointments, he mentioned to your Majesty his earnest wish to be enabled, with your Majesty's sanction, *so to constitute your Majesty's household* that your Majesty's confidential servants might have the advantage of a public demonstration of your Majesty's full support and confidence, and that at the same time, *as far as possible consistently with that demonstration, each individual appointment in the household* should be entirely acceptable to your Majesty's personal feelings.

"On your Majesty's expressing a desire that the Earl of Liverpool should hold an office in the household, Sir Robert Peel requested your Majesty's permission at once to offer to Lord Liverpool the office of Lord Steward, or any other which he might prefer.

"Sir Robert Peel then observed, that he should have every wish to apply *a similar principle to the chief appointments which are filled by the ladies of your Majesty's household*, upon which your Majesty was pleased to remark, that you must reserve the whole of those appointments, and that it was your Majesty's pleasure that the whole should continue as at present, without any change."

No one can read this without feeling convinced that the demand was to remove all whom he should deem it necessary to remove, "*consistently with that demonstration*," and to bring all the ladies under the same principle as the Lord Steward of the Household. There is no limitation of the demand to the ladies of the bedchamber. When Sir Robert Peel *wrote* this after the rupture of the negotiation, may we not conclude that he said at least as much, if not more, when flushed with success, and expecting only submission?

Besides, is it not manifest that Sir Robert Peel in demanding this right of dismissing the four or five ladies, whom he alleges to have been objectionable to him, in fact asserted the right to dismiss any ladies that might at any time become objectionable to him — a right which in the course of time might, and in all human probability would, have included the whole household? Is it not a mere verbal equivocation to say, that he stipulated only for a limited power, when that power was to be exercised without any restriction, except such as he might himself think proper to put upon it? If the Queen had allowed him to dismiss any ladies upon grounds to which she did not assent, would not that have been in reality to surrender the whole household into his hands? If he were invested with the power to dismiss in one instance, that power could not be denied to him in other instances, the reasons being similar; so that instead of being a power with limitations, it was actually an unlimited power. Indeed, whatever contemptible evasion of his real object Sir Robert Peel may now think proper to resort to, the Duke of Wellington, with a candour honourable to his character, admitted

that object in full in his speech of explanation. "I confess," said his Grace, "that I do not think that any set of men could undertake the government of the country, *unless they possessed universal influence and control over the whole household.*" There is the fact stated as clearly as it can be put into words. No, no, Joseph Surface, there was no "erroneous impression" in the case.

The Conservatives have, according to ancient custom, invoked the aid of the constitution on this trying occasion. But what can the constitution have to do with the composition of the Queen's household more than with the composition of her medicine, or the composition of her toilette? There is not a nobleman in the kingdom who cannot appoint his own treasurers, chamberlains, huntsmen, and tradesmen. The system of interfering with the arrangements of the royal household was commenced barely for the purpose of conferring so much additional patronage on the minister, at a period when corruption was deemed necessary, nay *constitutionally* essential, to carrying on the business of the government. It was not the constitution which called on him to invade the sanctuary of royalty, and post his myrmidons at its portals, but his and their insatiable appetite for plunder. We believe that the result has not been very beneficial to the country. It made the sovereign the mere puppet of the party, who got him into their toils, and who exhibited him in their vanguard when attacking the rights of their countrymen, in the same manner as wily foes have ever done, when they have captured the monarch of a people too foolishly loyal, and made him the instrument of their subjugation. Of William III. we are disposed to say little. Anne was the mere tool of the parties who got her into their leading strings. The two first Georges were very like little children in the nursing arms of the Whigs, looking on themselves as somehow entitled to get p.p. and playthings from their protectors, and bound in turn to give the sanction of their names to every scheme of exaction. The country would have fared better than it has done, had the two last Georges consulted the wishes of the people more frequently than they did those of the narrow-minded coteries by which they were encircled. The power of the minister to beset the sovereign with his creatures is certainly unwarranted by any recognised principle of the constitution. The sovereign should be at liberty to select his friends from all parties of the state — to consult men of every political complexion — to know and be known to all — and to be as unshackled and as free in every respect as any of his subjects. "The wisdom of our ancestors" never contemplated that the monarch should know and care as little about the wants and wishes of his people as he did about those of the inhabitants of the moon — that he should be the mere imbecile toy of a coterie, and that his brain should not shelter an idea not sanctioned by the impress of ministerial authority. Such, however, is the modern "*constitutional*" doctrine. The Duke of Wellington in the late debate exposed the danger of allowing the Queen to have "*political conversation with her ladies.*" "*He had known the inconvenience of an anomalous influence of this kind exercised, not by ladies such as those in question, BUT IN THE WAY OF SIMPLE CONVERSATION.*"

A word to the wise ! ! !

We do sincerely hope that the people will now exert themselves in this cause, which is really their own, and that they will endeavour to restore the ancient authority of the sovereign over the patronage of the household — or at least to preserve what remains of it. If they once yield up their young and artless Queen a close prisoner to the Conservative faction, they will speedily have cause to repent of their folly.

THE SPANISH ROMANTIC DRAMA,

"LIFE, A DREAM."

"Que el gusto y disgusto
Esta vida son
No mas que una leve
Imaginacion."

CALDERON.

"PRINCESS SCHEHERAZADE ! if you are not asleep tell us that story." Lest our readers should suppose from the gravity of our previous pages that we are in the condition of the Arabian princess, we deem it incumbent on us to make an attempt to amuse them. "*J'apprends d'être vif*," said the German detected in the act of leaping over his chair. Perhaps our attempt at liveliness may be voted of the same description.

In these days when, in England, the lyrical drama supersedes what is called the legitimate theatre, notwithstanding the efforts of many of our eminent writers to support it, the contest between the classic and romantic schools goes on the same as ever on the Continent. Gries and Schlegel, in Germany, have produced beautiful and entertaining translations from the Spanish poets, opening up a new mine of dramatic literature never heretofore explored; and from having seen in a contemporary journal of established reputation the doubt expressed of a possibility of rendering justice in English measures to the Spanish originals after the manner of the German translators, we are stimulated to make the attempt.

The principle of the romantic literature, be it remarked, is that of individuality, and the depicting of man's religious opinions, or internal springs and motives of action.

In the classic literature, on the contrary, the poet sees man in his external acts only, and considers his virtue and vices in the abstract; for which reason the protagonist wants individuality to distinguish him from other men governed by a certain and determinate passion. The *Avare*, *Misanthrope*, and *Tartuffe* of the classic theatre, are thus mere avarice, misanthropy, and hypocrisy personified. As the classic poet, in his fables, treats solely of general characters, he always proposes to himself some fixed moral end; whilst the romantic, looking upon this as an accessory, and only pretending to the formation and picture of individual characters, the morality, more or less vague, which he deduces from his inventions, must result from the single acts of his personages. The metaphysics of the passions and the long monologues, are, on this account, indispensable; for without them the poet can neither depict the internal sentiments of the soul, nor graduate the imperceptible march of those movements which, at every step, modify the individual man. In the classic, where it is not needed to mark the essential difference between the same passion applied to distinct persons, the spectator foresees the catastrophe, and does not exact great emotions, nor any profoundly internal combat, until the *dénouement* of the piece, when his expectations are regularly verified by some explosion of passion. Orosmane, for example, in Voltaire's "*Zaire*," is a jealous man, or, rather, a personification of jealousy, reduced in its expression to the external acts by which it manifests itself in the generality of mankind. Thus he imparts none of those intimate secrets of the conscience, which are only communicated to the public by supposing the protagonist to converse with himself. A portrait executed under these principles is easily reduced to the rules of the unities. But would it succeed as well were we to take Calderon's "*Tetrarch of Jerusalem*," and confine that beautiful romantic creation within the

limits of a classic tragedy? The result would be to present a Mariamne as cold and insipid as the French heroine.

For Orosmane to suspect the fidelity of his mistress it is necessary that she inspire distrust by actions, innocent, it is true, but certainly equivocal, and which she might have avoided. Zara, without ceasing to be Zara, might have tranquillised her lover; whilst Mariamne, without ceasing to be a woman, charming, virtuous, and beloved, could not have freed herself from the jealousy of her spouse. Zara gives a motive for the suspicion of Orosmane, and by saying a single word could have put an end to it. Mariamne, on the contrary, is innocent, not only in the eyes of the spectator, but in those of Herod himself; and the occasion of his jealousy need not be sought without himself, for it lives within his soul, circulates through his veins, and is the prop of all that constitutes his moral existence. To decide the catastrophe in this tragedy, it is unnecessary that Mariamne appear criminal in the eyes of her husband; it is enough, for this purpose, that she is a woman, that she is beautiful, and that no one can behold her without loving, or suspect for a moment that she could be capable of inconstancy. There should be every difference between the expression of Orosmane and the Tetrarch's respective sentiments. The one, all classic, represents the jealous affections as inherent passions in the human breast, expressing them by actions which, in similar situations, all men would commit. The other concentrates them within his soul, and portrays the conflicting torments and combats, not as pertaining to the human species, but to a specific individual of it. All jealous men recognise themselves in Orosmane. The Tetrarch alone can feel, act, and think like the Tetrarch.

In perusing the works of these old dramatists we cannot help seeing that their merit does not solely consist in making good verses, as some pretend, but in being really excellent poets, notwithstanding their defects. Who, for instance, can compete with Lope in fertility and invention? Who can deny to Calderon the foremost rank in the art of combining his plans, and directing and making the most of his situations, in the perfection of his narratives, and in the mode of presenting his ideas so eminently poetical? Who can refuse to admire in Tirso the harmonious fulness of the rhymes, the grace of the language, and the humour that abounds in his dramatic works? And what shall we say of the ingenious Moreto, the first poet who placed on the scene the true comedy of character, and drew it with as much perfection as the great Moliere, of Guillen de Castro, Tarrega, Aguilar, Ruiz de Alarcon, Belmonte, Montalvan, Velez de Guevara, Diamante, Solis, Roxas, and Moratin? The collection now published is a proof of this.*

Among the varied spectacles which the gorgeous procession of Calderon's theatre presents we shall select one, called "*Life, a Dream*;" not that it is remarkable for a greater portion of the mystic gloom which is regarded as the peculiar feature of his muse, or that it contains any of those "deepest wells of passion and of thought" which we expect in the poem of a great dramatist gifted with lofty powers of fancy and intellect, but simply because the idea of placing a modern Pyrrho on the stage is novel and highly dramatic, and the moral lesson drawn from it is not distorted by any of those monstrous exhibitions so frequently displayed in his other religious dramas. This piece has been acted upon some of the German stages, and affords great scope for the powers of an actor. In presenting a few extracts, we shall endeavour to follow the metrical forms and hyperbolical flights of the original. Every reader of Shakspeare must recognise its resem-

* Senior, Pall Mall, 1839.

blance to the drunken tinker Christopher Sly, in the "Taming of the Shrew."

The first Jornada opens with the appearance of the heroine and her servant the Gracioso, on a mountain, where they have lost their horses; for unless this were told, there might be some difficulty in identifying the hippogriff to whom the lady addresses her soliloquy.

Enter, on the peak of a mountain, Rosaura, in a man's travelling dress, and descends, repeating the first verses.

Rosaura. — Thou hippogriff, whose wild career
Outstrips the wind's fleet wings, appear!
Oh whither, ray without a fire,
Thou plumeless bird — thou beast that cannot tire —
Amidst this rocky labyrinth,
Hast thou now wandered to expend thy strength?
Farewell! — Remain upon this height,
Where I, thy luckless Phaethon, must alight;
And lost, despairing, and undone,
Explore its cliffs that hide the waning sun,
No other path for my descent,
Save what my wildering destinies present.
Polonia! ill dost thou, with danger
To welcome to thy soil a hapless stranger;
And, with her blood upon thy sand,
Inscribe her entrance on thy rugged land.
Yet with my fortune it accords
For, ah! what country is it that affords
Pity to an unfortunate?

Clarín descends from the same part.

Clarín. — Say two, nor leave me out when you debate
Your woes; for if we two have been
Who, from our country, sallied forth in spleen
To seek adventures, and were two,
Amidst distresses and misfortunes, who
Came hither on our journey bound,
And two who traversed all this mount around,
I deem you bound by some constraint,
Putting me in the risk, to put me in the plaint.

Rosaura. — Clarín, I did not wish to give
Thy name a place, lest thy prerogative
Of comforting thine own distress,
And soothing thy peculiar wretchedness,
By weeping it, I take away;
For such the pleasure is, a sage doth say,
In grief, that, for the right to speak,
We often purposely misfortunes seek.

Clarín. — A drunken, old greybeard was he!
Some one, I hope, in tender charity,
Belabour'd him with might and main,
To qualify him after to complain.
But what, Seniors, must we do?
On foot, alone, and lost, at this hour, too,
In this same desert mountain here,
When yon pale sun hath fled the hemisphere?

Rosaura. — Whoever saw such strange events?
But, if it be not fancy represents
Some mock illusion to my sight,
Methinks I see by yonder changeful light
A castle!

Clarín. — Either my desire
Deceives me, or the signs more clear transpire.

Rosaura. — Rustic and plain, amidst the bed
Of these rude rocks, a palace lifts its head,
In such a simple, modest style,
As if it were a rugged pile,
Neath crags o'erhanging which the beams

Of day obscure, that in the dusk it seems
A shapeless fragment, from their height
Cast down.

Clarín. — Approach then while there yet is light ;
'T is best, Seniors, credit me,
A little nearer all these things to see ;
And to admire you may begin,
When the good folks admit us snug within.

The door of this building being open, the travellers venture forward a few steps. Suddenly they are alarmed by the clanking of chains within, and the lamentations of some person in distress.

Rosaura. — Hark ! didst thou hear that mournful cry ?
Clarín !

Clarín. — Seniors !

Rosaura. — Hasten, and let us fly
The dangers of this haunted tower !

Clarín. — Now when it comes to this, I want the power.

Rosaura. — Look ! does not yonder shine a light,
Or star, or exhalation of the night,
Which tremulously wanders o'er the room,
Teaching the light to counterfeit a gloom ?
'T is so ; for, by its reflex, I
Can now a dismal prison's bounds descry :
An inmate there — a man, to misery doomed,
Clothed in the garb of wild beasts, lies entombed :
O listen to his mournful wail !

Discovers Segismund, clothed in skins, with a chain and light.

Segismund. — Ah me, the deep heart-rending woe !
Alas ! will naught my sighs avail ?

Then flow my tears, my sorrows flow.
Ye heavens ! that I may calm despair,
I seek, with thoughts distracted torn,
Since doomed these cruel pangs to bear,
To know my crime in being born ;
Tho' being born I know I sin,
And justice hath sufficient cause
To use her rigorous power, because
Man's greatest sin is to be born ;
And I would only now desire,
To clear my faded mind's delusion,
To know how, 'midst this sad seclusion,
I could such greater sin acquire
As would deserve more punishment :
And are not others also born ?
If so, what joys, which I forlorn
Ne'er tasted, do their lives present !
The bird is born, and in a dress
Adorned with beauty exquisite ;
And scarce this flower is formed for flight,
When through the ethereal wilderness
It wings its way rejoicingly,
Forsaking its maternal nest, —
Yet I, of nobler soul possess,
Do yet enjoy less liberty.
The beast that's born with lines and scars
Which cunning nature's skill imparts
Is scarce an emblem of the stars
(Thanks to the learned pencil's arts),
Than taught by human cruelty
The use of its outrageous strength,
The monster of its labyrinth
It lives — and, with more instinct, I
Do yet enjoy less liberty ! —

The fish that's born, scarce in the sea
Beholds itself, when, through all parts
Of the abyss, it then departs
Exploring its immensity, —
And yet, with greater free will, I
Do yet enjoy less liberty! —
The little rivulet is born,
A serpent, that amidst the flowers
Glides, rejoicing in its powers ;
And scarce the flowers the banks adorn
Of the silver stream, than melody
Proclaims their beauty, and the plain
Leads it sloping towards the main ;
And yet, with more of life, must I
Still enjoy less liberty !
In coming to this passionate
And thrilling thought, volcanic rage
Like Etna seems to animate
My soul, and I would disengage
My furious arm, this breast to tear !
What law or justice, to my prayer
Denies a privilege so small,
But which is yet so principal,
A gift that God hath kindly given
To birds, to springs, to flowers, to all things under heaven ?
Rosaura. — Fear and compassion agitate
My mind !

Segismund. — Who hears my mournfulness ?
Clotaldo! are you there ?

Clarín. — Say yes.

Rosaura. — No : 'tis but an unfortunate !
Who happening o'er the mount to pass,
Was lost among these wilds, alas !
And heard thee mourn thy piteous fate.

Segismund. — Then must I give thee death, that thou
My plaints unmanly may'st conceal ;
Therefore prepare thyself, for now
Death those lips must ever seal.

[*Seizes her.*]

Clarín. — I'm deaf, and therefore could not hear.

Rosaura. — If thou from mortals dost descend,
Enough 't is at thy feet I bend.

Segismund. — Thine awe inspires me with a fear,
Thy tender voice thrills through my frame,
Thy presence, too, suspends my hand :
Who art thou ? for I understand
So little of the form and name
Of earth, that this sad tower my home
Hath been — my cradle and my tomb ;
And altho', since my natal hour,
If this be living, I've remain'd
Within this melancholy tower,
Amidst a rustic desert, chained ;
And tho' I never saw nor spake,
Save to one man alone, whose love
Hath felt compassion for my sake,
From whom my forms and thoughts I take
Of earth, and heaven, and all above ;
And tho', amidst chimeras dire,
Horror, shades, I may be call'd
A man, 'midst savages enthralled —
For men a savage to admire :
And tho', amidst these woes so great,
Each varied life I meditate ;
Knowing the beasts, the birds that sing,
The stars' bright orbits measuring,
And skilled in love and courtesy,
Thou alone hast first suspended,
By thy sweet voice's melody,

The passion of mine agonies ;
The vision of my wandering eyes,
And my brightest dreams transcended.
Each time I look, some new delight
Ravishes my enchanted sight ;
The more I gaze, the more I would
Prolong this strange ecstatic mood.
O eager eyes ! tho' it be death
To drink, drink on ; and in this fashion,
Seeing, to see her steals my breath,
Yet do I die for the sweet passion.
But may I still gaze on and die,
For I know not, whilst I thus adore,
If it bestow my death to sigh,
What it would give to gaze no more !
But were it worse than direst fate —
Madness — death — o'erpow'ring woe —
Its rigour thus I undergo ;
Since life to the unfortunate
Death to the happy must create.

Rosaura. — Now, in my eager haste to fly,
My wonder, and astonishment,
I scarcely know what to reply :
I only know that Heaven hath bent
Towards this spot my wandering feet,
That I might this just lesson meet : —
That one who mourns her own distress,
Might view another in worse wretchedness
They tell of a sage, that one day he
Was brought to such sad poverty,
As to sustain himself alone
Upon the roots and herbs he gleaned :
" A mortal like me is there one ?"
To himself he said ; and when he leaned
Aside his head at once, he found
An answer, for a sage did glide
Behind his steps, and from the ground
Gathered the leaves he threw aside. —
Murmuring at my fortune, I
Lived in this world, and when I said,
Lives there a man more wretched made ?
Heaven comes in mercy to reply —
Since when I turn my thoughts, I find
Thou wouldst have gathered all my pains,
And joyfully esteemed them gains ;
But if, perchance, thou art inclined
To listen and to share with me
My griefs in magic sympathy,
Griefs that to my soul appear
Beyond my strength to bear — give ear.

Clotaldo and the armed attendants, who rush in to interrupt the dialogue, hastily remove with signs of alarm the mysterious prisoner, whose picturesque discourse had awakened Rosaura's curiosity ; and, having accomplished this, after some opposition from Segismund, Clotaldo demands of the intruders how they could have ventured to trespass on grounds which were forbidden to be approached, on pain of death, by any subject of Poland. The excuse, that they are strangers, will not avail to liberate them ; and though Clotaldo shows compassion for their misfortune, he nevertheless orders them to surrender their arms. Rosaura, in despair, delivers her weapon ; desiring him, at the same time, to keep it in remembrance of this adventure, should she be condemned to die, as there is a mystery attached to it regarding her fortunes, trusting to which alone she had come to Poland in search of a friend to assist her in avenging a wrong. Clotaldo, upon examining the

sword, discovers in it a pledge of love given by him in his youth to a lady, so that the person before him is his own child — his son as he deems. After a struggle between loyalty and affection for a dishonoured child, the former prevails, and he departs with his prisoners to the king.

But we must give a little more of the exposition, in the words of two additional *dramatis personæ*; to whom, after a salvo of artillery, we beg leave to introduce the reader.

Flourish of trumpets, and enter, on one side, Astolfo and Soldiers, on the other, the Infanta Estrella and her Ladies.

Astolfo. — Gloriously the bright rays, flashing
Like meteors, mingle with their peal
The sound of flutes and cymbals clashing,
Whilst warbling birds and fountains steal
Upon us every interval
In melody, and in their joy
As they advance, each dying fall
Salutes thee as their queen, Seniors,
Armed like Pallas to destroy,
And the birds as their Aurora,
And the flowers, too, as their Flora —
For Aurora, in her joy —
Pallas, Flora — all thou art,
And queen in my enchanted heart.

Estrella. — If human voice we must compare
With human actions, ill dost thou
Such courtous feelings to avow,
When thy warlike signs declare
Another meaning. Doth this sword
With thy flatteries well accord?
O think 't is an unmanly act,
Fit only for a savage vile,
The mother of decoit and guile,
Falsehood with the tongue to plead,
And thus to injure whilst you smile.

Astolfo. — Greatly art thou misinformed,
Estrella, since with doubts unjust
My faith and honour you mistrust;
Thoughts like these I never formed.
I pray you with attention hear
If rightly I our case declare: —
Eustorgio, king of Poland, died,
Leaving his son Basilio heir,
And two young orphan girls beside,
From whom our lives and crowns we gain. —
(I wish not of the rest to treat,
Which scarcely I need here repeat) —
My aunt, thy mother, Clorilene,
Whom of her crown just Heaven deprived,
Placing a nobler on her brow,
The elder daughter was, and thou,
Her child, through her this right derived.
Gay Recisunda next, thine aunt,
My mother, who, in Muscovy,
Married a noble duke, and I
From her was born. Now, pray you, grant
Me leave, Seniors, to revert
Towards the other principle.
Time doth Basilio now compel
To appoint an heir — but more expert
In secret studies than to reign,
He waxes old in childless age;
Meanwhile, his crown and appanage
We both endeavour to obtain;

Thou hast a worthier right pretended,
 Born of the elder ; I averred
 That I, a son, should be preferred,
 Tho' of the younger child descended.
 Our fixed intentions we relate
 Unto the king, who then replies,
 That much he wished to compromise
 Our claims, and to communicate
 With us, appointing this the day
 And this the spot ; with which design
 I left my dukedom — thou left thine —
 And to this country bent our way.
 O might love's blessed deity,
 On whom that sure astrologer,
 The vulgar voice, doth now confer
 The pleasing power to remedy
 Our wrongs, proclaim thee to be queen,
 But queen in my enchanted heart,
 Our uncle giving thee his crown —
 Thy worth bestowing its renown,
 When, my dear life, my soul, thou art !
Estrella. — Ah, yes ! 't is most distinctly seen
 What mean thy courteous compliments !
 But yet, I would not be outdone
 By thee in generous sentiments ;
 And this high throne I would have won
 For thee alone : yet would my love
 Be much dissatisfied to prove
 What I suspect — that all you say,
 The miniature which you display
 Around your neck, proves false.
Astolfo. I will
 Content thee as to that ; but now
 The time is wanting to fulfil
 This promise, for each instrument
 Doth with its brazen tongue avow
 The king comes with his parliament !

King Basilio having returned their respectful salutations, begins a lengthy oration to his assembled courtiers, by telling them that he is a renowned and learned astrologer, but regretting exceedingly that he ever tampered with the deceitful science. He also lets them into a greater secret, namely, that he has a son and heir whose existence had never till this present moment been dreamt of. To Segismund, it seems, his "inauspicious star" threatens a thousand treasons and misfortunes. He is doomed, in short, to see his father's venerable hairs laid prostrate at his feet ; and as, in his first entry into the world, he had given an indication of his furious disposition by the "sad omen of his mother's death," the superstitious monarch immured him from his infancy apart from all mankind in a lone tower. Basilio next declares his intention of trying the effect of his system of education by placing Segismund to-morrow on his throne, where, if he behave with propriety, he will remain for life ; but if, on the contrary, he give a loose rein to his passions, he will be restored to his tower, as a foredoomed and irreclaimable prodigy, and Astolfo and Estrella elected in his stead. The plan is approved of by the council.

Clotaldo then enters, and demands pardon for his prisoner's inadvertence, which, as there is now no need of concealment, the king readily grants. Clotaldo, upon dismissing his supposed son, urges him to wash out his insult in his enemy's blood ; but when Rosaura, in gratitude for his protection, tells him that Astolfo is the foe, and that she is a woman, he is reduced to the greatest distress.

The second Jornada opens with a conversation between Clotaldo and the

king; to whom the former relates the manner of Segismund's removal to the palace, when overcome by a soporific potion administered to him. The old courtier, however, expresses great doubts as to the success of the experiment. After the king's departure,

Enter Clarin.

Clarin (apart). — At the price of four good blows,
Which it cost in running hither,
From a red coat halberdier,
Whom I bearded for his dress,
I come at last to see what passes;
For there 's not a window surer
Than that which, without asking leave
Of usher or of officer,
A man still bears within himself,
Since, at all kind of spectacles,
He may appear by impudence.

Clotaldo (apart). — This is Clarin, serving-man
Of that, (O heavens!) that wretched child,
Who, dealing in misfortunes, came
To Poland for my ruin. — Ha,
Clarin, what's thy news, my friend?

Clarin. — News, sir! that your clemency,
Disposed to rectify the wrongs
Of Dame Rosaura, counsels her
To re-assume her proper garb.

Clotaldo. — 'T is well, that it may not appear
Like levity.

Clarin. — And that in changing
Her name, and taking prudently
The name of niece to thee, e'en now
Such wondrous honour she receives,
That dame of honour, in the palace
Of fair Estrella, she resides.

Clotaldo. — 'T is well again, that she for once
Some honour get on my account.

Clarin. — And, also, that she now expects
A time and opportunity
Will come to you to aid her cause.

Clotaldo. — A prudent foresight truly that —
For certainly it must be time
Alone that brings about these cures.

Clarin. — And also that she is regaled
And tended as becomes a queen,
And that tho' coming with her, I
Do, notwithstanding, die of hunger;
Yet no one takes a heed of me,
Without considering that I am
A clarion; and if I but sound,
I may tell every thing that passes
To Astolfo and Estrella;
For clarion and a serving man
Are two that keep a secret ill,
And it may be, if I be left
In silence and neglect, I'll show
No clarion to the world around
Can utter forth a louder sound.

Clotaldo. — Complaints like thine are founded well,
So I shall see thee satisfied,
And in all things attend to me.

Clarin. — Behold! where Segismund's arrived.

Enter Musicians singing, and Attendants handing garments to Segismund, who enters in astonishment.

Segismund. — Immortal powers! what scene is this?
Oh Heaven! can I this sight believe?
It is in vain that I conceive!
'T is surely all a dream this bliss!

I, 'midst sumptuous palaces !
 I, 'midst silk and fine brocade,
 Attended by a vast parade
 Of slaves in rich and gorgeous dress !
 To have awoke from out my slumber
 Within that bed, and then around
 A crowd of servants to have found
 Thronging in such countless number !
 To say I dream were to mistake —
 Am I not Segismund who reign ?
 Well know I that I am awake —
 Oh Heaven ! assist me to explain !
 Say, then, how could it come to pass
 That, whilst I slept, my fantasy
 Could cause me all these things to see.
 No ! such it surely never was ;
 But whosoever it is or was
 Who kindly placed me in this state,
 All I ask is, let him wait,
 And soon he'll see what comes to pass.

First Attendant. — How melancholy we appear !

Second Attendant. — No wonder, in such reverie
 To whom would this not come ?

Clarin. To me.

First Attendant. — And shall they so enchant thine ear.

[To Segismund.

Sing a measure.

Segismund. — No ; no more

Their song I wish. —

Second Attendant. — Perchance it would
 Divert thy melancholy mood.

Segismund. — No ; I rather choose the roar
 Of loud and warlike strains to hear.

Clotaldo. — Great prince, your highness unto me
 Must first of all your hand bestow,
 That I may pay the debt I owe
 Your grandeur on my bended knee.

Segismund. — How now, Clotaldo ? who with pain
 Did in a dungeon long maltreat me,
 Here at my feet comes to entreat me —
 What thought is this whirls through my brain ?

[Apart.

Clotaldo. — Amidst the doubts and the confusion
 Of this thy new estate, I fear
 Thy mind conceives it all illusion ;
 But I approach these doubts to clear,
 If it may be, and therefore since
 'T is right thy rank to understand,
 Thy mind and reason to expand,
 Know, then, thou art Polonia's prince —
 Her lawful prince ; and if retired
 From all mankind thy days were spent,
 'T was but to live obedient
 Towards the heavens, which have conspired
 Thy throne and kingdom to o'erspread
 With a thousand ills, when thee
 The laurel leaf of sovereignty
 Encircles. Thus the stars have said ;
 But trusting to thy princely mind
 To o'ercome the stars' malignity,
 (For to o'ercome their power will he
 Be able who is so inclined ;)
 Thou to the palace wast conveyed
 From the lone tower where thou hast slept,
 Whilst in a potent slumber deep
 All thy senses were allayed ;
 The king, thy father, and my lord,
 Will come to visit thee, and then
 All other doubts will he explain.

Segismund. — Ha! traitor vile, thou slave abhorred!
 What need have I of knowing more,
 Since now my birth you represent,
 To prove to all my proud descent,
 And height to which my power can soar?
 How to thy country hast thou done
 Such wilful treason, to deny,
 Against all right and royalty,
 This kingdom to thy monarch's son?
 Thy prince from all mankind withdraw,
 And hide him from himself?

Clotaldo. Ah me!

Segismund. — Thou wert a traitor to the law,
 And used the basest treachery
 Towards the king — to me unkind;
 And thus the law, the king, and I,
 For all these crimes and sins combined,
 Condemn thee by these hands to die.

Second Attendant. — My lord!

Segismund. — Beware, or soon I'll show
 If you dare cross me, 't is in vain.
 By Heaven, sir, if you don't refrain,
 Over the window there you go.

Second Attendant. — Fly, Clotaldo!

Clotaldo. — Ah! sir, stay.

Alas! for thee so high esteeming
 Thyself, forgetting thou art dreaming.

Second Attendant. — Consider!

Segismund. — Get thee gone, I say!

Second Attendant. — In him 't was lawful to comply
 With each command his sovereign willed.

Segismund. — 'T was wrong this one to have fulfilled
 'Gainst law, and then his prince am I.

Second Attendant. — 'T was not for him, sir, to respect
 The law or justice of the plea.

Segismund. — That thou art crazed I much suspect,
 That with me thou durst make so free.

Clarín. — The prince says admirably well,
 And you all act exceedingly ill.

Second Attendant. — Who gave thee leave to speak thy will?

Clarín. — I took the leave my mind to tell.

Segismund. — Say, who art thou?

Clarín. — A foolish clown,
 That all men in like mode persuades,
 Good for nothing Jack of all trades,
 As in the world was ever known,
 And master of these vagabonds.

Segismund. — Thou alone in worlds so new
 Hast pleased me.

Clarín. — Sir, for your affection,
 Much I thank and honour you.
 Believe me, for all Segismunds
 I have the strongest predilection.

Enter Astolfo.

Astolfo. — Happy a thousand times the day,
 O prince! on which thou first art seen,
 The sun of Poland, to display
 Thy splendour and thy light serene,
 On all the heavenly orbs around,
 Enlightening the horizon far!
 But since thou com'st forth like day's star,
 And, like him, midst the hills art found,
 Arise, then; and though late we heap thy
 Honours on thy royal brow,
 Since on thy head they flourish now,
 Late may they perish!

Segismund. — Oh! God keep thee! — (*contemptuously.*)

Astolfo. — That you don't know me from my look,
Must be the cause that no more you
Respect me : I 'm Astolfo, duke
Of Muscovy ; your cousin, too.

Segismund. — If with " God keep thee ! " you I greet,
Is 't not a complimenting strain ?
But since now boastfully you treat
Of whom you are, and thus complain,
I give not honour due, next call
I'll say, God keep thee not at all !

Second Attendant. — Your highness will reflect with care,
That being among the mountains born,
A higher rank by him is worn.

Segismund. — It irks me that with such an air
Of consequence he came, and that
The first thing, when he spoke to me,
Was on his head to place his hat.

Second Attendant. — Consider, he is a grandee.

Segismund. — But I am greater.

Second Attendant. — I suggest,
Some more respect be used between
Great lords than is with others seen.

Segismund. — Who made thee judge of what is best ?

The Infanta Estrella next enters to pay her respects to her new relative, who is, of course, at first sight "*eperdument epris*," as the French say. Though never till now blessed with the sight of one of the fair sex in her proper garb, Segismund pays her the most highflown compliments; and being no Caliban, courteously imprints a kiss upon her hand, to the great uneasiness and jealousy of Astolfo. The attendant who had on a former occasion presumed to exchange words with the prince hazards his advice another time, at which his master is so incensed, that he fairly tosses him over the window. Last of all, the king, his father, enters, and a scene of mutual recrimination ensues, without the least signs of respect or repentance being displayed on the part of Segismund; after which

Enter Rosaura in a woman's dress.

Rosaura (apart). — Following in Estrella's train
Hither I've come, and fear to meet again
The duke, for 't was Clotaldo's prayer
That I should not to him myself declare,
As it my honour's safety might decide,
And I unto Clotaldo's care confide
My cause, to be by his advice controlled,
Since to his love I owe the rank I hold.

Clarín (to Segismund). — Say, what is that hath given thee most delight
Above all things that here have met thy sight ?

Segismund. — Nothing do I admire,
All was foretold me ; but if I desire
Aught in this world, t'will be
Woman's divine enchanting majesty,
And I remember me I read
Whilome in books, that what 'bove all displayed
Nature's divinest plan,
As being a world within himself, was man.
I think the work to which most care was given
Was woman ; for she is herself a heaven,
And by her beauty's spells,
As far as heaven does earth, she man excels,
And more, if it be one I now admire.

Rosaura (apart). — The prince is here ; I therefore must retire.

Segismund. — Ho ! woman ! stand at least ;
Join not the west unto the orient east ;
Nay, fly not at first sight,
And join the bright day to the gloomy night ;

Remove those eyes and lips,
And, doubtless, thou wilt cause the day's eclipse ;
But sure mine eyes deceive.

Rosaura. — What I behold I doubt, and yet believe.

Segismund. — The beauty she would hide
I've seen before.

Rosaura. Sure I this pomp and pride
Beheld before in strife
Within a dungeon.

Segismund. — Lo ! I've found my life,
(O woman ! for that name
Has on a man the most endearing claim.
Who art thou ? dost thou know,
Thou to thy prince dost adoration owe,
Tho' ne'er beheld by thee ? But I
My claim by other rights will justify.
Methinks, I've seen before
The heavenly beauty which I now adore.
Fair creature, what's thy name ?

Rosaura (apart). — I must dissemble — I'm Estrella's dame,
Midst stars a feeble ray.

Segismund. — No, say not so : a bright sun rather say
From which her star's pale light
Borrows its splendour, shining but by night.
I saw amidst the bowers
That, in the kingdom of perfumes and flowers,
The rose's deity
Was held as empress, born of fairest tree ;
I saw, midst jewels fine,
In the rare knowledge of each various mine,
Preferred the diamond stone
Above them all, as it most brilliant shone.
I in the clear and high
Republic of the still revolving sky,
Beheld that loftier far
Than all the rest shone the bright morning star,
And in the highest spheres,
Where the sun calls the planets his peers,
Beheld him in his might,
Hailed the great oracle of day and night.
How then, if, midst the jewels, stars, and flowers,
The fairest and most beautiful have most powers,
And shine the most exalted, canst thou own
Obedience to less beauty than thine own,
As, being lovelier far,
Rose, diamond, sun, and flower, and morning star ?

Enter Clotaldo from the side.

Clotaldo. — Young Segismund I would redeem,
For I it was, in truth, who nurtured him :
But, lo ! What's this ?

[*Apart.*

Rosaura. Thy favour I revere ;
And let my silence eloquence appear ;
When thus embarrassment confounds the mind,
She best discourses, who no tongue can find.

Segismund. — Nay, thou must not absent thyself ! Remain !
Wherefore wouldst thou depart in such disdain,
Darkening my sight ? O stand !

Rosaura. — This favour of your highness I demand.

Segismund. — Such violent speed to make,
Is not to ask the licence, but to take.

Rosaura. — If you wo'n't give, to take it I expect.

Segismund. — Thou'lt make me pass to rudeness from respect ;
For this resistance is the worst of ills —
A fatal poison, which my patience kills.

Rosaura. — Yet though this poison, which you name,
Of fear and passion mingled, overcame
Patience, yet, of respect to me,
It would not dare the conqueror to be.

Segismund. — Merely to prove, if I possess the might,
Thou'lt cause me to neglect thy beauty's right ;
For much, believe me, I'm inclined
To vanquish what seems to another mind
Impossible, as I've now shown,
When, o'er the palace-window, one was thrown,
Who said I dared not treat him so ;
And thus, 't is evident, my power to show,
Thine honour through the window I would throw.

Clotaldo (apart). He ventures on, still more and more.
What must I do ? O heavens ! Must I deplore,
For a vain foolish thought,
Mine honour, to this second peril brought ?

Rosaura. No ; 't was not doomed in vain
That this poor kingdom, in thy cruel reign,
Would suffer the extremes
Of woe and treason, from thy tyrant schemes.
But what more could we claim
Of one who has nought human but the name ?
Presumptuous, haughty, blind,
Proud, arrogant, with wild barbarian mind,
'Midst savage monsters born.

Segismund. That thou might'st not repeat thy furious scorn,
We showed ourselves so kind and courteous,
Thinking thereby to win thy love to us ;
But if we be all that they represent,
By thus replying, shalt thou this repent. —
Holla ! Leave us alone there ! You exhaust
My patience. Lock the doors fast !

[Exit Clarin.

Rosaura. O, I'm lost !
Remember —

Segismund. — I 'm a king,
A monarch, tyrant ; vainly now you cling.

Clotaldo. — O sad heart-rending sight !
I shall assist her, though 't is death to fight.
My lord, restrain your wrath !

[Apart.
[Comes forward.

Segismund. — Hast thou a second time, then, crossed my path !
Foolish old man ! How now !
A tyrant's wrath a trifle, deemest thou ?
What is thine errand, say ?

Clotaldo. — The cry of one in trouble, I obey,
To tell thee thou must school
Thy passions, if thou longer seek'st to rule ;
Nor be, though thou the king of all may'st seem,
Thus cruel, for perhaps 't is but a dream.

Segismund. — To madness you provoke
My passion when my mercy you invoke
By disenchanting me. Thy death shall try
If it be truth or dream.

Clotaldo. Thus, then, do I
Attempt my life to save. [Endeavours to prevent the drawing of his dagger.

Segismund. — Let go thy hold : unhand my sword, vile slave !

Clotaldo. — Not till men come this way
Will I unloose.

Rosaura. O heavens !

Segismund. Let go, I say !
Thou hoary fool, thy breath
Thus do I stop by strangling thee to death.
Rosaura. — Help ! Help ! O fly ! O hold !
Clotaldo's slain !

[They struggle.

[Exit.

Enter Astolfo as Clotaldo falls, and interposes between them.

Astolfo. What is 't I now behold ?
Prince, could thy generous mind
Thus to have stained thy valiant sword designed,
When his grey hairs implored ?
For shame ! My lord, put up your naked sword !

Segismund.—When first my weapon's dyed
In his detested blood.

Astolfo. Thus at his side
Do I protect him in his need;
And much rejoice to serve him by the deed.

Segismund.—'T will serve thee but to die; for in this way
I also learn to avenge me, and repay
With death thy past affront.

Astolfo. I but defend
My life, thus majesty I don't offend.

[*They fight.*]

Enter the King, Estrella, and Attendants.

Clotaldo.—Harm him not, senior!

Basilio. How in this place steel?

Estrella.—It is Astolfo. Ah! What pangs I feel!

Lisilio.—Tell me what wrong hath passed.

Astolfo.—'T is nothing, sire, since you have come at last.

[*Sheath their swords.*]

Segismund.—Sire, it is much, altho' you have arrived:
That fool, of life I sought to have deprived.

Basilio.—Dost thou no more respect assign
To these grey hairs?

Clotaldo. O, Sire, what, then, are mine?
Thou see'st they nought avail.

Segismund. Thoughts vain and weak!
Honour for hoary heads in me to seek!
Perchance those locks may come,
Prostrate at my feet to see themselves o'ercome:
Not yet is vengeance due

Exacted for the wrongs I've borne from you.

[*Exit.*]

Basilio.—First, ere thou see that sight,
To sleep thou shalt return ere it be night;
For all that's past, and all thou didst attempt,
Being this world's prosperity, was dreamt.

[*Excunt.*]

The stage being now left to Astolfo and Estrella, the latter, still affected by a slight jealousy, demands the surrender of the picture she had beheld around her lover's neck. He departs, to comply with her demand. Meanwhile, Rosaura enters, and is requested by Estrella, from motives of delicacy, to receive the miniature from the duke, on her account. In this awkward situation, Rosaura is recognised by Astolfo, who insists, spite of her dissimulation, in not intrusting the picture to her keeping. A struggle for the miniature ensues. Estrella, returning, demands an explanation of the scene. Rosaura pretends that, having a picture of herself on her person, she had happened to drop it at the moment of Astolfo's entry, and that he now refused to restore it. She appeals for the truth of this statement to the picture itself. Estrella examines it; and, being convinced by the resemblance it bears to her maid, gives it to Rosaura, who makes her exit. The infanta next demands the one which Astolfo had departed to bring; and, upon his stammering out an excuse, casts him off in disdain.

Prince Segismund, like another Christopher Sly, is then borne back to his prison, in a deep slumber.

Discovers Segismund sleeping on the ground, as in the beginning, and enter Clotaldo, two Servants, and Clarin.

Clotaldo.—Here must you leave him; for his pride
Must end to-day where it began.

Servant.—The chain I'll fasten in the plan
In which it formerly was tied.

Clarin.—Make thou no haste, young Segismund,
To awake from out thy sleep, and see
Thy glory changed to misery;
'T was but life's shadow, nought beyond.

Clotaldo.—For him who knows thus to discourse,
'T were best a chamber to provide,
Wherein he may have room to chide
And chatter till he's dumb or hoarse.
Seize that man, and under ground
Fast lock him up!

[To servants.

Clarín. Why so, I pray?

Clotaldo.—A clarion, that such tunes can play,
Is safest where it cannot sound.

Clarín.—Have I, forsooth, for such a deed
As a father's death conspired and strove, or
Thrown an Icarus just over
The window? No, not I, indeed!
Dream I or sleep? Why shut me in?
Tell me the cause?

Clotaldo. Thou art Clarín.

Clarín.—A cornet now will I become,
Or instrument both deaf and dumb.

[They bear him out.

Enter King in disguise.

Basilio.—Clotaldo!

Clotaldo. Sir, is't thus you come?

Basilio.—A foolish wish hath hither brought
Me wandering—what is done, to see
With Segismund:—O, wo is me!

Clotaldo.—Behold!

Basilio. Ah me! He little thought,
My child, in hour unlucky born,
To feel so near his wretched fate:—
O prince, most unfortunate,
Of all thy vanities now shorn!
But soft, behold he stirs at length:
He moves his arm, and now has gained
His vigour; for the cup he drained
No more enervates all his strength:
His sighs are louder, breathings firmer.
What dreams he of? What does he now?

Clotaldo.—Why, he begins to move and murmur;
And hark! He speaks! Then listen thou!

Segismund (speaks in his sleep).—He, who a tyrant can defeat,
Must be a prince both good and grand.
Die, Clotaldo, by this hand:
My humbled father, kiss these feet.

Clotaldo.—To me he threatens death.

Basilio. To me
Harsh and impious cruelty.

Segismund.—Before the world's admiring stage
Let my imperious valour shine—
Triumphant o'er his king's design
See Segismundo's generous rage.
But wo is me! Where am I now?

[Awakes.

Basilio.—But me he must not recognise;
Remember that thou must disguise:
I go to hear what he'll avow.

[Retires.

Segismund.—And am I then? can I be he
Who comes to view himself here bound
Within a prison, and around
The proofs of his captivity?
Is't not my former sepulchre?
The tower! Yes, Heaven guard my mind!
I've dreamt of many things, I find.

Clotaldo.—'T is time for Segismund to stir;
'Tis for awaking now the hour.

Segismund.—Now is the hour, indeed, for waking.

Clotaldo.—All day long thou hast been taking
Slumber deep, since from the tower
I followed the proud eagle's flight,
There didst thou lie, and ne'er awoke.

Segismund. — Nor have I yet my slumbers broke,
Clotaldo : I believe me right
 In thinking that I still am sleeping :
 Nor am I wrong in thus asserting :
 For, if all things were dreamt which I,
 My senses in oblivion steeping,
 Thought I saw before me, why
 Doubt not all I see uncertain ?
 For when I sleep, I clearly see
 That when I wake I clearly dream.

Clotaldo. — What thou has dreamt explain to me.

Segismund. — But yet, supposing that we deem
 It was a dream, I will not say
 What I have dreamt, but what I saw,
Clotaldo ; listen, then, I pray ;
 Methought I woke ; and, in my awe,
 Beheld me on a couch reclined,
 Which, for its bright resplendent die,
 With the gorgeous flowers of spring might vie : —
 A thousand nobles there inclined,
 And, at my feet, the name divine
 Of prince bestowed ; and, in their state,
 Jewels, garments, plumes, did wait
 Attending to my nod and sign.
 My senses calm thou didst convert
 Into wild joy : when to convince
 My doubts, thou saidst, “ Thou art and wert
 Polonia’s true and lawful prince.”

Clotaldo. — O ! marvellous good luck was thine !

Segismund. — Nay, ’t was not good ; for, tiger-like
 In my wrath, I sought to strike
 Once, nay twice, — I would have slain
Clotaldo.

Clotaldo. — Such reward for me ?

Segismund. — I was the lord o’er all, and fain
 Would have avenged their treachery.
 One woman only I did love ;
 And that ’tis truth I well believe ;
 For all the others changes prove,
 The whilst this thought alone doth cleave.

[*Exit King.*
Apart.

Clotaldo. — The king has gone, moved to compassion
 By his lament. So, whilst we spoke
 Of eagles, and until you woke,
 You thought of ruling in this fashion.
 But, *Segismund*, it more becoms,
 Even in dreams, to honour those
 Who, for our virtue, interpose : —
 Good is not lost, though done in dreams.

[*Exit.*

Segismund. — ’T is true, and therefore let ’s redeem
 This cruel mind and wild condition,
 Savage fury, mad ambition :
 If, at times, we mortals dream,
 As all must do, since we live in
 A world so singular and rare,
 Merely to live and draw the air
 Sufficeth us to dream and sin :
 And my experience truly spake,
 That men but dream, in vapour thin,
 That which they are till they awake.
 The king dreams he is a king, and lives
 In his deception all commanding,
 Governing and reprimanding.
 And the applause that he receives
 Is written in the wind, and death
 Converts to ashes. Ah, sad fate !
 His glory and his mighty state,
 When, with his dart, he stops his breath.

Then he should heed who seeks to reign,
 Seeing that he is doomed to wake
 In death's dream; and the rich mistake
 Who dream of cares their riches gain;
 The poor man dreams the misery
 He's doomed to suffer and outlive;
 He dreams who labours for his fee;
 He also dreams who 'gins to thrive;
 He who arms or injures, dreams;
 And, in this world, in the conclusion,
 Each man dreams that which he seems,
 And no one knows 't is all illusion.
 I dream, that here, with wonted strife,
 I rail to walls; I also dreamed,
 That in a station more esteemed,
 I saw myself: then, what is life?
 'T is a frenzy, 't is a madness,
 Short-lived joy, that ends in sadness.
 Phantoms, that, like fairy elves,
 Shine, and vanish, do we seem;
 For our life is but a dream,
 And a dream the dreams themselves.

The third Jornada opens with a speech by Clarin, in his lonely tower, in which he attempts a few witticisms on his own hunger; but, apparently, it is no joking subject, as they are all exceeding “*mauvais ton.*” A noise is heard. The door of the prison is burst open, and a company of soldiers hail him as their prince. Clarin, at first, is at a loss to conceive how he comes to acquire such honour; but concluding it must be the fashion of this kingdom to elect a prince one day, and shut him within a tower the next, he resolves to accommodate himself to his fate, and begins to assume the airs of his office, when the true Segismund, hearing the disturbance, enters, and dispels the illusion. The soldiers, having saluted him as their monarch, describe an insurrection of the people against the council assembled for the election of Astolfo, and invite Segismund to assume the command of an army assembled for his rescue. It is almost impossible to persuade the prince a second time of the reality of these appearances.

Segismund. — Once more, O heavens! once more do ye desire,
 That I dream power and dignity for a time
 To dissipate? Once more do ye ordain
 That I behold, 'midst shadows and illusions,
 The pomp and majesty, that with the wind
 Disperse and vanish? Once more must I prove
 The hazards and defeated hopes to which
 All earthly power is liable when born?
 No, no, it must not be; it must not be;
 Behold me once more subject to my fate:
 And, since I know this life is but a dream,
 Go shadows, that to my dead senses feign
 Body and voice, seeing that it is truth
 Ye have no lasting substance. No more pomp,
 Or foolish glory, seek I: vain illusions,
 Which, at the lightest breath of air, disperse
 Even as the flowering almond-tree, whose boughs
 At the first zephyr, from their crowning bloom,
 Scatter their pride and ornaments around.
 I know you all, I know you all; I feel
 The same must pass with every one who sleeps.
 Ye have no charms for me: when, undeceived,
 I know too well that life is but a dream.

Soldier. — If thou dost fancy that we now deceive thee,
 Turn towards yonder eminence thine eyes,
 And there behold the multitudes that wait
 Thy dictates to obey.

Segismund. The other time
 I saw the same as clear and as distinct
 As I now see ; yet was it all a dream.
Soldier. — Coming events, my lord, still cast their omens ;
 And what you dreamt the last time augured this.
Segismund. — Thou say'st well : 'twas the omen, and, in case
 This should prove true, since life is so short lived,
 Let's dream, my soul, — let's dream another time —
 (With heed and caution tho') that we may wake
 From out these pleasures at a fitter hour.
 By bearing wisely thus, if undeceived,
 Our sorrow will be less ; for, to make light
 Of what we lose is to advance our heed.
 And, with this foresight, that, though all were true,
 Power is but lent, and soon must to its lord
 Be rendered back : let's forward to our fate.
 Vassals, I thank your loyalty : in me
 You see one will bravely strive to free you
 From foreign bondage. Sound to arms, and soon
 You will behold my valour. From the stars
 I shall extract the truth, that I must view
 My royal father prostrate at my feet,
 But what, if I awake ere this, perhaps
 'T were better to conceal what I would say,
 Supposing that I fail to do the deed.
Soldier. — Long live Prince Segismund !
All. — Hurrah ! hurrah !

[*Apart.*]*Enter Clotaldo.*

Clotaldo. — What outcry's this ?
Segismund. Clotaldo !
Clotaldo. Sire, at length
 On me he will expend his rage.
Clarin. I swear,
 He'll have him tossed from off the battlements.
Clotaldo. — Here to thy royal feet I come to die.
Segismund. — Rise, rise, my father : thou must be my guide, —
 The north star, by whose light I choose my path ;
 For now I know that to thy loyal care
 I stand indebted for my youthful lore : —
 Come to my arms !
Clotaldo. What say'st thou ?
Segismund. — That I dream !
 And would act well, that I might not omit
 To do good e'en in dreams.
Clotaldo. If 't is thy boast,
 Great prince, to act with virtue, surely now
 'T will not offend that I entreat thee — pause.
 Against thy parent wilt thou levy war ?
 I cannot counsel thee, or lend mine arm
 Against my king ; behold me at thy feet —
 Command my death.
Segismund. O, villain, traitor, slave !
 But, heavens ! I must restrain : I know not yet
 If I be waking. Thy great worth, Clotaldo,
 I envy and esteem thee for : depart,
 And serve the king. I'll meet thee in the plain.
 Now, sound to arms !
Clotaldo. A thousand times I thank you. —
Segismund. — Fortune, I go to reign ; then wake me not
 If I now dream ; and, if it be the truth,
 Let me not sleep : but be it truth or dream,
 To work good is the matter that imports :
 If it be true, because 't is so ; if not,
 To gain friends for the time when we awake.

[*Apart.*][*Apart.*][*Exit.*][*Exeunt.*]

Enter King Basilio and Astolfo.

Basilio. — Ah ! who, Astolfo, calmly could restrain
The fury of a wild, unbridled steed ?
Who could a river's rapid course detain,
Whose foaming torrents towards the ocean speed ?
Who could the mountain avalanche retain,
Or from beneath its thundering course impede ?
Yet easier far might one such strength acquire
Than calm the fickle crowd's licentious ire —

And so forth for some six or seven additional stanzas. All are now in confusion. The king flies. Astolfo hastes to give battle to the foe; and Rosaura, reduced to despair, resolves to attempt the hazardous experiment of making an appeal to the conquering Segismund, who appears marching at the head of his army, tempering the impetuous sallies of his arrogance, which from time to time burst forth with the remembrance that it is all a dream, out of which he must soon awake, with the satisfaction or repentance of having acted virtuously or infamously. He listens to the long recital of Rosaura's story, and is more and more perplexed at the evidence of the reality of his former misery and grandeur; and, after musing on the instability of both, concludes with —

Let us be wise to avail ourselves of bliss
Which is before us placed : — she 's in my power ;
My soul adores her beauty ; let me now
Enjoy the occasion ; for love breaks the laws
That guard inviolate the faith with which
She threw herself before my feet to sue.
This is a dream ; — since 't is so, let me dream
Of some true happiness, and afterwards
Let sorrow come ; but yet with mine own words
I now come to convince me 'gainst myself.
If but a dream — a poor vain glory — who
For such poor mortal glory would resign
A heavenly crown ? Past joy ! is 't not a dream ?
Whoever felt heroic bliss who did not
Say to himself, revolving in his mind,
Doubtless I was but dreaming when I knew it ?
This touches mine own case ; if, then, I know
Enticing pleasure be a brilliant flame,
Which every wind that blows converts to ashes,
Let's fix our thoughts upon eternity.
Which is the long-lived fame, where neither bliss
Reposes, nor is grandeur laid aside.
Rosaura is not honourable — what then ?
Honour it more becomes a prince to give
Than basely steal away. God help my mind !
Must I of her poor beauty conqueror be
Rather than of my kingdom ? Let me shun
The strong temptation. — Ho, there ! sound to arms !
To-day must I give battle, ere the night
Her dusky mantle spreads o'er rays of gold,
And buries in the dark green western wave
My star's bright rays for ever.

In the conflict he is victorious. • The humbled monarch is discovered hidden among the trees of the mountain; and being brought before his son, throws himself at his feet. Segismund regards him for some time in silent emotion, and at last breaks out into a passionate declamation against the folly and cruelty of opposing the will of Heaven by such unnatural treatment of him. His better nature at length prevails, and he raises his father to his arms. Astolfo is made to wed Rosaura, and Segismund supplies his place in Estrella's affections.

THE FLOWERING TREES AND SHRUBS OF JUNE.

THERE is perhaps no season in which the flowering shrubs of British gardens make so brilliant a display as in May and June, particularly in the latter month, from the addition of the rhododendrons and roses. In this respect we have great advantages over our ancestors, for nearly all the most beautiful of our flowering shrubs are of modern introduction. The different ornamental kinds of *Ribes*, the American barberries, and many other of our most beautiful shrubs, have been introduced since 1824, and two thirds of the remainder since 1810. It is amusing and scarcely credible to see how very few ornamental shrubs and low trees were known to our ancestors. In the days of Queen Ann, and of George I., almost the only ornamental trees and shrubs were variegated hollies, and a few of the commoner kinds of roses. What our ancestors wanted in the variety, and, we may add, quality, of their shrubs, was, however, made up in the great quantity of each sort that was planted. High box, yew, or holly hedges, wildernesses of hornbeam, and bowers of roses, were the staple ornaments of their pleasure grounds, and a few lilacs and laburnums were introduced by those who wished it to be thought that they possessed a taste for botany. During the whole reign of Ann, according to Loudon's "*Arboretum Britannicum*," not above half a dozen flowering shrubs were introduced; and in the reign of George I. not above nine or ten more. About the middle of the century, the American rhododendrons and kalmias began to be planted in English gardens; and from that period to the present time, the taste for, and, consequently, the importation of, foreign trees and shrubs have increased so rapidly, that between 1811 and 1830 above seven hundred new ornamental trees and shrubs were introduced into British pleasure grounds. The finest trees and shrubs of these introductions have also speedily become well known and in general cultivation, and instead of lingering for a century or two as formerly, in the hands of a few individuals, they are now found to spread in a few years, even before they have lost the first freshness and bloom of their novelty, into cottage gardens; and the demand increases so fast, that collectors are at this moment in almost every unexplored region of the globe catering for the vigorous appetite that has been created.

One of the most beautiful, and, at the same time, one of the most numerous, families of flowering shrubs now cultivated in our gardens, consists of the numerous species belonging to the genus *Ribes*. Nearly all the ornamental species of this genus are of quite recent introduction. Till lately, but few persons had any idea that the genus *Ribes* included any plants worth cultivation but the common gooseberry and the red and black currants; for though some few other species were introduced about the middle of the last century, they were not sufficiently ornamental to attract general notice. In 1812, the first really ornamental kinds of *Ribes* were introduced, viz. those with yellow flowers. The handsomest of these (*Ribes aureum*) has large golden yellow flowers, which generally appear in May, and which are succeeded by blackish yellow fruit, very inferior to the common currants of our gardens in size and flavour. The common yellow-flowered currant is one of the earliest flowering kinds, but there is a variety of it which does not flower till the middle of June.

In 1822, *Ribes multiflorum* was introduced; and though its flowers are green, they are, perhaps, more beautiful than those of any other species, on

account of the long and elegant drooping racemes in which they are disposed. This species flowers a fortnight or three weeks later than the other kinds, and it is one of the very few species of this genus that are found wild in Europe, it being a native of Croatia. Though a most abundant flowerer, it seldom produces fruit; and the fruit, when it does appear, is a red currant of small size and very little flavour: the leaves are large and handsome; and the whole shrub, though seldom growing to a large size, forms a vigorous, healthy-looking and compact bush. It is comparatively little known; but it is sufficiently common in the nurseries to be sold at a low price; while, as it is quite hardy, it requires very little care in its cultivation.

Ribes sanguineum, the red-blossomed currant, was introduced in 1826; and when we look at the immense number of these shrubs lately planted in the Horticultural Society's garden, and consider how many are scattered over the country, it seems scarcely credible that so short a time has elapsed since its introduction. The history of this shrub is rather curious: it was discovered about fifty years ago on the north-west coast of America, by Archibald Menzies, Esq., who was surgeon and botanist to the expedition under Captain Vancouver. But though this gentleman brought specimens of the flowers to England, no farther notice was taken of the shrub; and it was never introduced till seeds of it were sent home by Douglas in 1826. *Ribes speciosum* was discovered by Mr. Menzies in the same manner, and specimens of it brought home, though the living plant was not introduced till 1829. The flowers of the latter plant are scarlet, and bear a slight resemblance to those of the fuchsia; but they are too small, and too widely apart to make so brilliant a show as those of *Ribes sanguineum*. The fruit of *Ribes speciosum* is a gooseberry, but it has no flavour; that of *Ribes sanguineum* is a black currant, resembling in appearance and taste a bilberry. *Ribes glutinosum* is only a variety of *R. sanguineum*, with paler flowers, and a slightly viscid stem. *Ribes malvaceum* is another variety, with flowers that have a lilac tinge; and there is another variety of *Ribes sanguineum*, which is always acknowledged to be such, and which has deep scarlet flowers.

Ribes niveum, introduced in 1826, and *Ribes cereum*, in 1827, have white flowers; those of the latter species being sufficiently large to be showy. The leaves of *R. cereum* are round, and covered with a white waxy substance, whence the plant takes its name. *Ribes niveum* is almost the only ornamental species of the genus that has a palatable fruit: it is one of those species which form a link between the currant and the gooseberry; it resembles in form, colour, and manner of growth, a black currant, but when cut open it is decidedly a gooseberry. It has a very agreeable and somewhat perfumed flavour; and though rather too acid to be eaten raw, it is excellent in pies and puddings.

Ribes punctatum has bright yellow flowers, and fragrant evergreen leaves. It is a native of Chili, introduced in 1826, and is too tender to live without a wall in England. It is yet scarce, and it has never ripened fruit in this country; though, as it throws up suckers, which no other gooseberry does, it is easily propagated. It is very ornamental, and in warm sheltered situations it is certainly well worth cultivating.

The *Escallonias* are pretty little shrubs, introduced since 1827; the flowers of which, taken separately, bear some resemblance to those of the currant. *Escallonia rubra* has red flowers, produced singly, or in very small side bunches; and *E. montevidensis* has white flowers, produced in a large handsome terminal bunch.

The family of flowering shrubs which may be considered next in beauty to the currants consists of the Barberries and Mahonias: these are very numerous, and they are all beautiful, though not half so much cultivated as they deserve to be. Every body knows the common barberry (*Berberis vulgaris*), though but few persons are aware of its numerous varieties, the fruit of some of which is sweet, — of others, seedless, — and of others, yellow, white, violet, black, or purple. The barberry bears rather a bad reputation, from its alleged power of infecting corn growing near it with the mildew. Modern botanists have, however, proved that the parasitic plant, vulgarly called the mildew, which attacks the barberry, is of a different genus to that which attacks wheat.

The pretty South American barberry (*Berberis dulcis*), which was introduced, in 1831, from the Straits of Magellan, has drooping, bell-shaped, yellow flowers, hanging on long footstalks. The berries are sweet, round, and black, not unlike black currants. The plant is quite hardy and evergreen.

The Nepal barberries (*Berberis floribunda*, *asiatica*, and *aristata*) are all very handsome bushes, and produce abundance of flowers. The fruit of *Berberis aristata*, called Chitria by the natives, is dried in Nepal, as grapes are in Europe to make raisins. *Berberis dealbata* is a Mexican species, with evergreen leaves, which are of a glossy green above, and white below, and scarcely any spines. This species is very scarce and dear, it being sold last year at a guinea a plant.

The common ash barberry (*Mahonia aquifolium*) has glossy, holly-like leaves, and upright racemes of rich yellow flowers: it is a native of North America, and was introduced in 1823. This species was ten guineas a plant as late as 1830, but plants may now be procured in the nurseries at 3s. 6d. or 5s. each. This rapid fall in the prices of new plants, and, in short, of every thing that is new, is one of the most striking effects of the diffusion of knowledge. Formerly, even so late, indeed, as the beginning of the present century, rare plants were only bought by wealthy individuals, and they retained the high prices at which they were originally sold for many years afterwards, because there was not a sufficient demand for them to make it worth while to propagate them extensively; now, no sooner is any thing new introduced, than it is known to every body, and every body wishes to possess it.

There are several other species of ash barberry, all of which are in the gardens of the Horticultural Society at Turnham Green, and all of which bear their large branches of brilliant yellow flowers in May and June.

The thorns begin to flower early in April, and continue till the latter end of June, the different species producing their flowers in succession: the earliest is *Crataegus purpurea*: this is not a handsome tree; on the contrary, it has a miserable, and rather a stunted appearance, but its flowers are remarkable from their black anthers, and the fruit for the variety of its colours, white, pale yellow, red, and purple haws being found on the same tree. *C. nigra* is another early blossoming kind, with very small black fruit. This tree is said to attract nightingales, because, according to Mr. Loudon, "it is particularly liable to be attacked by insects, and because numerous caterpillars are to be found upon it about the time that nightingales are in full song."

In May and June appear the blossoms of the common hawthorn, and those of all its numerous varieties. Perhaps no tree has produced more varieties than this. Loudon enumerates thirty kinds, and we believe there are many more. The most remarkable of these is the Glastonbury thorn,

which is generally in flower at Christmas. The Glastonbury thorn is, indeed, in leaf, flower, or fruit almost all the year; and it has, generally, all three at once on it at Christmas. The original tree grows at Glastonbury; and, according to the legend, was the staff of Joseph of Arimathea, which being stuck into the ground on Christmas day miraculously took root, and instantly produced leaves, flowers, and ripe fruit. Queen Mary's thorn has drooping branches, and long fleshy fruit, which are good to eat. The original tree is said to be still standing, and, if this be true, it must now be nearly 300 years old.

The other varieties of the hawthorn have probably originated from seedlings observed in some hedge, and transplanted into a nursery. In this manner the beautiful scarlet hawthorn was discovered, and also the double-flowered kind, which is so ornamental in our shrubberies, both when its blossoms first expand, and are of a pure white, and when in about a fortnight they begin to take a pinkish tinge, which deepens gradually as they decay. Some of the varieties have bright yellow fruit, and in some it is quite black; in some the leaves are shaped like those of the oak, and in others they are slender and deeply cut, like those of the fern. One kind grows stiff and upright, like the Lombardy poplar, and the branches of another kind are curled and twisted together like gigantic ringlets. In some the leaves are variegated, and in others smooth and shining; in short, it is scarcely possible to set any limits to the varieties. The red-blossomed hawthorn was one of the earliest discovered, it having been found in the time of Ray; and we may easily imagine what a valuable acquisition it must have been to the slender stock of flowering shrubs possessed by our ancestors. It is somewhat remarkable that all the red-blossomed hawthorns have not been propagated from the same tree, but that several red-blossomed seedlings have been found at different times, and at different places. Nearly all the other varieties appear to have been discovered accidentally; and their number is accounted for by the fact of more plants of the hawthorn being raised from seed than of any other tree, from the great length of time that the hawthorn has been used for a hedge plant.

The cockspur thorn is a noble species, and it has some singular varieties. One of these *C. crus-galli salicifolia* has a flat head, spreading like a miniature cedar of Lebanon. A dwarf sub-variety of this, which does not grow more than five feet high, is well-adapted for planting in children's gardens. *C. coccinea*, or the scarlet-fruited thorn, *C. glandulosa*, and *C. punctata*, are all well worth growing in a shrubbery, or on a lawn; and when seen together, they will be found very distinct.

The principal large-fruited thorns are *Crataegus Azarolus*, *C. Aronia*, *C. orientalis*, or *odoratissima*, and *C. tanacetifolia*. These plants are all late in flowering, seldom expanding even their leaves till the latter end of May or beginning of June, and being sometimes much later. The fruit of all of them is not only eatable, but very good. *C. orientalis* and *C. tanacetifolia* have both whitish leaves; the fruit of the first is of a brilliant coral colour, and of the latter yellow. There is a variety of the first species with fruit of a port-wine colour; and Lee's seedling variety of the latter is one of the handsomest plants of the genus. Notwithstanding the resemblance of the leaves, these two species are easily distinguished, not only by the colour of the fruit, but by their habits of growth; *C. orientalis* being a handsome spreading tree, and *C. tanacetifolia* upright-growing.

One of the late flowering varieties is *C. parviflora*, which does not flower till late in June, and which bears pear-shaped green fruit. The leaves of this species and its varieties, and of *C. virginica*, are very small. *C. cordata*

is the latest flowering of all the kinds, as it rarely produces its flowers before the middle of July. There are many other species, and among others *C. microcarpa*, with its brilliant bright scarlet fruit, and *C. mexicana*, with its large yellow fruit, looking like golden pippin apples; but we have said enough to show what ornamental plants the thorns are, not only in their flowers, but in their fruit. *Cratægus*, or *mespilus pyracantha*, may be added to the above, as it is a very ornamental shrub, not only from its evergreen leaves, but from its brilliant scarlet berries, which are so abundant as to occasion the French to call it *luisson ardent*. In short, every tree belonging to the genus is worth growing; and we are glad to see that Mr. Loudon in the "*Arboretum Britannicum*," and Dr. Lindley in the "*Botanical Register*," have contrived within the last two or three years to bring ornamental thorns into fashion.

The *amelanchiers*, the commonest species of which is well known under the name of the snowy *mespilus*; the *cotoneasters* with their coral berries; the ornamental kinds of *pyrus*, including the mountain ash, the Siberian crab, the garland flowering apple-tree, and showy Chinese crab-tree; the *Photinia serrulata*, with its large showy bunches of flowers, and beautifully-tinted leaves in spring and autumn; the loquat-tree, with its large woolly leaves; the Nepal white beam-tree, and many others, deserve especial notice from the planter and landscape gardener.

Among the flowering trees of May and June may be reckoned that splendid climber *Wistaria consequana*, or, as some call it, *Glycine chinensis*. The flowers of this tree resemble those of the laburnum in form, but are of a delicate lilac. Nothing can exceed the vigorous growth of this tree, or the profusion of its blossoms: the specimen in the Horticultural Society's garden at Turnham Green covers nearly 200 feet of wall. This splendid plant is a native of China, from which country it was brought in 1816. At its first introduction, and for a year or two afterwards, plants were six guineas each; but they are now to be had in any nursery for a shilling or eighteen-pence.

Next to the *wistaria* may very appropriately be placed the laburnums, which, notwithstanding their beauty, are now become so common as to be little valued. Some of these are sweet-scented and remarkably long in their drooping racemes of flowers. The purple-flowered laburnum, as it is called, though in fact its blossoms are of a dirty pink, is a hybrid between the common laburnum and the purple *cytisus*, and it possesses the extraordinary power of reproducing its parents. Trees of this kind in different parts of the country have been known to produce a sprig of the purple *cytisus* from one branch, and of the common laburnum from another, without any grafting, and yet each quite distinct.

The Judas tree (*Cereis siliquastrum*) is another ornamental tree belonging to the Leguminosæ. This tree produces its pretty pink flowers on its trunk and thick branches, and the flowers have a slight acidity that makes them form an agreeable dish, when dipped in batter and fried as fritters. The tree takes its name from its being supposed to be that on which Judas hanged himself; but Gerard gravely assured us that this was not the case, as he hanged himself on an elder!

The peat-earth plants belonging to the order *Ericacæ* are a host in themselves. The *rhododendrons*, the *kalmias*, the *arbutus*, the *heaths*, and their allied species, are all so beautiful that no garden should be without them. The *rhododendrons*, it is well known, vary very much in the colour, though not much in the form, of their flowers, and some of the hybrids between the Nepal tree species and the common kinds are extremely

splendid. The rhododendrons are generally considered American plants; but one of the commonest kinds, *R. ponticum*, is a native of Asia Minor. The number of varieties and hybrids of this species almost exceed belief: between thirty and forty named kinds are in the nurseries. It has been said that honey, which Xenophon tells us produced so injurious an effect on the Greeks in their celebrated retreat, was produced by the flowers of this shrub; but others attribute this poisonous honey to the *Azalea pontica*.

Rhododendron catawbiense, so called from its principal habitat being near the head of the Catawba, is the most common American species, and it is a great favourite, from its hardiness, and its being an abundant flowerer. The hybrids raised between this species and *R. arboreum*, the Nepal tree rhododendron, are not only very handsome, but they are much hardier than those raised between the Nepal species and *R. ponticum*; and they stood out without protection during the severe frost of 1837-8, when all the hybrids raised from *R. ponticum* were killed.

R. maximum is the tenderest of the American rhododendrons, and the longest before it flowers. The plant also is not healthy looking. It was introduced in 1736, but did not produce any flowers in England till twenty years afterwards. There are two varieties of this species, one with pure white, and the other with fragrant flowers. Besides these there are several dwarf rhododendrons with leathery leaves, and small brilliant coloured flowers.

Some of our modern botanists include the azaleas in the genus rhododendron; and it is certain that the two kinds hybridise freely together. The commoner kinds of azalea, *A. pontica*, *A. nudiflora*, and *A. viscosa*, have produced almost innumerable hybrids, some of which are very beautiful. *Rhodora canadensis*, another plant belonging to this order, is worth cultivating for the earliness of its flowering.

The Nepal rhododendrons, and the Indian and Chinese azaleas, are very beautiful, but they require the protection of a greenhouse.

The *kalmias* are called by the Americans, Calico flowers; a name admirably adapted to express the peculiar appearance of the flower, which is more like an artificial flower cut out of cambric, muslin, or calico, than a real one. The different kinds of whortleberry and cranberry, the heaths, and all the newly made genera formerly comprised under the genus *Erica*, the *Andromeda* and the *Arbutus*, complete the list of these plants, all of which are splendid ornaments to the British gardens in June and July. In some places the rhododendrons and azaleas have been sown in the woods, as at High Clere and Bagshot Park. At these places and at Waterer's nursery at Knaphill, near Bagshot, these plants in the flowering season are completely a blaze of beauty. The rhododendrons, grafted standard high in Waterer's nursery, so as to form small trees with drooping branches, are particularly beautiful, and would be very ornamental on a lawn.

The roses are the last of the flowering shrubs that we shall here notice, and their beauty is so universally acknowledged, that it requires very little comment. The number and variety of the roses are not, however, generally known; but it is a fact that Messrs. Loddiges possess nearly two thousand named species and varieties.

Amidst this wilderness of sweets it would be difficult to choose, had not the whole mass been arranged by Messrs. Rivers of Sawbridgeworth and others, under seventeen or eighteen different heads. Here are the moss roses, twenty-four sorts, including the white moss, which is very delicate, and extremely difficult to keep alive, and the dark crimson moss, called the

Rouge 'du Luxembourg. Of the cabbage 'or Provence roses there are twenty-five sorts: these were the hundred-leaved roses of the ancients; and as the flowers are, perhaps, more fragrant than those of any other species, it is from these roses that rose-water and oil of roses are generally made. The perpetual roses, of which there are fifty kinds, are most beautifully tinted with a rich glowing colour; and they are valuable for the great length of time that they continue producing flowers. There are eighty-nine sorts of the hybrid China roses, seventy of the China roses, fifty-one of the tea-scented, and twenty-five of the white roses, all very beautiful, and tolerably distinct. The conserve of roses, and other medical preparations of this flower, are prepared from the damask roses, of which there are twenty-five sorts, and the Provins or Provins roses, of which there are ninety-nine sorts. The French rose has less scent than most of the other kinds, and yet it is often confused with the fragrant hundred-leaved rose, from the similarity of the words Provins and Provence. The former of these names only signifies, however, a small place near Paris, where roses of this kind are grown in large quantities for the use of the Parisian druggists.

Of the climbing roses there are fifty-three sorts; and these, when trained over a wooden frame, or pegged down to cover a sloping bank, have a beautiful effect. The fairy roses, of which there are sixteen sorts, are very delicate and pretty; and the noisette roses, of which there are sixty-six sorts, are very beautiful. Besides these, there are Macartney roses, musk roses, Isle de Bourbon roses, Scotch roses, sweet briars, and many others. One of the prettiest of the new roses of 1838 is the double yellow, or rather cream-colour sweet briar. There are many other flowering shrubs well deserving of notice, but these will serve to give some idea of the floral riches of June.

SONNET.

WE know not why we love, but love the more
 Because the reason seems inexplicable:
 Were we this curious problem to explore,
 'T would make even reason's self unreasonable,
 Showing it foiled by its own subtle art.
 Love reasons not, yet love a reasoner is,
 Which doth convince the judgment through the heart,
 Making rare use of its antithesis.
 We know not what love is, yet is love known,
 As we know things on instinct, by the time
 Through which, like birds, taking no note, we've flown
 In giddy sunshine: — for it is the clime
 Love makes by which 't is traced — like flowers, betrayed
 Before they're seen, by the perfuméd air they've made.

LETTERS ON THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF ITALY

No. II.

THE Italian question is a question of the people. In her people resides all the force of Italy. Her revolution is either a petty revolt, or at once a revolution of nationality: now, to speak of nationality, is to speak again of the people, for whom, upon whom, and by whom only can nationalities now be founded. Local rivalries and ambition, the sentiment which incites men to individualise every thing, the germs of federalism, or, to express all this in one phrase, the fractional spirit, belongs naturally to castes, or aristocracies, it matters little whether of birth or money: the spirit of fusion lives in the people; in it is lodged the principle of unity, for unity, when it is not despotic, has equality for its essential foundation, and equality implies the labour of all. The history of Italy is the history of her people: all the great deeds which she has achieved, have been the work of the people, or of the church, when the church and the priest were of the people, and represented its cause. The nation in all its most striking features has ever been the democracy: when the democracy disappears, its history changes into a history of servitude, and is fabricated abroad. Of old, we see no nobles in the front rank any more than we descry the figure of a Charlemagne; we observe none of those long, historical struggles, which have moulded almost all other nations, in which, at one time, the nobles have taken up the cause of national progress against an oppressive monarchy; and at another, the monarch, in opposition to a turbulent nobility, has effected the unity of the country and the gradual emancipation of her cities. The nobility with us has never been a combative and initiatory caste. You may write its history as you might write that of the *condottieri*, without trenching in the least on the history of the nation. The nation has never combatted for its development, except by the people — and here I mean its intellectual and artistical, as well as its merely political development; for with the exception of two or three celebrated characters, who however also took in their writings their stand amongst the people, as, for instance, Alfieri, it is from the bosom of the people that all our great men, writers and others, have arisen. The focus of Italian civilisation was always a city: it was by turns Milan, Florence, or Venice. When there were rivals for intellectual pre-eminence, cities only were on the list, such as Milan and Pavia, for instance; we never find that the contest was between a caste and a city. The nobility itself felt so well its own impotence, its incapacity to found anything, or to live of its own life, that it sought a standard abroad, and made itself Ghibelline; when that was no longer of avail, we find it, precisely at the time when it was dominant in almost all the rest of Europe, coming to demand of us plebeians admission into our cities, and reception into some guild of merchants: where it was predominant, as at Venice, we find it leading to tyranny and to such disgraceful cowardice as that of 1798. At the present day, generally speaking, equality is triumphant in Italy, both in her social constitution and in her manners, if not in her political institutions. There is no feudal servitude, no concentration of territorial property in a few hands; and no influence, physical or moral, is exercised by that which we call a nobility, where the latter is not possessed of fortune. In those states

where it appears to be powerful, for instance in Naples and Piedmont, its influence is merely a loan owed to the royal favour which it humbly courts. And even the feeble influence thus obtained belongs only to individuals: the noble families lead an insignificant life, having no hold upon the nation by their origin, which is almost always foreign, or by the nature of their institution, which is for the most part disgraceful*; or by the recollection of services conferred by their ancestors upon the country, since the historically glorious names of the middle ages are now almost all extinct.†

There does not exist in Italy at present a single element which can be called predominant, or which gives signs of vitality. Hence the few recollections which still act upon the imagination in Italy are all recollections of the people: at Genoa, their subject is the famous mortar of 1746‡; at Naples it is Masaniello; Rienzi in the Transtevere, and the *carroccio* perhaps at Milan. It would be in vain to ask the population of these cities about their dukes and barons. All is dead on this volcanic and corroding earth, and dead too for ever; all except that which never dies, — the people. There and there alone is still a vital circulation, still a fountain of strength.

This vital principle, available for every enterprise which is truly Italian, visible in the deeds of the present, as well as of the past, has been hitherto mistaken, forgotten, or betrayed by the leaders of all the Italian insurrections. The people, the giant of revolutions, has never been summoned to combat for the cause of its country — nay, more, its leaders have always sought to pass it over, to exclude it from the theatre of action; they have ever been afraid of it; they have so managed public affairs, that it should never take part in them; they have put it from the first '*hors de cause*,' and have afterwards reproached it with inaction.

Hence, thank God, the Italian question has never been tried, and we have everything to hope.

I revere experience; but I believe that it cannot be applied, except where there exists a basis of analogy. To judge the future by the past, without reference to the principles dominating both, appears to me a signal error. Every possibility of demonstrating what will be from that which has been, vanishes, as soon as the question is placed on a new ground. How, for instance, are we to calculate the chances of a republican insurrection, by the success or failure of a monarchical insurrection? How by a movement, which is only supported by a caste, are we to judge what an entire nation could do, were it to enter the arena? But such judgments pass current every day, and are sanctioned by the name of experience. I believe that a very different method is necessary, in order properly to determine the questions at issue, viz. that of examining and of reducing to its most simple formula the principle which has dominated the past, and of comparing it with that which will probably guide the future: the events will always be in direct proportion to the degree of power, and to the universality of the principle in action.

The nation in Italy has never appeared on the arena. The revolutionary movements have always miscarried, because, though created and prepared in a national sense, and for a national object, they have always been from

* During several centuries, the popes ennobled systematically their nephews and their children, legitimate or not; such is the origin of almost all the present Roman noble families.

† "Piedmont," said Charles Albert, on approving before the insurrection of 1821 the choice made of the Spanish constitution, "does not possess the elements necessary for the establishment of a chamber of peers."

‡ This is the mortar of which the sinking, as is well known, caused the popular insurrection of 1746 against the Austrians. Its impression has been perpetuated on a flag-stone of the Quartier de Portoria. The Sardinian government wished to remove this, but was prevented by the women of the lower orders.

the very commencement deprived of this character, and impelled in a radically opposite direction.

Thus misguided, deceived, deprived of their natural object, and placed under the exclusive patronage of an antagonistic principle, and one foreign to the nation, these revolutions, like every thing which is false to the law of its origin, have necessarily perished from impotence and discouragement.

The Italian movement of 1820–21 was the work of the Carbonari, and it called into operation all the errors of that vast association, which has not, perhaps, been yet impartially judged; and of which I am sorry to be able here to say only a few words.

Carbonarism — that great *liberal* association, in the sense attributed to that word in France during the struggles of the Restoration, — had something in it which necessarily frustrated all its efforts of realisation, viz., an absence of a fixed and positive belief, and, as an inevitable consequence, of unity. Rising about the time of the fall of a gigantic, but tyrannical unity, the sovereignty of Napoleon, in the midst of the fragments of a shattered world, where young hopes and old pretensions came on every side into constant collision, where popular presentiments, still somewhat vague, clashed with recollections of a past which it was sought to exhume and reinstate, Carbonarism bore the impress of all these elements, and stood in a somewhat equivocal form in the twilight, which at that period of crisis prevailed throughout Europe. The royal protection which it met with it at its onset, as long as it was regarded as a mere instrument of warfare against imperial France, contributed still more to impress on it that vacillating direction which led into a fatal path the national idea on which it was founded.* True, it threw off afterwards, when it saw itself betrayed, the yoke of its protectors, but it could not abandon altogether a false march and false habits: it preserved above all that tendency to look for leaders to the heads of society, and to regard the regeneration of Italy as to be accomplished by the higher classes, and not by the people, which is the sole lever of grand revolutions. This was its first and capital error — an error inevitable for every political body which has not a firm, enthusiastic, and religious belief in a broad principle, fruitful in results, which may serve it on every occasion as a standard. Carbonarism, properly speaking, had none; or, if it had, there was only inscribed on it a simple negation; it was a signal for overthrow, and not a message of re-construction. When it set itself to examine the Italian problem, it found that all were agreed on the quest of independence, but not on the question of unity, and less still on that of liberty: on the one hand there was a party for representative monarchy; on the other, that of a republic, of a popular government. Alarmed at difficulties, which its chiefs were unable to overcome, it struck into a middle path; it adopted for its watch-word "*Independence and Liberty*," — nothing more: as to the manner of comprehending and defining a word so vague and often so deceptive as liberty, it left that to the future, to the nation, as it called the classes on whom it more immediately depended, when once the revolution had been effected. By a similar middle measure, it substituted the word *union* for *unity*, and thus left the field open for every possible hypothesis: with respect to equality, it was silent; or, if it was compelled, now and then,

* It is well known that Carbonarism was introduced into the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, in 1811, with the approval of the minister of police, Maghella, and of the King of Naples, Murat. It was thus enabled to spread amongst the officials. In 1814, though proscribed by Murat, it demanded and obtained the patronage of King Ferdinand, then in Sicily: its offers were welcomed by him and by Lord Bentinck, and were of course repaid by persecutions as soon as the re-establishment of the ancient form of government had rendered them useless.

to speak of it, it did so in a manner so uncertain, so slightly conclusive, that its words might be taken, according to the individual tendencies of its members, to refer either to Christian, or civil, or political equality. In this manner, without giving any solution to the doubts which agitated the minds of men, without saying, without knowing even, what it had to propose to the men who were to become, if occasion required, the victims of its will, that which it had to offer to the people whom it proposed to lead to insurrection, Carbonarism set about collecting recruits. These it found, as many as it wanted, in every class — for in every class there were crowds of malcontents, all of whom it received without demanding any thing from them except a promise to aid it in overthrowing the existing state of things; and it found them with amazing rapidity, for in its very vagueness and in the profound mystery in which it enveloped its most trifling acts, there was something fascinating for the imagination of the Italian. Having a presentiment of the exigencies of this multitude, which it dragged after it through the labyrinthine windings of its vast and complex, if not confused, hierarchy, and knowing that at the bottom it had nothing very satisfactory to offer, it assumed numerous strange unintelligible symbols, which served to mask its hollowness: unable to meet the reason, it imposed on the senses of its followers, by the spectacles of its *neudite* or assemblies; then it enjoined a blind obedience to its orders; but as this injunction was rather a means of defence than of action, it never pushed very far the practical maintenance of this pretension. Hence its subsequent laxity of discipline, its Jesuitical reservations, its habit of treating with levity that which ought to have been a sacred tie, religiously contracted and maintained: to make up for this, however, its numbers and resources augmented, and reached a pitch of which it is difficult to form an idea. With such a mass of power, there were the means of re-making a whole world.

Carbonarism — in the direction which it took — knew nothing of its own power. Though it entered the ranks of the people, it had no faith in the people, amongst whom it sought recruits rather in order to pass them in review, and to attract by that means men of rank in society at whom it aimed, than in order to lead them frankly into action. It was equally at a loss to understand the eagerness of the youth, who with pure souls and full of enthusiasm, enrolled themselves in its ranks by hundreds, dreaming of their country, of a republic, of war to death against the Austrian, of regaining self-esteem and respect of foreign countries: it placed them under the guardianship of old men without faith, and without prospects, who had imbibed the ideas of the empire, and whose coldness and frivolous punctiliousness belonged to the latter. Afterwards, when it saw itself impelled to act by the impossibility of remaining secret any longer, and when it felt the necessity of unity for action, not being able to find this in any great principle, it sought to place it in a man. This was to decide for monarchy. This was to ruin the cause of Italy.

Italian regeneration will never be the offspring of the monarchical principle. I am not here indulging in a general theory; I speak exclusively of Italy — a country of which the position in Europe is altogether exceptionable, and of which the destiny, if we study it in its history from the time of the Etruscans till now, is exceptional also. Monarchy may be spoken of as a regenerating instrument, where it is implanted by conquest, or formed by degrees as a result of the existing elements in the heart of the country — where athwart struggles and sufferings it has founded the national unity — where on the one hand it rests on a long and glorious tradition, and on the other on a powerful aristocracy, which is in some sort its preserver. But there,

where monarchy has not only been unable during an existence of some centuries to found a nationality, but where its existence has every where been one of the greatest obstacles to the establishment of the latter — where, foreign in its origin, in its institutions, in its policy, grafted on the country at an era of decay, always subordinate to one or other of the great European powers, it has never done any thing to put a period to the ills of the people, or to the abasement of the nation; there, in short, where it can boast no splendid annals, no venerable traditions, no nobility, and indeed no support whatever, and where, as we have shown, there exists only one element endowed with proper vitality, with which it has nothing in common, — how can we hope that it should be capable of furnishing a lever powerful enough to raise and remodel a whole people, to elevate it from discouragement to faith, from mistrust to enthusiasm, from individuality to devotion? A people whose history is that of Italy, and which has no political schools or orators, cannot be enamoured of such things as the balance of three powers, or as the complex mechanism of constitutionalism. It may be devoted to an idea simply popular and republican, to a standard of democracy; sometimes to a man, but only when that man is a Napoleon. But have Napoleons ever shown themselves during the first days of an insurrection? Moreover, royalty set up as a standard of Italian emancipation, must now, must always, frustrate its grand result — the formation of a nationality. It is precisely in the choice of a monarch that the almost extinct traces of mistrust of local vanity, which are ready to vanish altogether before the grand idea of a solely sovereign Italian people, would again reappear in their former force. Where should we choose? Where in Italy is the Royal Family? Where is the man who, by the splendour of his name or of his actions, merits the adherence of the whole Peninsula, and is capable of inspiring confidence to all its inhabitants? Naples will never bow before a Piedmontese king, nor Piedmont before a Neapolitan. A man is one thing — a principle another: the former belongs to one particular country — the latter to all in common. Men fraternise in an idea, in a belief, because these, in soaring above all, never wound the innate sentiment of equality. But this is not the case when an individual is in the question; he is a man amongst men, and may arouse the susceptibilities of all. Only three measures could be here adopted, — the election of a foreign sovereign — the organisation of a federation of Italian princes as they are — or the raising on the bucklers of the army the chosen of victory, the conqueror on the field, whoever he might be. The first measure leads to the destruction of all nationality under the weight of foreign influence; the second leads to weakness abroad, and perhaps to the dissensions of the Middle Ages at home; the third tends directly to the military tyranny of a Napoleon; moreover, it provides for anarchy the chances of an inevitable *provisoire*. The men in Italy who decide for one or other of these measures call themselves *practical*; their adversaries they term theorists and poets!

In fact, the foresight of the chiefs of the Carbonari did not lead them so far. Materialists and men of re-action, and of very limited views for the most part, they had neither political conceptions nor a sentiment of social unity, nor faith of any kind. They preached political liberty, and at the same time, as if man were not a single whole, as if education could be divided, they preached literary servitude. They called themselves Christians, and then, confusing in a strange manner superstition with faith, and the Pope with religion, they withered the virginal enthusiasm of youth with their Voltairian scepticism, and with their negations borrowed from the faith of the eighteenth century. They were, in short, sectarians more or less expert,

and not men of a national religion. Thus; though not believing in reality in constitutionalism, and though laughing at monarchy, they still chose it; because, in the first place, it could furnish them at once with resources; and, in the second, because it spared them the trouble of directing the masses, in the midst of whom they felt themselves ill at ease, and in whom they could only descry elements of disorder: and finally, — and this is the second capital error of almost all the chiefs of the Italian movements, — because they flattered themselves that royal baptism conferred on an insurrection would stay the sword of Austria in its scabbard, or at any rate would procure for it the aid of some great power — of France or England, for instance. They saw treading in their footsteps Charles Albert of Piedmont, and the Prince Francis at Naples — the latter, a consummate hypocrite and traitor from the very beginning; the former a tyrant by nature, without genius, and without principle — ambitious, but incapable of greatness. They said to one of these — perhaps to both — “Thou shalt be king of Italy,” — and they left to the future the task of conciliating the absurd and incompatible pretensions of these two revolutionary princes.

The future came, and it showed what are the effects of the absence of principles in men who offer themselves as chiefs of revolutions; it proved that it is not a numeric figure which constitutes power, but the degree of cohesion between the elements which that figure expresses. The insurrection was effected without an obstacle. Immediately afterwards dissensions broke out. All the men whom the Carbonari had enrolled, without inquiring into their belief, or into their ideas of the future destiny of the nation, but to whom they had only uttered this one word “overthrow!” when they found that they had fulfilled their mission, re-assumed each his individuality, and began to dispute with each other about what it was necessary to establish: one thought he had been conspiring for a single monarchy; another was an advocate of federalism; some were for the Spanish constitution; others for the French charter; and others again — and these then formed the minority amongst the conspirators — were for a republic, or for the re-establishment of the Italian Republics. All complained that they had been deceived; and they either opposed the provisional governments, or remained aloof inactive. In fact, there were ten oppositions instead of one. The government reproached the parties with every where embarrassing its position; every where in fact, from the commencement, it was viewed with distrust: but what had it done, and what did it now do, to merit confidence? Itself a party, and the most feeble too of all, since it had only a name to inscribe on its standard, it felt so well its own weakness, that it dared neither to advance nor to recede; and it sought an excuse for its inaction in the very distrust with which it was regarded, and which it ought to have dissipated by redoubled activity. This was in its power, in spite of the difficulties which accompany an explanation which ought to have been made beforehand, and which is forced to be given in the midst of the agitation necessarily attending the first days of a revolution: elements enough existed for the formation of a nucleus, which might have been placed at the head of the people which only required to be summoned to action, at the head of the youth which was seeking to organise itself by voluntary companies. But for all this, revolutionary science was necessary, and they were ignorant of it — the liberty of movements, and they had it not. In giving to the Italian insurrection a royal chief, they had fettered it, had bound it with a multitude of ties which some of them, perhaps, may have wished to unloose, but which could only be cut asunder. For events, both good and evil, are the fruit of logical laws; and from the moment that they had, in adopting, even as a transition-constitutional monarchy, in-

directly adopted the principle that the people was not ripe enough to emancipate itself and to be governed by itself, and that it must be placed under guardianship, they were bound not to urge it too much into the arena, not to excite over measure, not to arm it : hence it was necessary to seek a point of support and resources from other quarters, to have recourse to diplomatic agency, to sound the *bureaux* of foreign governments, and to earn a few promises by making concessions : and from the moment that they had, as at Naples, placed the king—that is to say, the man against whom the revolution was made—at the head of the revolution, it was necessary, in respecting the powers which the monarchical constitution accorded to him, to leave him the free choice of his ministers and of the chiefs of the army, the power of introducing weakness and treason at first, and afterwards of going to conspire with the allies, and to anathematize the insurrection at Laybach. All this and worse was done.

The account of the Neapolitan movement is very incomplete in Colletta's "History of Naples," and this is the only author who has written on it honestly. It remains to be described, and I cannot even give the outline of it here. The insurrection failed, after having experienced, one by one, all the consequences of its false position ; after having, from the commencement, denied its national tendency, in rejecting the fraternity of Pontecorvo and of Benevento, cities belonging to the Roman states, but surrounded by Neapolitan territory, which had flown to arms, proclaimed also the Spanish constitution, and requested to be incorporated with Naples ; after having decreed that the war should be a defensive war, and that the Austrian army then traversing the Roman states, ought not to be regarded as inimical till it attacked the Neapolitan frontiers ; after having, in short, done its best to dissipate the revolutionary fervour of Central Italy. But the Piedmontese insurrection which broke out when those faults had already been committed — which might have avoided them all — which found Lombardy unprovided with soldiers — which could have thrown into it, a week after the movement, 25,000 soldiers to take the line of the Adige, to invest Mantua, and to give the signal for a rise, *en masse*, in all the states of Northern Italy and Central Italy, and to cause the ferment still prevalent in Naples to end in Austrian vespers, — What did it do to fulfil the mission which it had undertaken ? Nothing. It was impeded by the same fetters, confined within the same fatal limits, and cursed with the yoke of a provincial and diplomatic prince. The same influence which had prevented it from breaking out two months before, when Naples was not yet reduced to submission*, governed all its acts, and destroyed its vitality.

The effect is pitiful when one follows in the history of the Piedmontese movement — even that traced by the pen of Santa Rosa, a man upright, of undoubted integrity, a sincere lover of his country, whose virtues and death I honour, but whose intelligence was not equal to the circumstances in which he was placed, and who had also to write his own justification — all the misgivings, inconsistencies and errors, we might even say crimes, committed in consequence of the impracticable programme given to the insurrection,

* It was after the 12th of January, 1821, the day on which the government caused to be slaughtered at Turin the students of the University, who protested against the infraction of one of their privileges, that the movement ought to have been effected.

The necessity which the conspirators from their engagements were in of obtaining the consent of Charles Albert, caused a delay. Afterwards, after having, on the 6th and 8th of March, signified his approval, he made on the 9th arrangements which rendered a movement at Turin impossible. The conspirators were informed of this, and countermanded their own orders. In spite of this, the insurrection broke out on the 10th at Alexandria. The conspirators persisted in making Charles Albert the chief of it.

from the unparalleled proclamation by which Charles Albert, chief of the revolutionary government, granted an *amnesty* to the troops which had founded the latter, to the negotiations of the Junta with the Russian Ambassador, Count Mocenigo, who offered on the part of his master a complete pardon to the conspirators, and some *hope* of a constitutional charter. It is pitiful to see men of courage and patriotism, to whom the mandate to deliver their country has been consigned, trembling between the exigencies of the revolution and the forms of monarchical legality which they had consented to recognise—forced to draw their inspirations from a man whom they despise, and who, they know, is disposed to betray them—seeing the right, and not daring to do it—pretending to change the institutions of the country without removing any of the persons in the administration, or at the head of the army—leaving the government of Navarre to Count de Latour, and that of Savoy to the Count of Andezeno, both known enemies to the revolutionary cause—speaking in their proclamation of a European epoch, and not daring to utter the name of Italy, foreseeing war, feeling that the people alone was capable of furnishing the means of supporting it and still doing nothing to interest it in the revolution, but every thing to keep it back, for fear it should not follow the programme agreed upon, refusing arms to those who demanded them, abstaining from convoking the electoral assemblies, avoiding every measure destined to ameliorate its lot, and mutilating, as much as possible, the only one that the popular initiative had wrested from a Junta.*

What then did they seek? and in what did they centre their hopes? When Charles Albert deserted them, they felt themselves lost: the last chance of the royal legality with which they had essayed to create a nation vanished with him. When the enemy arrived, he found them unprepared, without military resources, without a plan, and without hope. They fled in disorder, and hastened to embark at Genoa, protected by the people who had risen previously, and whose support they had rejected, and who had since remained with folded arms, sombre spectators of all that was done, well convinced that neither its cause nor its men were there, and which nevertheless still went, at these last moments, to offer them in defence of Italian liberty, their blood, their city, their recollections of 1746. These they refused, and departed; only, in order to prove that they had fled, not before the Austrians but before a sophism, they almost all went to perish, after performing prodigies of valour, which the people who witnessed them have never been able to forget, for the liberties of Spain and Greece.

Such were the deeds of the Carbonari, an association which penetrated so deeply into the Italian soil, but which wasted its strength in the pursuit of a chimerical object—it was a vast and powerful body, to which there was only wanting a head. There was an absence in it not of good intentions, but of ideas; not of the feeling, but of the science, of nationality. Misled by a superficial observation of some foreign countries, it sought to call forth a common country, by raising a standard which was not its own. Seduced by some strange Utopian vision, which betrayed all the inexperience of a first attempt, and a total want of that faith by which alone great deeds are effected, it imagined it was able to accomplish that which will be the greatest event of modern times, without a war, without violent shocks, without popular efforts, only by changing a few words in the institutions of

* Genoa having effected its insurrection on the 23d, against the wish already known of Charles Felix, the Junta having been installed, reduced to one half the price of salt, and suppressed some entrance duties; the central government annulled the suppressions, and decreed that the price of salt should only be diminished one fourth.

the country. But leaving aside these faults, all committed by the chiefs, what courage, what numerous instances of devotion, undivulged, but fertile in results, ennobled the youth who formed the lower ranks of this association! How glorious was the constancy in the educational mission! How heroic was the martyrdom which was so often its price! A mission which extended from the palace to the cabin, which called into play in some sort that sentiment of equality which with us Italians is innate, and caused the national fusion to advance with a giant's step — a martyrdom which effaced, under a religious seal, any thing which might approach to mere re-action in the creeds of some of the leaders, and initiated by one and the same baptism into the Italy to come, the representatives of every province and of every class, the priest, the man of letters, the patrician, the soldier, and the man of the people.*

If Carbonarism is not itself a revelation, it has paved the way for one — if it has not defined liberty, it has popularised the feeling of it — if it has not founded a social creed, it has cleared the ground of all the superstitions, of all the prejudices, which were opposed to its establishment. And these effects were evident from the character of the movement of Central Italy in 1831, which will be the subject of my third letter.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

. We find in a work of M. Angeloni two curious documents concerning Charles Albert, which we are glad to be able to quote here as illustrative of his character: — M. Angeloni knew at Paris in 1819 the Piedmontese general, Giffenga, who was then loud in his love of Italy and liberty, bidding him hope for better times, spoke of efforts directed to this end, and advised him to send to the Prince of Carignano a letter and a copy of his work "*L'Italia nascente il 1818*," &c., a work which proposed to the Italians a government similar to that of the United States. He himself offered to deliver both the one and the other. They were sent, and the letter which M. Angeloni addressed to the prince bore the date of the 24th of March, 1819. The following is the answer which was sent to him in the name of the prince: —

"His Serene Highness, the Prince of Carignano, in whose service I am at present, commissions me to thank you for a copy of your work on the present unfortunate condition of Italy, which you have sent him through General Count Giffenga. The prince cannot but admire and praise your discourses, as well as the warm love of your country which prompts you to publish them. Would to Heaven that they could be comprehended in the whole of this beautiful land, and could encourage more and more the Italians to enter into that union of thought which alone is able to give us force sufficient to enable us to conquer ourselves that which we hitherto looked for in vain from foreigners. At all events, the cause of our country is not lost so long as courageous men like yourself consent to expose themselves to

* The proscriptions of the Carbonari were not only numerous at Naples and in Piedmont, but they extended over all Italy. Two priests were condemned in the duchy of Modena, — one to perpetual imprisonment; the other, Joseph Andreoli, professor of eloquence, and a model of every virtue, to death. When he heard his condemnation read, he demanded if he was the only person who was to die: he clapped his hands and thanked God aloud, upon receiving an answer in the affirmative.

The confession necessary for his condemnation to capital punishment, was torn from him by a stratagem: the director of the police, Giulio Besini, announced to him his acquittal; and just before liberating him, he prevailed on this simple and upright creature to allow that he was a Carbonaro, by appealing to their ancient acquaintanceship, and by representing such a confession as a testimony of gratitude to the Duke: as soon as the fatal word was pronounced, he was led back into prison and condemned. This occurrence however is not singular. Other confessions were torn from prisoners whose faculties had been impaired by a mixture of the infusion of the *atropos belladonna* with their drink; and there are in France, at the present time, some exiles in whom the effects of this poison are still visible. The number of condemnations in the duchy of Modena alone amounted to from 130 to 140. In Lombardy, thirteen individuals were condemned to death on the 18th of May, 1821, as guilty of high treason, simply from having been enrolled as Carbonari: several of them were arrested at a ball, given during the carnival of 1819-20, by the Count Porzia, vice-delegate of the emperor at Rovigo, that is to say, five or six months before the 25th of August, 1820, the day on which the law forbidding Carbonarism was promulgated. More than a hundred persons were condemned in Piedmont, and a much greater number still in Naples.

every risk in order to make their fellow citizens acquainted with their true interests. His Highness hopes one day to be able to thank you in person for all that you are doing at present for the good of Italy, and to prove to you how much at heart he has it, to justify the praise of his conduct which your letter contains.

"This is the commission which I have received from the prince. I pray you to believe me, &c.

"G. COLLEGNO,
"one of the Scudieri of his Highness, the Prince of Carignano."

This letter was transmitted to M. Angeloni by one Nasi, secretary to the Piedmontese embassy. On the 4th of June, M. Angeloni sent his works to M. Collegno, with a letter a little in a courtier's style. He received on the 22d of June the following answer:—

"Having received your letter of the 4th, I have thought that I could not better fulfil your intentions than by presenting it to his Serene Highness. The praises and prayers of a man who loves his country sincerely cannot be otherwise than dear to him, and will encourage him more and more to undertake one day the great cause. May these prayers be at length heard and these praises merited. His Highness, in ordering me to answer you, commissions me again to express to you the sentiments of gratitude, which, as an Italian prince, he entertains towards you."

In 1826, an agent of the Piedmontese government was sent to M. Angeloni with offers to induce him to give up these letters, but he refused. ED.

SONNET.

FAREWELL! it is a common word, and day
 By day is uttered by the multitude:
 But when in that one breath doth pass away
 The vital hope that had our life endued
 With love of life, filling with noble thought,
 And glorious action, that which else had been
 A dream obscure;—when from that word is wrought
 An agony that, to the world unseen,
 Within the core of the bereaved heart,
 Like fire doth quiver, and like ice congeal;—
 When, to survive in their own spheres apart,
 It sunders two betrothed souls;—the seal
 Of thought for no use farther marks it, save
 To syllable sweet love into the grave!

SCULPTURE IN ENGLAND.

FLAXMAN'S LECTURES.—EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—THE ELGIN MARBLES.—THE NELSON MONUMENT.

Lectures on Sculpture, as delivered before the President and Members of the Royal Academy. By JOHN FLAXMAN, Esq., R.A., Professor of Sculpture in the Royal Academy of Great Britain, Member of the Academies of St. Luke, Rome, Florence, Carrara, &c. *Second Edition.* To which are now first added, *An Introductory Lecture, and Two Addresses to the Royal Academy, on the Death of Thomas Banks in 1805, and of Antonio Canova in 1822, and an Address on the Death of Flaxman.* By Sir RICHARD WESTMACOTT, R.A. With Fifty-two Plates. London: 1838.

Catalogue of the Seventy-first Exhibition of the Royal Academy, London. 1839. —

The Elgin Marbles. London: 1839.

"The Nelson Testimonial:" a Letter to the Committee appointed to select a Design for a Memorial of the Achievements of the late Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson. By WILLIAM BEHNES, Sculptor in Ordinary to the Queen. London: James Fraser, 1839.

Was there ever a period in the history of English art which promised a bright day to native sculpture? It was to perpetuate an affirmative answer to this question that the Lady Chapel, at St. Peter's Abbey, Westminster, which contains the shrine of Henry VII.'s tomb, was erected at the beginning of the sixteenth, and has been suffered to exist till nearly the middle of the nineteenth century. For the previous 400 years the arts of writing and illumination, of carving and tapestry, of painting and sculpture, had been systematically and liberally encouraged and successfully cultivated in England. The twelfth century had hardly closed when the magnificent and tasteful sculptures which still adorn the west front of the cathedral of Wells were executed by native artists. At that time the cathedral of Amiens, the home of French sculpture, and the cathedral of Orvieto, the pride of Italy, had no existence. Cimabue, the restorer of painting, was hardly out of his cradle, and Nicolas of Pisa had but commenced the practice of an art in which his Tomb of St. Dominic, at Bologna, has rendered him so celebrated. The sculpture of Egypt existed 1000 years in a state of progressive advancement, and from the dawning of art in Greece until it was engulfed in Rome, a period of 900 years was allowed for the gradual development of the sculptor's power. What hopes, then, might not have been entertained of English art, had the three periods, of which the first began with Wells and ended with Westminster, been suffered to elapse without interruption, and in the continued practice and encouragement of statuary?

It must be conceded that the love of high art is not native, nor has it ever been, perhaps, the passion of this people. The works of the Britons in imitation of Roman art, even in columns and tessellated pavements, are poor in design, and of no high character in execution; but it must be remembered that the school existed little more than 200 years: for a century at the beginning and end of the establishment of the Roman period in England, is not too much to allow for an entire absence of British co-operation, above the line of mere labour. The statues and enriched

altars of that period are barbarous, and are often hardly distinguishable from the rude effigies of the Saxons in the tenth and the Normans in the eleventh century; but the rapid progress of a taste for Roman refinements, and the general diffusion of imitative art—of temples, and baths, and altars, and edifices of various character—is remarkable, when contrasted with the torpor of Egypt when the Ptolemies fell, the apathy of Greece when absorbed in Rome, and the deathful repose of Italy after the inburst of the Barbarians. We must not forget either that the teachers of art to the Britons were not professors, but legionary soldiers, ill instructed, and incapable of inculcating, by their coarse practice, the principles of art. These things considered, and allowing for a burial under the earth for upwards of fourteen centuries, the rude efforts of the British sculptor are very wonderful works indeed. They have been found in greatest quantity in the Roman province of Valentia, along the line of the Roman wall, and probably the most important collection of these works is to be found in the museum of the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

They were all foreigners who ministered to the taste and pride of the Saxon prelates; they were skilled in architecture, but their use of sculpture was limited and impure. The British converts to Christianity were content to wonder at the creations of art, and gazed with mingled awe and indifference on the remains of Roman art, on the works of the foreigners, who adorned their churches, and on the taste and skill of the Normans, who used them slavishly in the formation of their great works. Yet the strangely sculptured obelisk, called Sweno's Stone, near Elgin, and the richly carved monumental stones near Brechin, and at Meigle, are probably of this period.

From the Third to the Eighth Henry, however, was the period of English sculpture, and the profusion of statues which existed just before the Reformation can hardly be believed. Edifices, domestic and ecclesiastical, were adorned with them, and with them were the way-side shrine and frequent cross enriched. Many thousands remain to this day. There are more statues in Henry VII.'s chapel, the produce of one period, than have been produced in all England, during the last twenty-five years. It was in 1538 that Henry VIII. ordered the removal from the churches of all images which had been worshipped, or to which idle pilgrimages had been made; and in 1541 the Duke of Somerset commanded all statues or pictures, and "images," to be thrown down and destroyed, without distinction: but, even in 1650, the work of desolation was far from complete; for then the puritan council commanded the destruction of the crosses, the greatest ornaments of England at the period; and, notwithstanding the wide-spread rage of destruction, the freedom granted to every man to destroy or take away, the positive commands of authority to waste and spare not, and although this iconoclastic spirit had been maintained for upwards of 100 years, thousands of statues still survive the indiscriminating persecution and the blind rage of destruction to which all the works of art were subjected. What then must have been their multitude? and, as we have a right to suppose that the most idolized were the most celebrated, and at least, in all probability, the best wrought; and, as these were certainly the first destroyed; how able must have been the English chisel, when the works we now so much admire were, of course, vastly inferior to those which, on account of that very superiority, perished in the first assault!

As no great good is unaccompanied by evil, so the pure light of the Reformation was greatly darkened by this barbarous crusade against all that was great in art. The image-maker fled to countries where his human-

ising craft was not proscribed, and foreign lands now taunt England with the works of her banished children. The appeal to truth had overthrown the empire of the imagination, and the affections were chilled in the process. A purer faith, a better reasoned worship, freedom of thought, and a vast advance in civil and religious liberty, were blessings for the purchase of which no price could be too great: but it is to be regretted that a waste of the accumulation of years, and a check to the progress of the fine arts, such as they may never recover, were thrown into the bargain.

It is true that the sculpture of that day was not the great — the abstract — the ideal. Portraits of kings, and queens, and saints, and celestial or infernal personages, the telling of a tale, or the unfolding of an allegory, were the subjects most in use. Yet it was so with the ancients also. History and mythology were the elements of the arts. The heathen temple and the Christian church were consecrated to similar ideas on similar principles; and the architecture, and sculpture, and painting, which adorned them, differed only in their degree of cultivation, in the circumstances of climate, and the greater or less civilisation of the people. The remains of the fifteenth century, if studied with a liberal spirit, and the due allowance made, will bear comparison with what is left of Greece and Rome. The chaste severity and clear understanding of the antique, founded on a more perfect science and a more wisely directed study of nature, would be sought in vain among the great works of the West in the middle age; but the latter are equally true to their destined purpose, and not less productive of their intended effect. Their principles, although less pure, are equally well understood, and no less rigidly applied: and in variety and profusion, and the magnificence of combination and contrast, they excel. The progress of sculpture in England was interrupted just when it began to aspire after excellence, and when it had attained the first step in the progress to perfection. As anatomy and geometry began to be studied, and experimental science diffused, the mechanical excellence and the poetic imagination of our sculptors would have been directed to the perfection of form, and with critical knowledge would have come purer taste and more correct judgment, and a Banks and a Flaxman would have found all prepared that they had to create for themselves. The Rysbachs and Roubilliacs, who engrossed the little employment offered in England to the sculptor from the Reformation to the civil war, were unequal to our own Cibber; and nothing worth the name of art, either foreign or domestic, was produced among us till Banks, the first fruits of the Royal Academy, having escaped the vitiated taste of the then prevailing school of Bernini and Puget, drank at the pure fountain of Michael Angelo; and, although ungifted with great genius, produced works of classic taste and fine feeling, such as may be said to have begun the restoration of art in England. Flaxman was incomparably his superior. The Shield of Achilles, at the British Museum — the Venus and Cupid, at Mr. Knight's, in Portland Place — the Fury of Athanas, at Ickworth House, Suffolk — his Cephalus and Aurora, at Mr. Hope's — and, above all these, Michael and Satan, at Petworth, — have secured to his fame an immortality, which the patient industry, indomitable energy, simplicity, and benevolence, that set off in their true light his great talents, eminently deserve. Flaxman did not scorn to be employed by Wedgewood in suggesting forms for his various vessels of earthenware — a truly classic occupation. He served the princely merchants trading to the East Indies, and found in them tasteful and liberal patrons; the nobles failed not in some degree, although certainly not to the due extent, to enrich their

mansions with his works; and, at the latter end of his career, the royal favour promised him a wider field of exertion, and a nobler foundation for his well-earned fame; but the nation and the government, as bodies, were alike indifferent to his talents or the glory of encouraging them; and the people possess none of his works, except his monuments in the churches. Among these, the most remarkable are the monuments of Nelson, Howe, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, in St. Paul's; of Lord Mansfield and John Kemble, in Westminster Abbey. Had England possessed a Pericles, she might in her Flaxman have found a Phidias: but George III. had no idea of sculpture; and his successor, though well-inclined towards the arts, from his munificent and somewhat fastidious spirit, was miserably devoid of taste. In his reign much was done and spent; and had equal pains been taken to do well and lay out wisely, architecture and sculpture would have advanced indeed. To work for St. Paul's, in memory of the heroes of his country, was now the privilege of the English sculptor; but opportunity and inspiration were controlled by narrow views and limited means: few works possessing a character of true greatness are found within those walls. The real cause of this failure was, perhaps, the absence of all foresight and confidence on the part of those at whose disposal were the national monuments. Had such a man as Flaxman been engaged to form a grand plan which should be gradually carried out, for the adornment of St. Paul's, and the commemoration of the war and our victories, the pettiness and absurdities which degrade both might have been avoided. Had not the Capella Sistini been placed at the disposal of Michael Angelo, that boast of modern art would never have existed: but example is lost upon us. The absence of any ædile power—the want, perhaps, of a minister of public works in England, prevents in great measure, the development of any grand idea. What we resolve to do is done at once by individual means: and, the steady pursuit—for long years, and under changing governments—of one established plan, either in architecture or the sister arts, is barely known. Lately, a better spirit has arisen in street architecture, which will doubtless have its effect on sculpture; but, to insure the accomplishment of any great work, the supremacy of one directing mind must never be disputed. Had Sir Christopher Wren been allowed to carry out his plan of improvements in the city,—and, still more, had he lived later with that power, every year adding its portion to the pre-arranged work, and every new erection happily subordinate to the general effect,—the many pleasing parts would have tended to one magnificent whole, which would now have been developing its beauty. So, in the sculptures of St. Paul's, the want of pre-arrangement and general design has reduced the monuments to a multitude of unconnected statues and incongruous ideas, instead of each illustrating the other, and all blending in one great and harmonious design. The relievos, dedicated in portions to the recital of certain parts of the history respectively; the groups assigned to their appropriate places, and connecting links established between statue and statue; a distinct portion reserved for the eminent in the arts of peace; and the naval separated from the military, of those whose glory was in deeds of war; a settled and consistent costume; established and expressive symbols; the studied incatenation of inscriptions; and the observance of that order, which, without forcing sameness or uniformity on the separate statues, or in any way binding down the spirit of the individual artist, would have secured an harmonious whole, and made each part powerfully to aid the general effect:—such were the precautions, the neglect of which has destroyed capabilities unrivalled in Europe. This waste of the means of greatness is unreasonably visited on the artist, but it is due to the

indifference of government and the opposition of churchmen, who, in other countries the patrons of the arts, were here unfortunately opposed, on principle, to their progress. The erection of a national monument in architecture, with an express view to the disposal of sculpture, to contain statues, &c., of the heroes by sea and land who, during the last war, raised the name of England high among the nations, was contemplated at the right time, but the government preferred to spend as much money on fireworks and Chinese pagodas, as would by this time have gone far towards the expenses of such an erection. Had that monument been erected, the interior of St. Paul's might have been dedicated to more appropriate memories than those of battle. A Howard, a Johnson, a Reynolds, and the pious Heber, are all the monuments of this class. Jenner, Watt, Wilberforce (as embodying an idea); Newton; the educators, humanisers, peacemakers, and benefactors of the country and mankind, should be remembered in marble, within the metropolitan church, at the expense of the nation.

The opportunity of establishing these national monuments was certainly at the close of the war, and Flaxman was well qualified to have designed them. His was a happy period for the foundation of a great work, and for the commencement of a school which ought to carry English sculpture to its desired place. The originality and vigour of his mind, which rose in proportion to the demands on them, only required scope and stimulus. Such a field would have fired with a noble enthusiasm, and have elevated his soul to the noblest heights. The immediate commerce with foreign countries by the most distinguished men of our own, had created a taste for sculpture which began to be better understood. Banks had shown that English genius was not uncultivable; Flaxman had proved himself equal to his contemporaries on the Continent — equal in hand and eye, and superior in power and sentiment. Canova then, and Thorwaldsen since, could alone compete with Flaxman; for, with some splendid exceptions, mediocrity is the mark of our time rather than of our country: a fact the more remarkable, as this may be considered the peculiar period of science, not only in research but in diffusion. Now the progress of the fine arts must depend on the previous cultivation of the sciences, without which they cannot exist in perfection. Mr. Simpson, in his lectures on orthophrenic education, said, the other day, that the poets were the true moral philosophers. No doubt of it, — and the great artist is the truly scientific man. Great intellect arrives at once, and, by its intuitive power, at the same conclusions which laborious science gradually works out. The utilitarian would banish the fine arts while he cultivates practical science, unconscious that the one is the soul of the other. The man of profound science is a true critic in art; but he and the artist arrive at their end by paths so opposite, and express themselves in forms so different, that they are hardly intelligible to each other; yet the results of their several processes are nearly the same; and ancient art is a union of understanding and sentiment; the former mathematically demonstrates, the latter appealing to a *sixth* sense, which appears to be denied to some, and to be given lavishly to others, but which is really the result of the rare combination of well-poised qualities of the mind in man, as its exciting cause in sculpture is the felicitous union of parts in the most exquisite proportions — a subtle harmony, felt, but not to be described.

The cultivation of the sciences has always preceded the successful practice of the fine arts, and we may therefore reasonably conclude that the scientific taste of our day will lead to a period of the great in art. On the know-

ledge of geometry, numbers, optics, perspective, and anatomy, as subservient to and inspired with genius, depends the excellence of sculpture.

Now not only were these sciences better understood in Flaxman's time than formerly, but the appliances and means to make a sculptor had grown rife in England. To the Townley and Hamilton collections, in the British Museum, were added the metopes of the Parthenon and the frieze of the Phigalian Temple of Apollo. Casts of the finest groups and statues of antiquity grew common in our academies and in the galleries of the great. We, in common with all Europe, reaped the greatest advantages from the inestimable treasures of ancient art discovered at Herculaneum and Pompeii. Some of the best works of Canova were in England, and remain here, particularly his group of the Three Graces, in possession of the Duke of Bedford, and his beautiful recumbent statue of a Nymph in the royal collection. Every work of Flaxman's was an addition to the wealth of the country, in pure taste, and often with forcible execution. Francis Chantrey began to develop the graces of his style, which, though more remarkable for delicacy of design and grace of execution than for power, originality, or any of the loftier qualities of art, was yet so true in its imitation of nature, and, as in his famous group in Lichfield Cathedral, so tender in its feeling, as to make him an honour to the British school. Greatness and power are not his attributes; and a false patronage and the pursuit of wealth have too often humbled his efforts to those of mere portraiture; yet, since art must ever look to vanity for a large share of the support it is to meet, we should rather rejoice at the fancy and poetry he contrives to throw into his portrait-statues than condemn him as a mere bust-maker. He has chosen his walk, however, perhaps directed by his capacity, and has thereby shut himself out from the higher and more glorious province of his art. Flaxman was the first lecturer on sculpture appointed by the Royal Academy; and it was about the same time that the then regent (George IV.) presented that institution with the invaluable series of casts which the academy first fitted up in its dark closet of a council-room, at Somerset House, and has now stuck against the wall of its entrance hall, at the National Gallery. The statues, in both instances, being so arranged as to impress the spectator with the greatness of their size, rather than the innate greatness which made the originals the glory of Rome and the shame of Paris. Flaxman says, "their presence has converted the council chamber into a Homeric olympus, where none approach without the mingled sentiments of delight and awe." This is exactly the effect that the pope's present to the regent ought to have produced; and we cannot but regret that they were not given to the National Gallery, under an injunction that a fitting place should be provided for them. The public see little of these noble casts, (which in Rome were made to supply the vacant pedestals when French force ravished the originals from the imperial city,) except during the exhibition of the Royal Academy's pictures, when the Laocoon stands over the check-taker, the Venus and Minerva act as waiting-maids, and the Apollo Belvidere as groom of the chambers to the one-shilling customers, who are much too impatient for new pictures to waste their time in looking at old statues, even if they were so placed as to be seen to advantage. To the student, however, these casts are among the many valuable means this country possesses of advancing his studies.

The collections of the Queen, of the Duke of Sutherland, of the late Lord Egremont, of Earl Spencer, of Lord F. Egerton, of the Duke of Wellington, of Sir R. Peel, and many other noblemen and gentlemen, contain treasures of art in sculpture as well as in painting; and the lectures

of Fuseli and Flaxman — perfect contrasts in style and manner — will enable the student to appreciate them. The libraries of the Museum and the Academy possess copies of all the expensive and valuable works that the last century has given to the illustration of sculpture; and the *vivâ voce* lectures of Sir Richard Westmacott must not be overlooked. With these means sculptural genius cannot perish for want of food in this country.

But if among these means all were wanting but the Elgin Marbles — that collection of all that is beautiful, all that is intelligible, all that is educating in ancient art — the scholar would need no other teacher. In these wonderful works all her principles may be traced, all her powers are amply developed, all her charms displayed. There is not a swell nor fall of the marble, not a curve nor flexure of the outline, that does not combine the most poetical yet accurate study of nature with the most correct observance of scientific rule. When we contemplate these true glories of ancient art, observe their amazing force of expression, their perfect freedom and grace, their endless variety, their sentiment, their truth, we are lost in admiration. The store of words would be vainly exhausted in describing even this effect, much more in detailing their individual excellences. Volumes have been written in vain. They must be seen, and studied, and sought with affectionate regard, and wooed by repeated suit, before they reveal the secrets of their perfectness. The contemplation of any species of perfection is exalting to the imagination and stimulates to virtue; but, in the perfection of art, poetry and science lie in each other's arms; and the delightful, the elevating, and the useful, are happily combined. We would have the student of sculpture keep his hand and eye for them: let him avoid books, and lectures, and inferior means, and imbibe first and for ever the sense of perfect beauty and unexcelled skill in those immortal marbles. Let these be his scriptures in art, the objects of the devout religion of his eye. If he thirst after deserved fame, let him drink deep of this fountain, and live for ever.

With all these advantages, what is the state of sculpture now, and where are we to look for the result of so much and such excellent instruction? Our squares and public places are not without their monuments of kings, and warriors, and statesmen. But do the modern instances excel the old? Mr. Wyatt's literal George III., on his ideal horse, in Cockspur Street, and the plaster figure of George IV., over the station-house, at King's Cross, are the last metropolitan erections in honour of royalty. The Dukes of Kent and York are remembered as generals; and the latter is, by way of triumph, perched in bronze at the top of a tall, severe, and naked column of granite, as if to suffer punishment rather than receive honour. The portrait-statues of Pitt and Canning, in Hanover Square and Palace Yard, on their pyramidal pedestals, are harsh, heavy, and terminal; and to Nelson and Wellington no monument is *yet* erected, except the Achilles in the park, which includes the latter among the brave men to whom their countrywomen dedicate that unmeaning and inappropriate colossus. These certainly are no proofs of the advance of art. Our monumental sculptures are better, and our busts are best. But this is not the legitimate effect of the Elgin Marbles. The imaginative and the ideal are wanting, and no one devotes himself to art in the abstract. The Duke of Northumberland, Earl Grey, and other noblemen and gentlemen, have lately ordered works of a higher class; but the instances are few where sculpture is loved for its own sake. Private patronage is chiefly turned to busts and monuments, and the country does nothing. Even Mr. Barry's design for the new houses of parliament is denuded of its enrichments and all its intended sculptures. But there are means to reconcile vanity and art, and to confer a favour at

once on history and sculpture in that design. Let the tracery of the interior of both houses spring from heads in rilievo, and let these heads be portraits of the members of each house at the time of erection. Some 800 recollections of our day would thus be handed down to posterity. Busts of the distinguished men who already belong to history might be thus given at the expense of the country; and every peer or M. P., who wished to be immortalised without establishing a claim on the country, might add his own mite, with his own bust, to the adornment of the chambers of legislation, and to the illustration of his period. If neither our squares, nor churches, nor palaces, nor mansions, show the progress of sculpture, shall we find it in the exhibition of the Royal Academy? There are 113 subjects, which, if any man were asked to accept as a whole, he would probably refuse to find room for. Sir Francis Chantrey is an academician and trustee, yet he sends nothing from his overloaded studio to support the exhibition, and show to stranger visitors that in the mechanical part of his art the country possesses one unrivalled sculptor. Sir R. Westmacott, an academician, an auditor, and professor, can afford nothing to the exhibition but the pedestal to his statue of Lord William Bentinck, on which is represented, in basso-relievo, an interrupted suttee, and the recumbent statue of a sleeping child in marble — the Lady Susan Murray — a little thing in all respects. Do these men love the art they live by? or, now that it has raised them to fortune, do they scorn to do any thing towards the instruction and encouragement of those who have yet to run their course, — any thing for the enlightenment of the public mind, and the training of the public eye, and the improvement of the public taste, to the ultimate advancement of the art itself? How different was the conduct of Canova! Honoured with a title, and endowed with little more than a competence, he devoted all his superfluity of means, and all his treasured skill, in his last days, to the noblest purposes. He dedicated a church to God, in gratitude for those talents which had been given him, and determined to adorn it with all the powers for the possession of which he felt grateful. Such a work would have been in every sense his monument; — a homage to religion, an ornament to his country, and an ever-living testimony of his own genius, while it preserved to posterity his purity and humility, and held out a lamp to the path of the student. Every body knows that it was grief at the failure of his project, vexation at the delay of the work, and trouble at the discovery that his means would not reach the end proposed, that brought to a rapid close the life of the warm-hearted old Marquis of Ischia. Courteous and courageous, pious and patriotic, Canova, it is but just that thy genius and talent should embalm for all futurity thy upright walk and warmth of heart.

The other academicians who are sculptors, Bailey and Gibson, have sent, the former *two* and the latter *three* works to this year's exhibition. Bailey's statue of Thomas Telford, the engineer, is a noble work. The figure massive and composed, the head finely moulded, the features like, and with the happiest expression; the drapery easy, and procured without effort from the loose coat; the form well understood and distinctly expressed, and then slightly but naturally draped in the ordinary costume. His second work is a group (between the statue and the bust in size) of the son and daughter of Sir F. Shuckburgh, which is well imagined and executed with neatness. This has the "prettiness" of manner which is too characteristic of the artist, while his Telford is broad and forcible, and exhibits a power of which his previous works convey a faint idea. In the flutter of his ornament, in the statue of Earl Grey, &c. he had nearly frittered away his reputation. In the present instance, he is still but the portrait sculptor. The bust and the

monument are but the objects of a low ambition; but it is otherwise with Gibson, whose first production is Love cherishing the Soul while preparing to torment it, — perfectly classic and imaginative. The Psyche is a butterfly, the Love a boy, not *Cupido* but *Amor*, or both combined in *Eros*, — personified youth, and freshness, and love. The figure is, on the antique model, perfect, and with a grace and truth in all the forms which promise well for modern sculpture. His Venus and Cupid, a basso-relievo, in marble, is fine but less ideal — a mere mother and son of any period, with well expressed forms and faces. The Venus Verticordia is a clever study of the antique, and serves with the others to show that Gibson is certainly in the right path. He has feeling, taste, and skill; his wants are power and originality. He will follow with success, but is not able to lead. He does honour to the existing school, but will never found a new one. Grace and classic feeling are hardly less conspicuous in Wolff's Girl with a Goat and Tambourine: the unformed limbs of youth are, however, too truly given; the ideal of a habit of exercise would have allowed even to the girlish form a better model. There is something so sweet, however, in this group, and so chaste and classic in the conception, that slight faults cannot betray us into censure. We must not omit to notice the boldly relieved head in Carew's Good Samaritan, a bas-relief of great spirit. After these we might mention several admirable busts, and although not in an exalted walk of art, yet as clever specimens in their style, the Dorothea of J. Bell, a very pleasing cast; the Statue of Henry VII. in Caen Stone, by C. Smith, one of a series for Manhead Park — a design honourable to the patron as to the artist; and several instances of more than moderate ability and some promise: but originality and genius are absolutely wanting in the exhibition. Where is Lough? The sculptor of Milton's Satan has more in him of the spirit of Flaxman than any one of his contemporaries, but he has no subject in this exhibition. Why? Is it that the academy are careless of those who do not court them, or is the sculptor more concerned for himself than his art, and resents, with an ignoble anger, the misplacing of his last year's group? In petty differences, concerning matters of no moment, how much of the soul and spirit is wasted that should, by individual energy and the cordial co-operation of all, be powerfully applied to the advance of the art itself! Public indifference, and the false taste of the modern Mæcenæ, are less dangerous to art than the captious jealousy and excessive self-esteem of the artists themselves. Lough's Captive, modelled at Rome, is a figure of matronly beauty, simple without severity, full without voluptuousness, delicate without feebleness, graceful without affectation. The attitude is one of deep and absorbing grief, not excited by personal suffering, but the anguish of mind for the misery of others occasioned by that suffering. The face is eloquent with this expression: the well understood form of the figure, the flowing outline, and the feeling, the flesh-like living feeling, of all the parts, are proofs of freedom and power in execution which, added to the genius of the conception, place Lough almost alone among the original and poetical of our sculptors; yet, except by his immediate patrons, and the few who will take the trouble to look for unobtrusive merit, Lough is not duly appreciated. It appears, then, that, setting aside busts, and portraits, and mere statuary, the real works in this exhibition worthy of the name of sculpture are few indeed, and the hands so employed still fewer. But does the exhibition of the Royal Academy afford a fair test of the state of sculpture? The architect, the professor, the editor of Vitruvius, the crude and classic Wilkie, when his National Gallery was completed, is said to have exclaimed, "Bless me! I forgot sculpture," and immediately to have stuck behind the building that conceited little after-

thought, the semicircular saloon. Forgot sculpture! Had the professor forgotten architecture, too, the public would have gained the loss of that piece of honeycomb, the National Gallery. Indeed it is not surprising that the artist is undesirous of decorating this "hole in the wall" with his productions. The exhibition of the first and second years at the new Academy averaged 130 subjects, while the present year (the third) the number is 113, and the paucity of merit is more marked than that of number. The academy should have two large saloons of sculpture — one in which the antique casts, &c. should be seen to advantage, and the other for the exhibition of modern works. What is a statue without space and light? and who should know how much sculpture depends on both if the Royal Academicians do not?

The government have bought pictures for the public, and the public are grateful: we have never heard a complaint against the expense of the Museum, or the National Gallery, or any other means of improvement which the public are called on to pay for and enjoy. But the government raises no statue. A vast number of individuals, however, have united to raise, by subscription, statues to Nelson and Wellington. The history of these transactions has thrown some light on the state of sculpture in England, the power to appreciate it, and the will to encourage it. The city statue was subscribed for and entrusted to Sir Francis Chantrey — with great propriety, as it appears to us. Not that we so estimate Sir Francis as to conceive him capable of producing a truly great work; but because his position and his fame, native and European, demand of his countrymen a fair opportunity for the exercise of his talent in almost the highest line of his profession. The share taken by government in this work was the supplying of some old cannon for the bronze of which the statue will be cast. It is to be completed in four years, and the artist will not probably be restricted to a thousand pounds or so in the ultimate expense. The site of this intended statue is the corner of Cornhill, opposite Cheapside, and near the Mansion House: its character is equestrian, and the size heroic. Neither the style nor the site entirely satisfies our views of the subject; but we will not digress into objections: we shall content ourselves with rejoicing that English valour and sagacity are to be commemorated by English talent, and the city to be adorned with a work of art at the expense of the citizens.

No sooner was the statue decidedly entrusted to Sir F. Chantrey than the friends of Mr. Wyatt got up another subscription for the erection of a Wellington testimonial at the west end of the town. That the real object of this undertaking was the employment of the sculptor has been made clear in the course of the proceedings; and, if such a purpose had been avowed instead of disclaimed, who could have blamed the patrons of art? But patriotism, and taste, and all the virtues were assumed as the motive, and a large sum of money was subscribed, a committee formed, who met, discussed, arranged, and at length settled that the statue should be mounted first on a horse, and then horse and all on the archway opposite to Apsley House, and leading into the Green Park, and that Mr. Wyatt should be employed to execute it. Now, as on all such occasions, a great number of noblemen and gentlemen who had consented to be of the committee had carefully abstained from taking any share in its labours, or encountering any part of its responsibilities; and these honourable men, who ought to have guarded the public against what looked not unlike a job, although we are far from accusing the committee of any such intention, and what would certainly have given us, as the Wellington at the west end, something not un-

like the King of Cockspur Street, now came forward, and accused the committee of partiality, and of hurry, and of holding meetings without notice, and of various high crimes and misdemeanors, which were all resolvable into their own neglect of a duty which they ought either to have declined or discharged. Whether we are to have a Wyatt Wellington, or whether the malecontents of the committee will have spirit enough to reverse its decrees, remains to be seen; but we believe, however painful, and perhaps unfair, to the selected artist, the monument will be transferred to other hands, but not, we hope, into those of Sir F. Chantrey. If one George III. is enough for Mr. Wyatt, let one Wellington satisfy Sir Francis: there are able men behind.

Warned, however, by this alleged intrigue, and shocked, at least, by the reproaches hurled at the Wellington committee, the gentlemen selected by the subscribers to the Nelson memorial resolved on a public competition, which took place last March. The gallery of Mr. Rainy, in Regent Street, was accepted by the committee for the exhibition of models and drawings, and many artists and amateurs competed for the prize. Architects and sculptors were alike encouraged to try their talent; and the exhibition was expected to afford a fair view of the amount of ability in these arts as they existed in this country. And it was fair to suppose so. Than Nelson never was a hero so heartily beloved, never was a country more proud of a son, never were actions more capable of artistic illustration, nor a character more inspiring of lofty sentiment and high feeling than his. He was himself a genius with whom genius was likely to sympathise, in the astonishing boldness of conception, and in the rapidity and dash of execution. He scorned all pettiness of detail, all trifling quibbles of the schools; he was content to trust to the dictates of his own original mind, and won his battles, not according to rule, but by the force of genius; and it might be expected that the artist who would commemorate his actions would catch a spark of his fire; and, scorning the pedantry of precedent, unfettered by rule, and excited to greatness by the contemplation of greatness, would have produced something at once surprising and appropriate, something new yet recognised, daring but allowed, grand yet intelligible, bold, significant, expressive, and commanding admiration rather than soliciting approval. Was any thing of this kind exhibited? Nothing approaching to it. But in its place every variety of eccentric device, every extravagance of bewildered imagination on the one side, and on the other every form of the cold and tame. Among the multitude of designs, few indeed were fitted to be the monument of any thing but the dulness of him who had conceived it. We will not waste words on the rocks from which flowed fountains, and on which sat tritons in the most amiable confusion, with the most inexplicable purpose; nor with the confectionary or pastry models of mock Egyptian and ungenial Greek temples; nor with the monstrous light-houses, nor the more absurd fountains, which decorated the rooms. The committee divided the designs into the column, the obelisk, and the pile, in which architecture and sculpture were combined, and selected from each class a specimen for the first, second, and third prize, — but not one for execution. The column was of the Corinthian order, surmounted by a statue: it was the design of Mr. Railton, and, although no way remarkable, was correct and pleasing as a column — a column *apropos* to what? certainly not to Nelson. The obelisk was the design of Mr. Bailey, and, had the competition proceeded, would have probably carried away the majority of suffrages. It was an Egyptian obelisk of granite, surrounded at the base with allegorical figures in bronze, — among them a lion, a Britannia, a Nelson, and a number of sea-gods and goddesses “swimming,” as somebody

said, "round the world for sport," but meant, according to the artist, to signify that Nelson's victories were as extensive as the element on which they were gained, which, if they did express, their significance was as simply complex as Lord Burleigh's nod. The architectural composition was the design, of Messrs. Fowler and Sevier, and was finished with remarkable beauty for a model, but was distinctly wanting in all the characteristic features of a monument to naval glory. Mr. Rennie, Mr. Coffee, Mr. R. Westmacott, and some others, appear to have approached more nearly the simple and severe standard which might be expected to guide this work : they all agree in a sculptured pedestal, columnar or pyramidal, surmounted by a statue. The pervading thought in these designs was certainly the true one ; and he who succeeds best in embodying it will probably be the selected artist. But to accomplish this design great power and judgment are required ; and perhaps the public would be unwilling to receive the grave and true for the frivolous and showy. But to return to the history. The committee had announced this selection, and the day was fixed for their final determination. In the meanwhile the press had spoken, the committee had consulted all who were likely to know any thing of the matter, and they resolved to re-open the competition, a resolution which does them the greatest credit, and which, we believe, the public owes to the Duke of Wellington and Sir Ridley (now Lord) Colborne. Sir Hussey Vivyan had taken under his patronage Lieut. Siborn, and had resolved to move the committee to decide on a temple which should contain the model of Waterloo, now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall, and a model of the battle of Trafalgar on a similar scale. From what we have seen and heard of the models in preparation, we have no doubt that the approaching competition will do more honour to English art ; but we have no very high hopes of seeing such a tribute to Nelson as will at once satisfy the critic and the public — the true test of fitness in the design and of ability in the artist ; but when we look abroad at the monuments of the Continent, ancient and modern, we do not see the design which we should desire to see naturalised for the Nelson monument. Here is a difficulty not carefully considered by the critics. The monument should be one to the glory of England's navy ; it should record by intelligible figures the localities of those victories, and the means by which they were gained, and the ideal of the men who won them ; and Nelson should be the climax, — the point to which all should tend, — the grand feature, the aim, object, the soul of the composition.

We have endeavoured to show that at one period English sculpture had attained an eminence from which all but the summit of perfection was in sight. We have attempted to explain the causes that interrupted its progress. If we are right, the greatest evil of the interruption is over, and the stream of art again flows easily on. The advantages we possess in the splendid relics of ancient art, to direct its progress, cannot be calculated. As yet they have not produced their natural effect ; but the advance of art is slow, and more especially is this true of sculpture. The country must acquire a taste for the beautiful, and a knowledge of its own treasures, before the artist can be stimulated to the necessary exertion. Money is no due reward, nor ordinary fame a sufficient stimulant to greatness. To be praised by those who know is the artist's aim ; and, until a whole people are educated to an understanding of art, the applause of that people will fail in its effect. We have all to do, but we have the means of accomplishing all ; and we hope the Nelson monument will mark the commencement of a new era in English art — the era of the great and the original ; and the final period of the tame, the feeble, and the imitative, which, from the time of William Austin to that of John Flaxman, have been the characteristics of sculpture in England.

THE EXPEDIENCY OF A RURAL POLICE.

First Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire as to the best Means of establishing an efficient Constabulary Force in the Counties of England and Wales.
London: C. Knight & Co. 1839. 8vo. pp. 416.

"An vigilare metu exanimem, noctesque diesque
Formidare malos fures, incendia, servos,
Ne te compilent fugientes; hoc juvat?"

Hon.

No little sensation has been created throughout the country, from the very extensive circulation of an Abstract of the First Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the best means of establishing an efficient constabulary force in the counties of England and Wales. As the subject has been much canvassed at quarter-sessions, and other public meetings of the magistrates throughout the country, we feel induced to draw their attention still further to a subject calculated to prove so immediately important to them individually and collectively, and to excite in no ordinary degree the attention of the whole community.

Previously to entering upon the minutiae of the leading propositions in their Report, we would offer a few observations on the general expediency of the object to which that Report is directed, inasmuch as some are inclined to doubt the necessity of any further security for their property and persons, having hitherto escaped from those depredations and outrages which the present project is intended to remedy.

In order to prove the utility of this intended change in the method of advancing the peace of the country, it must be shown that the advantages to be reaped from its adoption will exceed the expenses attending the outlay for its proper maintenance. This has already been demonstrated in a most satisfactory manner by the admirable working of the metropolitan police force, both as to the security of person and protection of property at a most economical rate. It may be retorted that the metropolitan police force can be no criterion whereby to ascertain the advantages of a similar institution in the country, the latter having none of the wretchedness and vicious characters wherewith the metropolis so greatly abounds; but any one at all acquainted with the character of the rural population, even in those districts where manufactories do not greatly abound, will feel at once the futility of any such objection; and were it really the case, that our agricultural population in its present state required no protection, still, when the larger towns are furnished with a trained force on the same footing as that of the metropolis, the various descriptions of town-delinquents will be driven out into the country, and thus a police force will be rendered quite as necessary for the latter as it is for the former.

That which has been partially achieved, in particular portions of the country, with success, may surely be extended, with equal success, to the whole. The system has already been tried in several small towns, and found to be productive of the greatest benefits; so much so, that there can be little doubt but that those towns would much rather double the salaries of the police officers than be deprived of their services. On the line of the Great North of England Railway there are several whose inhabitants consider that they owe the peace and safety which they enjoy solely to the appointment of an active police officer in each. Moreover, it has been found that vagrants almost invariably avoid these towns in their routes. The principle upon which the commissioners ground their system — that of

centralisation — will render these officers of much greater service to the country, from their being each members of one great and uniform whole. Notices of crimes and misdemeanors, with full descriptions of the persons of the supposed depredators, can thus be readily transmitted throughout the kingdom, so as almost to preclude the possibility of an escape. These scanty observations show that here there is no expatiating on the field of imagination, that this is no new-fangled scheme wrought out from the region of conjecture, but one founded on that sure and infallible basis — well-established experience, followed up with the most cautious and mature deliberation.

It has been suggested that the project under consideration will infringe on the liberty of the subject, and be a curtailment of that political liberty and freedom which the people of England have so long enjoyed. Assuredly it would be but indiscreet, and very far from good policy on the part of any government in this our day, were it to put forth a measure which might reasonably be thought to encroach upon the sacredness of “freedom’s glorious cause” in any shape. We think, however, no such presentiments need be entertained with regard to the one at present under consideration.

Our liberty is ever liable to be assailed by two great counteracting powers — those of government and individuals, and which have ever been a mutual check upon each other; the encroachments of the one having a direct tendency to restrain, in some degree, the power of the other. In broaching, therefore, any plan of reformation calculated to affect the polity of this country, it should be made manifest that the benefits to be gained on the one hand will supersede any objection which might suggest itself from the diminution of power or loss of liberty on the other. This general position can be fully established with reference to the present project; for, as far as the personal freedom of the subject is concerned, there is no question but that it will be materially protected and rendered much more secure than it has been hitherto: in comparison with which the imagined accumulation of power dwindles down to a mere shadow. Nay, would not despotism itself be preferable to an all-prevailing sense of insecurity?

But, at the same time, it cannot be expected that cultivated minds, and those who extend their views beyond their own personal and immediate protection, will rest satisfied until every semblance of an approach towards tyranny, every encroachment upon their rights and liberties, however minute, shall have vanished from the scheme. To clear away, to the satisfaction of every reader, the few doubts which might thus arise on the subject, would necessarily occupy a larger space in these pages than our present object would warrant; we shall, therefore, only observe, that he should put into the counter-scale the security which our personal freedom must derive from the project when carried into effect, and he will find it greatly to preponderate: further, that the power imagined to accrue to those in whom the appointment of a constabulary force shall reside would be found to be of little avail, were any insurrection to arise from the excitement of the public mind or otherwise; as each officer of the establishment would be no more led to forsake his own private opinion, interest, or bias, on account of his office, than any workman in a cotton factory would, under similar circumstances, succumb to the will of his employer. History furnishes many instances to bear out this assertion; but, even under the supposition that it is a false one, the power conferred, when the sketch of the Report has been gone through, will be shown to be of but comparatively little import.

The principle of centralisation — the leading feature in the system, — has in some instances been rendered odious to the feelings of this country, from

the necessity of its connecting with government a subordinate body of men who would be likely to become domineering and arbitrary, and from its tendency to sow seeds germinating on the establishment of a despotic rule. In others, and those by far the most numerous, it has been hailed with almost universal approbation, and has conferred upon some of the institutions of this country benefits which need only to be slightly glanced at to be highly appreciated by every one. That which appears to approach nearest in its internal formation to the proposed force is the excise-office. What confusion, disorder, and irregularity would have existed had the body of men forming this establishment been hitherto acting under no general rules, and had they been apportioned throughout the country at random, and without regard to the different grades of officers which at present exist! One portion of the body would be acting under a more salutary scale of regulations than another, without any means of conveying the improved method to its adjacent district; whilst, having no immediate superiors to watch over and direct their movements, the greatest overbearance would be practised through pique, and the utmost latitude be given to delinquents through partiality or favour. These are only a very few of the consequences which would ensue from the absence of this principle, and which would be equally applicable to some other of our comprehensive systems of management, as, for instance, the present administration of the poor-laws, that admirable piece of machinery—the post-office, our courts of justice, the stamp-office, custom-house, &c. It is not within the province of this paper to indulge in any lengthened eulogium on the grand outlines of these really admirable institutions, and we will therefore conclude this portion of the argument by recommending those who take any interest in the measure of a rural police to give them their most serious attention.

The question as to whether the present constables are sufficient for the conservation of the peace may be easily disposed of. Generally speaking, they are wholly inadequate and unfit for that purpose; and, ignorant and inert, neither know nor seek to know in what their actual duty consists. Indeed, this can hardly be a matter of surprise, when we consider that, in many instances, the office is only temporary, and that there is no inducement, by way of emolument or otherwise, to excite their activity. They are often induced by local connections and prejudices to excuse offenders, or to exercise oppression towards those of their neighbours who are the objects of their enmity, but more especially towards the poorer classes, who have frequently no means of redress. Some refuse to render any assistance unless remunerated for their services, whilst others, through timidity or fear, allege a multiplicity of excuses in the shape of illness, important business, and the like. Then the appointment is frequently conferred upon those who are incapable of great activity, from being far advanced in years; and it is well known that not only are they in many instances extremely difficult of access, but that in some townships an appointment never takes place. The office, again, is avoided as much as possible by farmers, and the more industrious class of labourers; consequently it falls the more frequently on the idle and dissipated.

Blackstone thus speaks of them:—“They are armed with very large powers of arresting and imprisoning, of breaking open houses, and the like, of the extent of which powers, considering what manner of men are for the most part put into those offices, it is, perhaps, very well that they are generally kept in ignorance.” The powers are certainly great, but not too great for the very nature of the office, unless when placed in hands where it is likely to be perverted; but

"Where ignorance is bliss
 'T is folly to be wise"

ought not be applicable to any public officer who has certain and definite duties to perform.

The maleadministration of parochial justice has long been considered a crying evil against the good government of this country; and, should this measure meet with the sanction of the legislature, it will only be one step towards the formation of what has ever been a great and manifold desideratum, viz., a well-organised local or parochial government. The principle of governing by small communities, as tending towards the formation of a healthy sound government, though out of place here, is well worthy of the serious consideration of the legislature, and would be productive of the most incalculable advantages to this country.

We will now proceed to give the chief recommendation from the first report of the commissioners, and comment shortly upon the several clauses in their order.

It is proposed

"I. That, as a primary remedy for the evils set forth, a paid constabulary force should be trained, appointed, and organised in the principles of management recognised by the legislature in the appointment of the new metropolitan police force."

With regard to this regulation — the superiority of the management of the metropolitan force being generally admitted — few objections can reasonably be made, beyond the fact, that the exchange of intercourse which subsists between the superintendent, district-superintendent, inspectors, and serjeants of the metropolitan police, cannot be made so immediately available to that for the country. The distance which must necessarily separate them from each other will prevent that ready communication between the different grades of the officers of the establishment which tends so much to the well-ordering of the corps, and to the maintenance of that unanimity so indispensable to their efficient formation. This, however, appears to be rather a concomitant evil than an objection.

"II. That for this purpose on application in writing, under the hands and seals of a majority of the justices assembled at any quarter sessions of the peace for the county, setting forth the insecurity of person and property, and the want of paid constables, the commissioners of police shall, with the approbation of the secretary of state for the home department, direct the location of such constables and such officers as may, upon examination by the said commissioners, be deemed adequate for the due protection of life or property within the county."

Here there is no power vested in the magistracy. They are merely to inquire into the inefficiency of the present conservators of the peace and report thereon; the commissioners undertaking to prescribe the number and condition of the officers to be appointed. It has been recommended that the appointment of the officers should be with the guardians of the poor-law unions, as opposed to the commissioners and the magistracy. This would seem at the outset a very plausible and apparently popular plan, as tending to give greater and more general satisfaction; but it will ultimately be found, what indeed is generally admitted, that the lower orders are by far more jealous of those persons who are equal with, or only a remove above themselves, than they are of their more elevated superiors. The guardians, we are persuaded, have already a *quantum sufficit* of business upon their hands, independent of this perfectly extraneous duty; indeed it appears to be totally incompatible with their office, and certainly inconsistent with their other duties. They would frequently be led to confer the appointment upon men whose capacities for the office would be lost sight of in the

wish to gratify some personal feelings, or to provide a means of subsistence for those who have no other possibility of gaining a livelihood. Would it not be objectionable, also, on account of the probability of their appointing such men merely as were resident within the limits of the union, in the stead of — what is certainly a desideratum — perfect strangers to the office? Of course this last would apply with almost equal force to the appointment being with the magistrates, as limiting it to those persons within their district jurisdiction.

It appears, therefore, to be the safest and best method that the appointment and ordering of the intended force should be entirely under the control of the commissioners, magistrates, and superintendents of the police; they being also far more conversant with criminal matters than the guardians of a poor-law union.

“ III. The force should be paid one fourth from the consolidated fund, and three fourths from the county rates, as a part of the general expenses of the whole country.”

This clause has probably been more canvassed than any one in the list, inasmuch as it is that which comes nearest to the pocket. The suggestion which stands opposed to it is that the three fourths of the expense should be raised by a rate made in the particular districts where the services of the force are deemed requisite; and not that each district should be compelled to contribute indiscriminately, and towards the protection of other property than that within its own limits. That would be considered a harsh and unjustifiable enactment which should compel a peaceable and thinly populated district to contribute towards the protection of a manufacturing and more thickly populated portion of the county, where crime is continually committed, and where wretchedness and vice abound. Many of the associations which have been formed for promoting the apprehension and prosecution of felons average two or three prosecutions each during the quarter; whilst others, equally alive to the offences cognisable within their district, scarcely average that number in as many years. Nor is there so much disparity between the populations of each in point of numbers as to account for this variation in the amount of crime committed. What reason, then, can be assigned why the latter should partially defray the expenses of the former? Certainly, as the proportion for each district would vary in accordance with the force required, the preference appears to be in favour of a rateable district contribution to that of a whole county, where the rate would be equalised throughout.

“ IV. That the constables so appointed shall report their proceedings to the justices of the peace of the quarter and petty sessions where they are stationed.”

Here again has the objection most ridiculously been urged — the placing too much power with the magistracy; and it has been the cause of no little umbrage to many who are jealous of the power already in the possession of that body; but those who are aware of the benefits derived to the country from their gratuitous exertions, and of their proper application of the power they possess, will not consider the present clause as one calculated to augment that power one iota. Nay, will it not rather be an addition to their already arduous duties? Were any other body of men of equal authority appointed to superintend the proceedings and receive the reports of the force, in lieu of the magistrates, the requisite salaries for such appointments would suggest a much greater objection than that which arises from the fear of granting too much power by the present arrangement.

By a recent act* of the legislature, the magistrates, in cases of emergency — the very period when the fear arises of the power vested in them being perverted — are empowered to swear in all persons who are willing to act as special constables, in order to quell any violent proceedings which they have reason to think to be in contemplation. How, then, can the present measure in any way accelerate their power, when they have thus at command an unlimited number of assistants? Did the legislature grant them this power without sufficient deliberation? Did the country ever apprehend any danger from it? No: the magistrates have ever possessed the confidence of the country in all matters of a criminal nature, and there is scarcely an instance on record to show that it has been misplaced.

The practicability of the police officers laying their reports before the magistrates at petty sessions has already been sufficiently put to the test, in those districts where a police officer has been appointed; and it has been found to answer every expectation.

“ V. That the superintendents should be subject to dismissal upon the representation of the justices of the peace in quarter sessions; and that the serjeants and constables shall be subject to dismissal upon the representation of the justices of the peace in petty sessions.”

It may be a matter of surprise to some why the appointment of the intended force should rest with the commissioners of police, whilst their dismissal, as we see by the present clause, is within the power of the magistrates. The intention would appear to be to provide officers who can be exchanged from district to district at discretion, and who are perfect strangers to the people on the one hand, and, as they will be continually acting under the directions of the magistrates, to render them in some measure amenable to that body for their conduct on the other.

Again, as to the power conferred on the magistracy. The office of high constable has been held hitherto at the will of the magistrates assembled at quarter sessions, and yet we believe there is not a single instance on record to show that any of them have been dismissed, unless upon grounds perfectly justifiable. The office is one of great antiquity; and history does not furnish us with an instance of their being made the tools of any party, further than from what their own private interest or opinions suggested.

The superintendents of police will be upon the same footing, though standing in rather an altered relation to the magistrates, in consequence of their appointments not having been derived from that body. The power to be vested in the justices at petty sessions over the serjeants and constables will, for the same reason, be less than what they at present exercise over the petty constables; and as the former will, in all probability, in many instances, entirely supersede the necessity for the latter, this clause will eventually, instead of increasing, diminish their power in a much greater ratio than any other clause in the report is calculated to increase it.

“ VI. That the justices of the peace shall frame rules and regulations for the service of process and attendance at petty or quarter sessions of such force, which rules shall be submitted to the secretary of state, and if approved of by him shall be binding.”

This is a most salutary provision, and likely to prevent much irregularity, as there are many local resources and advantages of which the commissioners

* 5 & 6 Will. 4. c. 43. enacts, “that in all cases where it should be made to appear to any two or more justices of the peace, &c., upon the oath of any credible witness, that any tumult, riot, or felony, might be reasonably apprehended, and such justices should be of opinion that the ordinary officers are not sufficient, they are authorised to nominate and appoint so many as they should think fit and necessary for the preservation of the public peace.” It then extends the power for the appointment of special constables, given by 1 & 2 Will. 4. c. 41., viz. “that all persons willing to act as special constables shall be capable of being appointed and acting.”

of police could not be aware, and which would, without this arrangement, have been entirely lost sight of.

“ VII. That the commissioners shall frame rules and regulations for the general management of the police, which rules shall, on the approbation of the secretary of state, be binding.”

Somewhat of the same local information, so readily to be obtained by the method recommended in the last clause, would, with all due deference to the commissioners, be to a certain extent advantageous for the present one ; as the magistrates, from their accurate knowledge of the country, and their many years of experience, would be enabled to furnish numerous suggestions and advantages applicable to the present state of the different portions of a county where they for the most part reside. To be sure, it must be admitted, that the superintendents, when appointed, will readily acquire a competent knowledge of the different localities in the districts over which their jurisdiction may extend ; but why not at once obtain that really practical information which may be had so readily ?

“ The trained force which we propose is of little more than one constable to 2000 inhabitants.”

About the proper medium, were a uniform number requisite throughout the country, and each district requiring a similar state of protection ; but, as this is far from being the case, would it not be very desirable that information should be obtained of the relative position of the inhabitants in each district, many of whom in the agricultural counties are so widely disseminated, that in some cases it might be doubtful whether an officer to 1000 would be deemed adequate ? And these districts, be it remembered, are amongst those where the attendance of the police is extremely requisite, being infested by those travelling depredators who are by far the most obnoxious to the farmer. For here they can resort in perfect quietness, and free from molestation, at the same time extending their ravages to the adjacent and more thickly populated districts, without danger of detection.

Here we have the limits of the power to arise from the appointment of the officers — 1 to 2000, or, as suggested in a few remote instances, 1 to 1000. This really insignificant proposition, when coupled with the improbability of its being swayed during the time of any civil commotion by the will of the few, affords very strong grounds in favour of the before-mentioned supposition, that the liberty of the subject will be but little disturbed by the intended organised force. .

Some difference of opinion has been expressed, as to whether it would be requisite to extend the force over those portions of the country which are purely of an agricultural nature, it being thought an injustice to entail a considerable burden, in the way of expense, on the small farmers, who will have no proportionate return. This has already been almost entirely dissipated at the outset of these remarks ; but, in order somewhat further to elucidate this trivial objection, we would offer a slight sketch of the most reprehensible characters and objects common to an agricultural population, and which may prove worthy of the attention of a superintendent to be appointed for the more northern agricultural counties of England.

The most prominent are those marauding hordes who, being furnished with horses and carts, have opportunities of plundering with impunity, and facilities of escape denied to the mere strolling beggar. Journeying from market to market with covered carts, they plunder whenever an opportunity occurs ; and, having a ready concealment at hand, set detection at

defiance.* Some, by affecting an outward pretension to merchandise, lull suspicion to rest; whilst others, of a bolder front, disdain to have recourse to any such artifice, and openly travel through the country with no apparent object in view.

Travelling colliers, as they are termed, are also a continual prey upon the farmer, and in the very worst manner, turning a whole drove of asses and mules during the night into the best pasture they can meet with. Well may the farmer complain of the failure of his crops!

There exists another set of pilferers, the extent of whose schemes and devices for plunder is confined to a most praiseworthy and valuable class in an agricultural district — the unwary and open-hearted farmer of limited means. At the neighbouring market or fair, these swindlers, having a prepossessing exterior, impose upon the honest simplicity of the farmer by assuming an air of kindness and generosity, and which seldom fails of ensnaring those whom they have singled out for their prey.

Those autumnal visitors who reap a portion of the fruits of the harvest under the mask of a display of horsemanship — a distant grade from Astley's — are highly to be reprobated, inveigling, as they do, the lower orders into a trumpery lottery, the highest prize of which invariably goes to the party with whom the itinerants lodge, as a set-off against bed and board. Thus do they elicit from the poor reaper the hard earned wages which his industry may have procured him, and at the only period when he has an opportunity of adding to his little store, in order to provide against the inclemency of the winter season. Surely some method might be devised by the legislature whereby to arm the magistrates and police with sufficient power to suppress such pests of society as these.

Lastly, in the small country towns and villages, there are abandoned characters who obtain a livelihood by harbouring during the night all the characters above described, as well as every wandering beggar. We have known from twenty to thirty turn out in a morning from one of these wretched hovels. Here is a root which ought to be struck at, which the law does not reach, but which might gradually be removed by the adoption of the system we have been considering.

We might run on with numerous other classes of delinquents, some moving about over the whole kingdom, having London as a sort of centre or head quarters; others stationary in particular neighbourhoods; but the list would carry us beyond all reasonable limits. The above enumeration is confined to such as are not generally known, and which do not appear to have been brought under the notice of the commissioners. Turning to the report, we find various descriptions of vagrants described in detail, and upon the most authentic testimony.

The most prominent body of delinquents in the rural districts, are vagrants, who appear, say the commissioners, to consist of two classes: first, the habitual depredators, house-breakers, horse-stealers, and common thieves; secondly, the vagrants, properly so called, who seek alms as mendicants. The report gives extracts from the confessions of four depredators of the migratory class, and one mendicant, setting forth in detail their previous career of depredations, and the descriptions of their associates. As we have not room for a large portion of the evidence, we think it may be most interesting to the reader to give one of these stories entire. If it is not worked

* One of this description was convicted of sheep-stealing, at the last sessions for the north riding of the county of York, and transported for the term of fifteen years. He travelled with an open cart, but had a loose cover concealed under the seat to screen the animals he stole. This system he had carried on to a great extent throughout the last winter.

up so graphically, it is at least as instructive and characteristic as the history of Jonathan Wild or Oliver Twist. It consists of short condensed notes of the confessions of a young thief, confined in Cold Bath Fields prison.

"A twelvemonth ago he and P—— were together in Cold Bath Fields, where they planned a thieving journey to Kidderminster.

"They built a dog-cart, stole two dogs from Smithfield, bought hardware, brooms, &c. at a shop near Farringdon-street, to the amount of 17s. While they were purchasing the articles, two companions stole for them a dozen and half of hand-brooms from the door; they valued them at 5s., making, as four were concerned, 1s. 3d. each; — P—— and H—— paid them 2s. 6d. They also took with them twenty sixpences and ten shillings bad money, which they concealed in a large false bottom of the cart. Thus equipped, H—— with 5s., P—— with 15s. 6d., they started off about twelve at noon, in the winter or end of autumn. At Wandsworth they sold a mat for 1s. 4d. and a broom for 11d. They went on to Wimbledon and called at a public-house, where they had a pint of beer, for which they gave a bad sixpence. The landlady served them, and then went into the inner bar and continued serving. The boy H—— reached round and took four silver salt-spoons, which were on a shelf; he would have taken the salt-cellars, but was afraid they might soon be missed. They decamped, bought some bread and cheese, and hastened out of the town in about ten minutes after the robbery. At Kingston they went to a travellers' house and sold the spoons to their landlord, who gave them board and lodging for the night and next day, with 5s. for the bargain.

"They proceeded on their journey, and at about half-past ten a coach passed them on the road; a small trunk was fastened on behind the seat. P—— ran after the coach, climbed up, and cut it down. It contained a quantity of papers, and nothing else. They tore the papers into shreds, and, having destroyed the box, they hid the pieces. This box was subsequently advertised, and a reward of 50l. offered for the recovery.

"At the next town (the boy did not recollect the names of the places), about eleven or twelve miles from Kingston, they went to a public-house; it was market-day. H—— made cloth caps, and in the course of the evening he sold a dozen and a half, at 1s. 6d. each, to the countrymen in the tap-room. They stole a great coat which belonged to one of their customers, and hid it in the false bottom of their cart. There was a huc and cry for it; some suspected the boys, but the landlady said she could be answerable that the poor lads were innocent. Having proceeded next day on their route, they sold it to a passing countryman for 3s. H—— considers it to have been worth 7s.

"For three weeks they lived entirely on the produce of what they sold, and ultimately arrived at Kidderminster.

"They put up for a short time at a travellers' house. Houses of this kind are in every town, price 3d. or 4d. a-night; they have a common kitchen, where the trampers cook and live. (P—— confirmed this, and stated that the better sort pay 6d., and have the attendance of a girl to cook.)

"At every lodging-house on the road H—— met plenty of trampers, and he did not see one face that he had not seen at St. Giles's. They also recognised him, and compared notes. Some were hawkers, some were going half-naked, some were ballad-singers, some were going about with false letters, others as broken-down tradesmen, some as old soldiers, and some as shipwrecked sailors; and every night they told each other of good houses. They all lived well, never ate any broken victuals, but had meat breakfasts, good dinners, hot suppers, and frequently ended by going to bed very drunk. Not one spent less than 3s. a-day, many a great deal more. They sometimes make 5s. and average 3s. 6d. per day; some often get a sovereign where humane people reside. (All this is confirmed by P——.)

"P—— having been employed at a carpet-manufactory before he came to London, went to visit his old friends, and was soon able to introduce H——. Every day these boys stole balls of twine and string from this place. They daily went there to pick whatever they could lay their hands upon, and have brought out two and three dozen balls of a day in their great-coat pockets, finding a ready market for their plunder in the rag-shops. The first lot they sold was worth about 1l., and they got 10s. 6d. for it. They did not dispose of any stock-in-trade while in the town, but lived by plundering the manufactory and picking pockets in the streets. Some of the property they pawned, some they sold to trampers at the lodging-houses.

"P—— and H—— were very punctual in attendance at the churches, where they always robbed. They took three watches — one was pawned for 15s., the other two for 1l. a-piece. P—— is very clever at 'casing a yokel of his watch.'

"They went to a fair about fifteen miles from Kidderminster, leaving their dogs and cart at a public-house about two miles from the scene. P——, who can play at 'prick in the garter,' soon got a mob, and soon found 'better.' He allowed them to win nearly all the money he had, and then won it back with double interest. In the mean time H——, who never appeared to know P——, was very busy rifling the farmers' pockets of their money-bags. (He minutely described the bags as being to him a matter of great singularity.) He

took eight bags in a short time, but the richest of the eight contained only 15s.; he also took seven handkerchiefs. One of the party having lost a bet, applied to his pocket, but missed his purse; a row ensued, every one felt his pockets; the robbed and the swindled gave vent to their anger, and, having secured P——, took him to a pond and ducked him. H—— decamped when the storin was brewing, as he had all the bags and property about him. This occurred at about four in the afternoon, and at about nine P——, having concealed himself after his ducking, joined H—— at the public-house, and off they set in their vehicle.

"They left the neighbourhood and shaped their course for London. On their journey back they entered a gentleman's house, about half-past eight in the evening. It stood upon a hill, and was to let. They opened the kitchen-window, and rummaged all over the house for about an hour, taking away a great-coat, some glass decanters, and a hearth-rug. On arriving at the next town, which was about ten miles off (and they travelled in the night after this robbery), they told the landlord they had something to sell. His wife went out and returned shortly after with a man, who bought the lot for 1*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*; but H—— remarked; 'The fellow swindled us, for the decanters were worth all the money, but we were glad to get rid of them at any price.' At some distance from this town they came near a large village, and saw several persons coming towards them, when P—— put down the table for the 'garter story.' H—— began betting, and the people, when they came up, stopped to see the fun. Shortly they began to play, and H—— began to thief; at length they became exasperated at their losses to P——; H—— had retreated, and, having packed away the property in the dog-cart, was moving off, when the storm broke out, and P—— again got into a scrape. He was severely thumped and beaten; H—— was accused of being an accomplice, and they were both locked up in the cage till next day, when the magistrates acquitted them, remarking that P——, if guilty, had received punishment enough, and as for H——, there was no charge against him. It remained a mystery amongst them what had become of the stolen property, for neither boy had been out of their sight, and yet nothing was found either on them or in the cart. They never suspected the false bottom.

"About thirty miles they stopped a night at a public-house, and became friendly with some soldiers who were billeted at the house, being on a march with their regiment. While the soldiers were telling their adventures, the boys stole 2*l.* from them. The next morning the alarm was given, and P—— was again the scape-goat. H—— fled, and hid the purses here and there about the stable-grounds as quickly as possible; some he threw down the privy, and they were found by one of the soldiers. The landlady in this instance took part with the boys; and, as no other person had been in the company, the soldiers, though there was no proof, had no alternative but to suspect the boys, or one of their own comrades: however, the boys got clear off.

"At a short distance (that is, about twenty miles) from London, they stopped at a gentleman's house to hawk some things, and, while the servant went upstairs with some hearth-brooms, P—— slipped into the parlour and brought out a watch and a silver egg-stand. The servant bought about 5*s.* worth of things on her return, and they made the best of their way from the premises. In five days after they were in London, having added to their plunder from the gentleman's house a pair of silver salt-cellars, which they stole from a public-house where they slept. This plunder they brought to London. The silver was sold for 3*s.* 6*d.* the ounce; the watch for 15*l.*"—*Report*, p. 43. et seq. 8th edit.

The following classification of these predatory vagrants taken from the confession of an experienced vagrant, may be found not only very curious and amusing, but extremely useful. The man alluded to described the various classes as follows:—

"1st. Men who go about the country almost naked, begging clothes or food. They get about 3*s.* a-day. They have good clothes at their lodging-house, and travel in them from town to town, if there are not many houses in the way. Before they enter the town, they take them off, as well as their shoes and stockings, put on their Guernsey jackets, send the bundle and the woman forward to the lodging-house, and commence begging at the first house they come to. Knows a man who was recently clad from head to foot in new clothes at a shop in Billericay, by the son of the rector in a neighbouring village, all of which clothes, including hat, shoes, and stockings, he sold about half an hour afterwards, by auction, in the tap-room of a low public-house, to his companions, and they all got drunk together with the proceeds. These fellows always sell a gift of clothes.

"2d. Men who are ring-droppers. Travelling tinkers make sham gold rings out of old brass buttons. H—— D—— is a noted fellow at this work; his wife and mother go with him and drop the rings. They live in St. Giles's, and travel for a month or two. They sometimes make 20*s.* or 25*s.* a-day.

"3d. Fellows who go round to different houses, stating their master's stock of rags has been burnt, or that a sudden supply is wanted, and that they are sent forward to collect them. The rags are called for, and one fellow marches off with the bundle, leaving one or

more talking with the housewife, who is gravely cavilling about the price, and as gravely informed that the master is coming round, and they leave some private mark on the door-post, which they say is the sign to indicate to him the quantity and quality taken, and the amount to pay; so they walk off, and 'never tip her any thing.' The rags are carried to the keeper of a rag-shop, who gives quires of paper in exchange, which they carry round to small villages, and sell to small shopkeepers, or at farm-houses. All rag-shops 'stand fence for anything,' and buy any stolen property, or metal, from iron hoops to gold rings.

"4th. A set of fellows who go about in decent apparel, leaving small printed handbills at cottages and farm-houses, wherein are set forth the wonderful cures of all sorts of ailments effected by medicine which they sell. The following day these bills are called for, and the credulous people buy small phials of this nostrum, at various prices, from ten shillings to sixpence, according to the tact of the beggar and the folly of the party. The mixture is only a decoction of any herb or rubbish that may be at hand. He (B——) was told by one of this class that he had just sold a bottle of 'stuff' to a poor woman who lived in a cottage on Warley Common, Essex, and who had been long ailing. She gave ten shillings for it, and it was only salt and water, some tea, and coloured green with nettle tops. These fellows obtain more money than any other class of impostors, sometimes as much as 2*l.* a-week, and they seldom go to London.

"5th. Men who travel about the country in shabby-genteel attire, stating that they had been well off formerly, but are reduced by recent misfortune. Some are burnt-out farmers or shopkeepers; some first-class workmen out of work, owing to the bankruptcy of their employers; some captains, who have just lost their ships upon the coast. This story is always used after a heavy gale of wind. Some carry begging-letters, which are written for them, price 1*s.* This is very profitable, if well managed. The 'Lady Bountifuls' are great supporters of these fellows.

"6th. Fortune-tellers. Many women, when tramping with the men, dress themselves like gipsies, and contrive to get a tolerable daily booty, at least 3*s.* or 4*s.* a-day.

"7th. Trampers who have nothing to sell, but manage to live merely by begging.

"8th. Thieves—'prigs'—generally go in couples; walk into a country shop, where there is an old woman and a candle; buy something, drop a sixpence; get the old lady to bring the candle round to look for it, while the other fellow is filling his pockets with whatever he can lay his hands upon.

"9th. Match-sellers. 10th. Ballad-singers.

"11th. Fellows who boil up fat and a little soap over night, run it out in a cloth, and next morning cut it up like cakes of Windsor soap. It's all bad, but they drive a good trade.

"12th. Fellows who go from house to house stating that they live in some neighbouring town, and ask for "umbrellas to mend." An active fellow in this line will make a clean sweep of all the umbrellas in a village before dinner. These umbrellas are produced in the London market on wet days and dusky evenings.

"13th. A Jew seldom thieves, but is worse than a thief; he encourages others to thieve. In every town there is a Jew, either resident or tramping; sure to be a Jew within forty-eight hours in the town, somehow or other. If a robbery is effected, the property is hid till a Jew is found, and a bargain is then made."* — *Report*, p. 61. et seq. 8th edit.

* Notwithstanding the attention that has been devoted during the last thirty or forty years in this country to that important branch of legislation, the suppression of offences against property, it does not appear that we are at this moment much in advance of our ancestors. Sir John Fielding published a very curious work about the middle of the last century, in reference to the penal laws of the metropolis, in which he described very circumstantially the various kinds of thefts and cheats to which the unwary public were then exposed, and by which, it would seem, that vagrancy and delinquency in that day presented pretty nearly the same characteristics they exhibit now. The work to which we allude was partly compiled from the manuscripts of Sir John's brother, the celebrated Henry Fielding, who had investigated the whole subject with the industry which in another form he brought to bear so successfully upon the habits and manners of society. One section of the volume, entitled "Cautions to Shopkeepers and Tradesmen in general," contains an account of the different classes of petty rogues that then infested the metropolis and other places; and one or two extracts from it will show that the whole system has undergone scarcely any perceptible modification. We fancy we can trace the hand of Henry Fielding in the following sketch of the ring-droppers:—

"The next class are those who find a paper full of gold rings, which they take care to pick up in the sight of a proper object, whose opinion they ask. This set appear very mean, which gives them an opportunity of saying they had rather found a good piece of bread and cheese, for that he had not broke his fast for a whole day; then wishes the gentleman would give him something for them, that he might buy himself a pair of shoes, a coat, &c. The cull immediately bites, and thinking to make a cheap purchase of an ignorant fellow, gives him 20*s.* for four or five brass rings washed over. Or, what is more frequent, and yet more successful, is the picking up of a shilling or a half-crown before the face of a countryman, whose opinion of it is immediately asked, whether it be silver or not, and he is invited to share the finder's good luck in a glass of wine or a pot of

The following passage will give an idea of the character of the depredators who are resident in and infest particular neighbourhoods. The answers from the city of Lincoln state, that

“ ‘It would be difficult to give their numbers with any thing like accuracy. They are principally poachers, who make no disguise of their vocation, but proceed on their excursions, with their snap dogs at their heels, in the afternoon, before dark, and bring home their game in the light of the morning.’

“ ‘It is stated that in the borough of Ludlow there are many such characters : —

“ ‘Perhaps forty in number, idle and drunk, who each keep a dog : no visible means of obtaining a livelihood.’

“ ‘It is also stated that in the borough of Chesterfield —

“ ‘There are many — the number cannot be stated : their habits are to prowl about the borough and immediate adjacent villages, under pretext of begging or seeking work, but whose real objects are to look at the premises where they call, to see what booty can be gained by plunder at night.’

“ ‘In answer to the inquiry as to the cause of the impunity of such characters, the authorities of the borough of Devizes answer —

“ ‘To no other cause than that they follow these practices in the adjacent country, and in places beyond the observation of the constables on their parade duty.’

“ ‘A communication from the borough of Maidstone sets forth that there are —

“ ‘Many bad characters living in the town, who support themselves by committing depredations in the neighbouring villages. An effective rural police would put an end to such a practice, and the characters in question would then be soon reduced to the necessity of either leaving the town or maintaining themselves by work.’ ” — *Report*, p. 25. 8th edit.

There is no redress against these grievances to be had at the hands of the constables. Sometimes, as in the case of a man who committed murder at midnight *, the constable refuses to get up from his bed, though repeatedly and urgently called upon. Sometimes, in case of beer-shop disturbances, or general riot, this functionary says, “Nay, I mun gang out at way for I’m constable.” † Sometimes, on being told that the body of a dead man has been found, he answers, “Yes, I saw him dead *there* three hours ago, but I have had trouble enough in finding one dead man : — I’ll be — if I ever find another.” ‡

The following case also affords a striking exemplification of the total inefficiency of the present constabulary force : —

“ ‘Some time ago, at between three and four in the morning, a farmer on the Mendip Heights went into a field to attend his sheep, and after being a short time there, he perceived two men going into the field, and putting a halter on a horse’s head, mounting it, and riding out on the high road. He immediately mounted his horse, and followed the men to a public-house, where he saw them stop. He rode as fast as he could to the public-house ; the men were then in the act of drinking beer. He told the man at the public-

ale. The harmless countryman, pleased at such an invitation in a strange place, is carried to an alchouse, where the sharper’s friends are waiting for him, and where betting or playing at cards is soon proposed, and the countryman most surely tricked out of all his money, watch, and every thing valuable about him.”

He next describes a set of sharpers who hang about the inns, and intercept the porters who are sent with boxes and parcels, by first learning the address to which they are sent, and then meeting them on the steps of the house as if they were waiting for the goods. In order to give a greater appearance of truth to the business, the sharper, says Fielding, “abuses the porter for his delay, damns him, and tells him he was just coming for it, that he had a great mind to give him nothing ; the porter asks pardon, the gambler pays him, and takes possession of the goods, with which he decamps the instant the porter’s back is turned.” We have also, in this curious work, a very full account of the class who contrive to take fine houses by stratagem, and even to get possession of estates, and run in debt with tradespeople, by assuming false names, and making a great display ; a class which, in the present day, has lost nothing of its lustre. Others assume the calling of coal merchants, and in that character apply to some tradesmen to buy goods, telling him that he is out of cash, and that if he chooses, he will pay him in coals, with which he is overtaken ; the tradesman approving, the sharper goes down to some wharf, and orders a chaldron or two of coals to be delivered at the tradesman’s house for his use. This description of cheat Fielding designates as the gambler who attacks the understanding. But we have not room to illustrate these ancient rogueries any farther.

* § 46.

† Ibid.

‡ § 129.

house, who was a constable, that there were two suspicious people in his house, who had taken a horse out of 'Farmer So-and-so's field, and that he ought to detain them.' The man said, 'I cannot do it, I have something else to attend to ; I have my brewing to attend to to-day ; somebody else must do it.' The farmer remonstrated. He said he could not do any thing in it. The men left the house, and the farmer followed them to another public-house farther on. The excuse that the man made there was, that he had his cattle going to the fair, and that he could not give up his time ; that he was not sufficiently encouraged, or something of that sort. The farmer, determined not to lose sight of the men, mounted his horse again, and followed them, when they were detained at length by a police officer and another man." — *Eighth Report*, p. 197.

In providing a remedy for these great and pressing evils, it appears to us that the great difficulty is to obtain the advantages of a trained and organised constabulary, that shall be available at whatever point it is most wanted at any particular time on any extraordinary emergency, and shall be in constant readiness to act at all points, at all times, on ordinary occasions, and at the same time not to lose the advantages, whatever they are, of the superintendence of the local authorities. The former is now rendered absolutely necessary by the facilities which civilisation, with its concomitants, has given to the thieves, of moving silently and rapidly from one part of the kingdom to another, however distant. The latter is absolutely necessary too ; for the English people are jealous, and justly so, of any interference with their management of their own affairs. We say justly so ; for from their ancient habits of managing their own affairs, that is their local affairs, have arisen many of the benefits they enjoy as a nation. The commissioners appear to us to have met the difficulty with great skill in the following recommendation. " On account of the acknowledged necessity," they say, " of obtaining men from a trained force, unconnected with the districts, and of changing them from time to time, as well as of reducing the numbers within any district, we propose that the appointment should be with the commissioners of police, and that the magistrates should be invested with the control of the appointment, by the dismissal of the constables, or the removal of the chief officers appointed." * The commissioners do not recommend the immediate, absolute, and general adoption of their proposed plan. They propose that the adoption of their plan should be gradual and voluntary. Gradual it must necessarily be in order to be efficient ; for, as they remark, in the organisation of a rural or provincial constabulary force, time would be required for the arrangement of the force in the several divisions, for the selection of stations, and for the adaptation of attendances on the magistrates at the petty or quarter sessions, for providing the performance of such miscellaneous services as those we have described, and for other arrangements which involve much consideration of details. Voluntary it may be, and yet soon become very general, if not universal, throughout the country. They state, in the course of their report, that applications have been made from nearly every parish on the exterior of the boundary of the metropolitan police, to be included within it. They think there is no reason to doubt the general and voluntary extension of this desire in favour of a force expressly organised to meet the wants and conveniences of the rural or provincial districts, aided by the contribution of a portion of the expense.

The following is a recapitulation of some of the chief conclusions set forth in the report : —

" I. Having, with a view to judge of the extent of any requisite remedy by means of a paid constabulary force, made a general investigation as well as to the state of crime as to the present state of the unpaid constabulary, we find in respect to the state of crime —

" 1. That the public information as to the number of crimes committed, inferred from the extent of crimes judicially pursued and punished, is widely erroneous. (§ 1, 2, 3, 4.)

" 2. That there is an average of upwards of 100,000 commitments annually to the gaols of the able-bodied population of England and Wales for criminal offences. (§ 12.)

" 3. That there are from 11,000 to 20,000 persons constantly in the criminal gaols, of which number a large proportion are persons known as living wholly by habitual depredation; and from inquiries made in a large number of the individual cases of prisoners confined for thefts in these gaols, we find that on the average such prisoners in the rural districts, where there is no trained constabulary, have been at large living by depredation during average periods upwards of five years; and that the criminal prisoners in the gaols in the towns, where there is a paid and trained force, have not been able to pursue their depredations more than half that time. But that nevertheless, in either districts, prisoners are liberated with the prospect and the temptation of a career of unknown but long duration for the future, before permanent removal by process of law or by natural causes. (§ 10, 11.)

" 4. That with relation to the particular crimes committed by such habitual depredators, no information is possessed by the unpaid constables. (§ 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.)

" 5. That it results from a special investigation of the habits of the classes of habitual depredators; that a large proportion of them are migratory; that they migrate from town to town, and from the towns where they harbour, and where there are distinct houses maintained for their accommodation (§ 35, 36, 37, 38, 39), they issue forth and commit depredations upon the surrounding rural districts, the metropolis being the chief centre from which they migrate; and that they harbour in provincial towns in proportion to their magnitude, and in proportion to the facilities for plunder, or to the absence of protection in the surrounding districts. (19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34.)

" 6. That, judging from particular cases in which we have made inquiries, a large proportion, if not always the majority, of prisoners in the county gaols, for offences committed within the rural districts, are persons who have migrated from the towns to the rural districts. (§ 24.)

" 7. That from the impunity enjoyed by the classes of depredators, migrant or resident, property is rendered insecure; in some places so much so on the part of the labouring classes as greatly to impair the value of property to them, and their motives to industry and frugality. (§ 31, 43.)

" 8. That in the rural districts agricultural produce is subjected to extensive depredation, which often interferes with the most advantageous course of production. (§ 41, 42, 43, 146, 147, 148, 207.)

" 9. That a large proportion of the highways are left without any protection whatsoever from any constabulary or other civil force. (§ 51.)

" 10. That on the highways of a large part of the country commercial travellers and strangers who travel singly, otherwise than by public conveyances, and carry money about them, abstain from travelling after dark, from fear of robbery and violence; and that farmers return from market in company, from the like fear, after dark. (§ 51, 207.)

" 11. That the products of commercial industry *in transitu* on the highways being almost entirely without protection from any civil force, are subject to extensive and systematic depredation. (§ 52, 53, 55, 56.)

" 12. That in the absence of due protection, property carried by sea in ships which are wrecked on those parts of the coast where shipwrecks occasionally or frequently occur, is subject to extensive habitual depredation, and life is endangered or lost under circumstances of barbarity disgraceful to a civilised nation. (§ 58, 59, 60, 61.)

" III, 1. That the free investment of capital and employment of labourers, and the progress of manufacturing industry are impeded and endangered, and combinations carried on by violent and unlawful means; that murder has been resorted to; and that threats of murder, and arson, and personal violence are resorted to by such combiners as means to effect their objects. (§ 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 86.)

" 2. That for the prevention of the disturbances peculiar to such districts, as well as for the prevention of the more ordinary breaches of the peace, amidst the new and increasing population, no other efficient force than a military force is provided. (§ 86, 88, 89, 90, 97, 130, 131.)

" 3. That such force is inadequate for the purpose of the prevention of disorders; and that from the reluctance which is felt in having recourse to it for the purpose of repression, it is rarely used until considerable evil has been occasioned.

" 6. That in consequence of the extensive dereliction of the constitutional principles of penal administration, self-protection is extensively resorted to by private individuals separately, as well as by individuals associating together for mutual protection. (§ 117, 118, 122, 123.)

" 7. That there are upwards of 500 private or voluntary associations for self-protection in different parts of the country, by the payment of rewards for the apprehension of felons and the expenses of their prosecution, independently of a large number of associations for self-protection by subscription for the maintenance of private watchmen, and of other

private associations for the removal of various evils, such as the suppression of vagrancy and mendicancy, which it is the business of the government to prevent or repress." (§ 118.) — *Eighth Report*, p. 343. et seq.

In conclusion, therefore, the commissioners propose : —

" I. That as a primary remedy for the evils set forth, a paid constabulary force should be trained, appointed, and organised on the principles of management recognised by the legislature in the appointment of the new Metropolitan Police force.

" II. That for this purpose on application in writing, under the hands and seals of a majority of the justices assembled at any quarter sessions of the peace for the county, setting forth the insecurity of person and property, and the want of paid constables, the commissioners of police shall, with the approbation of the secretary of state for the home department, direct the location of such constables and such officers as may, upon examination by the said commissioners, be deemed adequate for the due protection of life or property within the county.

" III. The force shall be paid one fourth from the Consolidated Fund and three fourths from the county rates, as a part of the general expenses of the whole county.

" IV. That the constables so appointed shall report their proceedings to the justices of the peace of the quarter and petty sessions where they are stationed.

" V. That the superintendents shall be subject to dismissal upon the representation of the justices of the peace in quarter sessions, and that the serjeants and constables shall be subject to dismissal upon the representation of the justices of the peace in petty sessions.

" VI. That the justices of the peace shall frame rules and regulations for the service of process and attendance at petty or quarter sessions of such force, which rules shall be submitted to the secretary of state, and, if approved by him, shall be binding.

" VII. That the commissioners shall frame rules and regulations for the general management of the police, which rules shall, on the approbation of the secretary of state, be binding.

" § 298. The principles embodied in our recommendations being based on extensive experience, we feel confident that, however they may for a time be impeded by adverse interests, those interests and the prejudices engendered by them will yield before the light of future experience, which will lead to the ultimate adoption of measures on the principles of those we propose. If one uniform and trained force be efficiently directed to the prevention or repression of crime, we cannot doubt of success.

" § 299. We can find no solid grounds for the supposition often entertained, that a large amount of crime is a necessary evil incident to the present condition of society, and that the most ignorant and base of the community may defeat the exertions of a well-appointed agency instituted for the repression of their crimes.

" § 300. The appointment of a proper force for the prevention or repression of crimes has sometimes been viewed with apprehension, on the supposition that such a force might be used to impair the political liberty of the subject.

" If we were to admit that a diminution, instead of an increase of the political liberty of the subject, were the probable consequence of the establishment of an efficient constabulary force, we should nevertheless be prepared to show that the evils we have found in existence in some districts, and the abject subjection of the population to fears which may be termed a state of slavery, which the objectors would endure from a groundless fear of the loss of liberty, form a condition much worse in all respects than any condition that could be imposed by any government that could exist in the present state of society in this country. We do not believe that in this country any government could possibly exist, which subjected the people to domiciliary attacks, and to have their houses broken open and plundered, and their lives endangered at night, or which caused a large proportion of the population to abstain from travelling singly after dark, for fear of being put in danger of their lives, and stripped of their property by armed men, — which allowed its agents to pillage or maltreat the unfortunate people wrecked on the coasts, or which generally inflicted such evils as are now inflicted by upwards of 40,000 thieves, robbers, or marauding hordes of various descriptions, against whom the honest in almost every part of the country have been driven to associate for self-defence. Neither do we see any motives which could induce any government in these times to impose political restraints so oppressive or so mischievous on any industrious community as we find imposed by illegal means on the manufacturing population of the city of Norwich and other parts of the kingdom; nor do we believe that by any form of the abuse of the powers of a government, it could use any such agency as secret committees have employed in the manufacturing districts to coerce the honest and industrious, but peaceable, to purposes injurious to them, by actual murder or the fear of life or maiming, or the threats of such fire and pillage as were displayed in the burning of the city of Bristol. — *Eighth Report*, p. 350. et seq.

RECENT POETRY.

The Deluge: a Drama, in Twelve Scenes. By JOHN EDMUND READE, Author of "Italy," &c. London: Saunders & Otley, 1839.

Fra Cipolla, and other Poems. By Sir JOHN HANMER, Bart. London: Moxon, 1839.

Prothanasia: and other Poems. By THOMAS WADE. London: Miller, 1839.

Songs and Poems: in Three Parts. By THOMAS TOD STODDART, Esq., Author of the "Death Wake," &c. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons, 1839.

"I NEED not tell you," said Mr. Milnes, in a speech at the Anniversary Dinner of the Literary Fund last month, upon the occasion of his health being proposed in connection with the Poets of England — "I need not tell you what Poetry is; you all know what it is as well as I could tell you. It is the grandest and the simplest of all forms of literature. Poetry is the highest tree in the forest, and the smallest flower." Parliament and politics have not yet spoiled Mr. Milnes; and, although we do not much relish this comparison of poetry with a tall tree and a small flower, because it brings with it odd associations of certain arborical and floral curiosities that occasionally glare upon us in places where neither trees nor flowers have any business to be found, still there is a pith of profound truth in the passage, which, making due allowances for the *tournure* of an after-dinner speech, cannot be too strongly commended to the private thoughts of the great multitude, who have a vague notion that poetry is a mystery.

Truly has Mr. Milnes said, that they know as much about it as he could tell them. He could do no more, at best, than interpret emotions that are common to all mankind. He might find language for the thoughts and feelings; but the thoughts and feelings were there, whether he put them into words, or let them lie in darkness like the uncrystallized carbon. The mountains, and the forests, and the waters, and all sights and sounds of created things, are full of poetry, from the remote stars sleeping in the pavilions of the clouds to the flowers in the depths of the invisible caverns of the sea; and all men understand this glorious poetry of nature in the degree of their individual sensibility, and according to the intensity of the circumstances by which that sensibility is influenced. To suppose that there is something in poetry which requires a philosophical or critical exposition, which is beyond or above the comprehension of the millions, something which cannot be felt until it is explained, is to mistake false enthusiasm for true — the pretence and finesse of Imitation for Art itself. Of a verity Poetry is as intelligible as light: if it be not intelligible, the defect is in the faculties of the poet, and not in the discernment of his audience.

Need we guard ourselves against being suspected of confounding Poetry and Metre — the Spirit and the Form of Poetry? We believe the distinction is thoroughly understood by every body, if not in its strict elementary definitions, at least in its essential differences, and this is all that is wanted to keep poetry alive in the world as long as the world lasts. The various modes of poetry are adapted — as modes — to various classes of educated intelligence; and the epic, the lyric, the dramatic, and the pastoral, have each their fitting public. But whatever is good in them all — whatever has a relish of nature and of love in it — those little gleams of universal truth that grow up into household words and familiar types of every-day sensations, of practical experiences, and of the caprices that flit across the ima-

gination between dreams and realities — those incidental fractions of verse, which are by far the most profound parts of poetry, because they are the closest to our sympathies — these are understood by masses of men to whom the mechanism of measures is a sealed enigma. There is no truth more entirely true than this, that the final test of poetry is the recognition, by general suffrage, of its fidelity to the nature it reflects. The best poetry is the most popular — although popularity is sometimes, for different reasons, slow of progress, and sometimes transitory and capricious.

When people say they have “no taste for poetry,” they really mean that they do not enjoy all kinds of verse they happen to meet; or that being sated and sickened by verbal processions and imagerial draperies, they do not care to go in search of poetry through similar tracks. Now it would help to increase the believers in the religion of poetry, if it could be shown to these self-doubters that they are all the time as much in love with it as their neighbours who make such an exhibition of their zeal, and such a fuss about the ceremonials of their faith. The people who do not read books of poetry, and who sincerely dislike such books (because they have never found any thing in those they have read to *touch* them), are nevertheless moved by a thousand influences that are essentially poetical, but of the existence or operations of which they have lived all their lives utterly unconscious! Are not these non-conductors of metrical lightnings sometimes fond of gardens, or of angling, or of racing, or of children, or of boating, or of long walks in the country, or of drawing, or of music, or of some one or some dozen other delights that fill up their spiritual being with exquisite sensations and escapes of happiness from the crush and turmoil of prosaic existence? Every one of these vents, out of which the spirit flutters into enjoyment, are entrances to the regions of poetry. The solitary angler who labours up a mountain stream, fishing, as a true angler ought to do, against the current, with the trees around him, and the clouds sailing overhead, and the low winds whispering in the reeds, and the multitudinous music of the birds and the waters occupying his ears with delicious murmurs, has that faculty of rapture in him which is the congenial recipient of poetry. The pleasure he feels is a pleasure he would be incapable of feeling had he no relish for poetry: the poetry enters his soul, subdues his turbulent passions, and spreads its religious calm over his whole nature. He is silent in the tangled solitude — he has no mind to break the stillness voiced with floating harmonies; and that tacit surrender of his spirit to the impressions of the scene is the effect of that very agency which he finds no communion with in books. Life is full of poetry — throughout all its affections, its distant points of similitude and agreement, its picturesque aspects, its mental associations, and that inner world of unspoken hopes, frustrated aspirations, unrequited tenderness, blighted or unrewarded love, griefs, regrets, projects, fancies, which are perpetually in action beneath the surface, welling up like springs in the centre of the earth, hidden but restless, supplying a principle of life which at once stimulates and wastes its energies. Who has not felt some of these struggles and fictions of the heart and the imagination? Who has not been conscious of the exaggerations of passion, the delusions, disappointments, and chaos of volition without power, of whole dramas of sentiment begun and ended like a reverie in the chambers of the brain? Depend upon it, every man living is capable of poetry; and, which is something more to the purpose, no man can help himself. He cannot, if he would, extricate himself from its enchantments. The spell is in the air, and he breathes it from morning till night.

But poetry as an Art is not this poetry of which we have been speaking,

but a mighty agent to give it an intelligible shape,—to reduce it to harmonious outlines, and inform it with a universal language. This is the poetry of books, and whenever it is not as clear as the pellucid diamond it is naught. Now, for the ultimate end in view, it is perfectly immaterial whether this is done in prose or verse; but as the world has agreed that it is best done in verse, for the sake of the play of fancy which that form peculiarly admits of (a sort of game of romps of the imagination through bars and wickets), so it is ordinarily understood that poetry comes out upon us in this mode and fashion of versification. Verse once adopted, there is no end of its fantastic varieties—the modifications being, as all the world knows, innumerable throughout past ages; and, as all the world may reasonably conjecture, infinite in ages to come. Yet notwithstanding this inexhaustible capacity in the production of forms, it is in poetry as in architecture, music, and painting,—a few striking kinds or classes have become gradually supreme over the confusion of a multitude; and the assent of mankind seems to have recognized these, as containing within themselves all the Shapes of Verse that are essential to the expression of beauty, of power, thought, character, and the rest of the human and intellectual aims that are embraced by the Art throughout all its wide and diversified regions and influences.

The present period of time is said not to be poetical, and, no doubt, with truth in one sense. Steam and cast iron, and, above all, an active progress in the practical business of life, which at intervals shuts out the day dreams of the soul, have intercepted the frequent enjoyment, and still more the frequent production, of the higher kinds of poetry. But if we have less of the higher kinds, we have more of the central level of verse, between excellence and mediocrity (for there is nothing below mediocrity)—a sort of middle current, that runs on freshly and fluently; while the upper stream seems to flow languidly, like a wave hushed in the still meridian. This sort of mid-living poetry is not much esteemed, because it falls short of those great examples which are within every body's reach; and because men, when their judgments become educated in such lofty schools, often affect, in the very pride of their knowledge, to despise more than it deserves that which is confessedly inferior to the models with which they believe they possess a sort of exclusive acquaintance. But this is mere bigotry of the mind, and want of sympathy. It is not because the poems that come within the description to which we have referred are not equal to the elevation of the subjects they attempt that they do not contain a deep and healthy germ of feeling, out of which high aspirations and noble tendencies flower like sweet blossoms gushing into the air from a rich and warm soil; it is not that the poet does not feel and long for that far-off and unrevealed glory which he vainly struggles after, but that he wants the power to give force and vitality to his emotions. But we are, nevertheless, required to note the amount of incapable enthusiasm, if we must so call it, that is thus for ever labouring in vain—the zeal that eats in upon itself—the passion that is nourished by its own heart—the energy blind in the depths of its action, and bringing out no visible signs of its strength, but a thousand tokens of a lost strenuousness working against despair! These men are poets in their internal nature, in the mystery of their lives and toils, who, wanting the art to develop their desires, still struggle on in hope and demonstration. We would call old Christopher North to bear testimony to this, but that we are afraid he would break down in his evidence.

We have been carried away into this rhapsody by the volumes with the titles of which we opened. There are in them all traces of ardent tempe-

raments and fine spirits, and snatches of melody as exquisite as if they floated down to us from those invisible strings that vibrate in the gardens of the Paradise of the Houris. And there are also signal deficiencies — flat intervals to traverse before we arrive at the regions of music and perfume; the feeling of Design is not perfect in any of them, and the execution is incommensurate in grandeur with the scope of ambition they develope. But it is in the consideration of these defects that our sense of the liberal allowance to be awarded to the imperfect yearnings of the Poet softens the measure of criticism, and adapts it more genially and cordially to the true deserts that lie infolded even in these general blemishes. It is the easiest process imaginable to exhibit the beauties of poetry; and it is the rarest thing to find its failures attributed to their real source. The stunted capacity that gropes through the fillagree work of a structure, failing to recognize the harmony of particular parts, each composed of a multitude of small and elaborate features, or, which is still more important, the Oneness of the Whole, is exactly the sort of capacity that is cut out by nature to find fault. Oh! what sensibility there is in the critics who are perpetually showing us lame feet and broken stanzas; who luxuriate, with an air of enjoyment, over imperfect images and obscure phrases; and who, blind to the magnificent sweep of the procession, fasten their ferret eyes on some feather that has fallen awry, some dishevelled tress, or some accidental speck in the embroidery of a jerkin! These, also, are the critics who, to make compensation for the lack of warmth and deep feeling, pick out bits that have nothing remarkable in them, and extol them to the skies with a sort of spurious rapture; for, without the happy discernment that lights at once upon the beautiful and the true, they only acknowledge the necessity of saying something, now and then, in a grateful and flattering tone, calculating — we are afraid with too much reason — upon the acquiescence of the crowd, who are ignorant of the *art* of poetry, in the decisions of the oracle who is presumed to know all about it. But if this very crowd, instead of taking every thing for granted that is thus oracularly delivered, were to look in upon their own emotions, they would discover abundant justification for venturing to doubt the judgment that would thus fascinate and surprise them into admiration where it is not always regulated by just and accurate perceptions.

We do not propose to analyse or to criticise the poems which have beguiled us into this wandering maze of suggestions, but rather to show their quality, and initiate the reader into the pleasures they spread out before him. Mr. Reade, whose poem of the “Deluge” we place first, because it is the most ambitious in its plan and scope, is the author of other pieces; one of which, “Italy,” we noticed some months ago in this publication. Of the “Italy” we spoke in terms of strong commendation; it was a fervid and glorious burst of imagination, filled with noble sentiments, and statuesque images. The “Deluge” belongs to a different class. In form it is dramatic, and its subject is derived from that dubious book of Enoch, which has engaged so much of the controversy of the learned, and which, amongst other strange things, reveals to us the affinities subsisting between the spiritual and the animal natures. The problem — whatever may become of it in the schools — is at all events a tempting basis for poetry, and has already been employed with success by two of our most distinguished modern poets. Mr. Reade’s design possesses the great advantage of being exceedingly simple and distinct, and of embracing in the most intelligible forms the whole range of the subject. The action is limited to two days; the scene is on and immediately around Mount Hermon; and the chief personages

are the two angels, Israphil and Oraziel, the spirit lovers of two sisters, Ozoara and Astarte. The characters of the sisters are skilfully contrasted, Ozoara being self-willed, and possessed of indomitable mental energy; and Astarte, a struggling, gentle-hearted being, whose mighty devotion for Oraziel is troubled and agitated all through by an earthly and more natural passion for Irad. The events—or rather the progressive emotions and pangs—that arise out of these relations of the several actors, conduct us gradually to the awful catastrophe of the rising waters. The lovers assemble on the crest of the mount as the flood roars and lashes upwards; Irad in vain warns the beautiful and trembling Astarte—her heart is in her streaming eyes that implore her winged lover; the ark at last passes away, and hope is over; Ozoara, firm and resolved to the end, flings herself headlong into the abyss as Israphil is borne into the clouds; and Astarte, anticipating the fiat, dies before the bright presence, to whom she had surrendered up her soul, has vanished from her sight. The catastrophe is in strict keeping with the individuality of the characters, and the fate of the delicate Astarte is beautifully and judiciously opposed to that of her stern sister.

Turning back to the pages of the drama, let us open a few of the passages through which the main arteries of the design may be said to run. The early struggles of Astarte, before her heart was yet quite assured of its feelings, before she had yet quite abandoned her love for Irad, and while there was yet enough of mere human purity left to keep her in suspense between the spiritual influence and the earth-passion, are indicated with some power in the following portion of a dialogue with Irad.

“ Irad.

Astarte !

That name was a familiar sound ; and now
The very word that once was music sounds
No strange that it doth startle ! — look on me.
Astarte ! we were reared together ; we
Were pledged to each upon the gates of life :
We grew together ; I, the stronger plant,
And thou, the hidden violet : how I loved thee !
Turning away from Enoch’s haughtier maids,
To dwell on thy retiring beauty. Thou —
Yes — thou didst love me then : oh ! blessed be
The memory of those hours, when we sat
And heard the bird of evening’s song, and watched
The sunset hueing the rich clouds, and felt
The beauty and the feeling of the hour
Draw us together to the inner world
Of our own bosoms, as the outward failed !
Those tresses then lay on thy neck ; those eyes
Looked into mine — our very breath was mingled,
Drawn from one heart, inspired from one vast soul.

“ Astarte.—Think not I have forgot those hours, which were
The sunniest of my life : those days of peace,
And hope, and innocence, when my young heart
Sought nothing further than its earthly joys ;
When no vague hopes, no restless wishes were
Awakened, leaving in my breast a void
Unfilled, and wasting it with vain desires :
I was then worthier thee, for I was like thee.

“ Irad.—Then what hath changed, and made thee as thou art ?
The same indeed in outward form ; and oh !
More beautiful than——

“ Astarte. Irad ! not to love
Such as thou art, would prove my bosom dead
To memory and gratitude. My heart
Is all unchanged, unbroken are those ties——

“ Irad.—Then wherefore wilt thou not unite our loves,
Making my earthly life a paradise,

From which I cannot be expelled? Thou knowest
Thy sire will barter with my kinsmen——

“*Astarte*, Nay,
Give me but time, and I will tell thee all.
I am as yet no mate for thee; my heart
Is wayward and unsettled as the tree
Tossing to every wind: vague thoughts and hopes
Are shook from it like leaves, but soon to pass
Away, and be forgotten.”

In the delineation of such a character as *Astarte* the great difficulty consists in exhibiting the weakness that is natural to her condition, and yet to preserve it from falling below our sympathies. Mr. Read has hardly kept her out of this predicament. She sinks without showing enough of womanhood to raise her to our level. She gives herself up with a timidity and shyness that depress the tone of her moral nature. We are made to think lightly rather than tenderly of her, and to suspect that had the contest of her affections been between a choice of kinsmen, accident might have as easily subdued and decided her (if decision enters at all into the case) as the supremacy of power at either side. And all this, which tells so much to the disadvantage of *Astarte*, is rendered still more palpable by the firmness and fire-eyed resolution of *Ozoara*. Mark how this opposition is brought out towards the closing scene, where the sisters with the angels stand on Mount Hermon prepared to die. The following outbreak of natural regrets is from the lips of *Astarte*, whose nature quails before the coming ruin.

“Farewell,
O thou dear earth, that I have loved so well!
Farewell the dim and leafy places, where
These eyes first opened to the azure air,
And drank in all the glories of the day,
Stamped in my heart, that cannot pass away! —
The love, the life, the beauty which there dwells;
The stars that seemed like God’s own oracles,
Making me feel, while gazing on each shrine,
Although they spoke not, that their homes were mine!
Farewell the twilight imaging that heaven
I never now shall see: and my own flowers,
Mingling their sweet breath with my own;
Glad dening the earth with their bright eyes, which I
Have loved as living things, and felt,
Watching them in my solitary hours,
They were my heart’s companions given —
That human sympathies within them dwelt;
For in the sunshine I have seen them glad,
As if my joy they had!
And droop their heads beneath the sky, o’ercast
With a fine sorrow! — They, too, die like me,
But not alone:
When their bright hour is past,
They leave behind them for their memory
Some odorous breathings, and a few light leaves,
Frail playthings of the wind — the wind that grieves,
Or seems to grieve, about them!

I shall pass,
And die unknown: — lost — buried in the mass
Of a departed world. I shall not rest
On the sweet pillow of some human breast;
I shall not hear the soothing sympathies
Of human love! the silent-speaking eyes,
Whose feeling found no vent in words, but made
Their silence, more than eloquence, pervade
The answering spirit, until even to die
Became but slumber’s last tranquillity;

A blessing — on my loved one's breast reclined,
 Feeling I felt my love, my life behind !
 Oh, that I thus had died, and never known
 Love's desolating passion ! but had flown
 Lightly from earth as gossamer doth rise,
 Sereinly wafted to the twilight skies :
 Or slumbered like the violet unseen,
 Known only by its breath that it had been !
 While human eyes and human hearts had found
 My grave, and sanctified the holy ground
 With tears drawn from the memories of love —
 With prayers that had been borne to me above ;
 And made a haunt of that familiar spot,
 Where I, in death, should not have been forgot !”

We have quoted the whole of this, because it is highly wrought and full of human pathos. But the daring language of Oroaza outstrips and bears it down by an irresistible mental ascendancy.

“And where are they, the elect who shall be saved ;
 Who tremble at the fate that we have braved ;
 Who in their caves and caverns shrink from death,
 The wretched remnant of the seed of Seth ?
 They of inferior race, and mind, and powers ;
 Strong only in their selfishness o'er ours,
 And bartering love of gain : strife we resigned ;
 Our triumph the supremacy of mind !
 Shall they be rescued, and we perish ?—Yes —
 These are the things that live — 't is ever thus —
 Wanting alike the courage and the will
 To dare or do aught great in good or ill.
 How carefully are they concealed from view,
 Ere the great wrecks of life and death ensue !
 To watch from some safe nook, with placid eye,
 The desolation of a world roll by !
 We must tread in our fathers' path, and bear
 And meet our fate, and die — but not despair ;
 While they eke out their dregs of human life.
 So let them — soon will end their petty strife,
 With wants, and agonies of which 't is made.
 We shall not have to blush that we betrayed
 Our selfish fears, abandoning our kin,
 The great and good, to meet the death of Sin ;
 Shaming our nature and our origin !”

These extracts have grown so largely upon us that we must leave them to make their due impression upon the reader, contenting ourselves with one passage more — the description of the Deluge.

“Behold the hills are heaving like the waves
 In their great agony, and from their caves
 And shattered brows are hurling torrents forth,
 That, like eternity, in their fierce path
 Sweep all before them ; or cast down below
 The toppling rocks with each convulsive throe ;
 Now flashing forth volcanic streams,—now gone,
 As if extinguished ; ever and anon
 The winds awake the lightnings in their wrath,
 From their deep womb of clouds, which hurtle forth
 Their arrowy vengeance ; every vale and height —
 Each mountain — depth — and crag — and yawning cave
 Blazes one moment in intensest light ;
 Swallowed, the next, in darkness as a grave !
 Through earth's rent sides the waters of the deep
 O'er the low plains deliriously sweep,
 In waves like rolling mountains ; while the woods
 And towers of men are borne before the floods ;

Or, crushed in one enormous mass, delay
 Their course a moment — until heaved away.
 Then, swept like chaff before the whirlwind, all
 Sink in the waters' universal pall."

The "Prothanasia" of Mr. Wade is founded upon the story of Bettine's love — for what else was it? — for Goethe; or rather upon passages in her letters shadowing forth an episode of intense interest, but not wholly free from that dangerous mysticism of the passions which eats like rust into the spiritual creations of German poetry. Gunderode, the friend of Bettine, is here delineated with great power — but darkly. Her mind broods over dreams that lead her to a terrible consummation of her gloomy philosophy; and the curtain falls upon the body of the suicide lying beside the waters of the Rhine. All this is related, not clearly, but with deep and thrilling pathos, darkened throughout by the fearfully indistinct revelation of the terrible thoughts and phantasies that haunt the solitude of the stately and self-deceiving Gunderode. We prefer such sunlight as the following picture of Bettine to the esoteric grandeur of the mental conflict.

"Of Gunderode Bettine was the friend;
 The earnest-soul'd and vivid-hearted friend;
 Dark-eyed, dark-hair'd, mirth-faced, and fairly-framed,
 With a clear voice, that, on the pleased ear,
 Rippled a stream-like music; and a step
 That kissed the ground as lightly as swift wing
 Of swallow doth the meadow's placid lake,
 Or insect-scoured leaf its quiet grass.

"Bettine's youth was yet i' the early bud
 When first she knew the lady Gunderode,
 Who then for two years had in Frankfort been
 A convent's inmate, a lone canoness:
 A timid creature, that was wont to tremble
 But to "say grace aloud;" and scarcely dared
 Greet her prayer-mates with "Benedicite!"
 Upon the ground her little chamber was;
 With casement folding-doored, that open'd out
 Upon a quiet garden, full of flowers
 And balmy shrubs and grass-embedded trees —
 A miniature of nature's loveliest scenes!
 A silver poplar near the window grew,
 And to its pale boughs would Bettine climb,
 And from on high read heavenly poesy,
 Toned ever to the hour and to the scene,
 Unto the garden's tranced inhabitant,
 Who sat, or stood, or paced the grass below;
 One white hand hidden in her bright brown hair,
 And brow down bent, or glancing fearfully,
 As the wind wanton'd where Bettine sat,
 Up through the quivering poplar leaves."

The beautiful impetuosity of Bettine — a light and ærial creature — upon hearing her friend discourse of death, is exquisitely described in the following lines: —

"Silent long,
 And looking gently in each other's eyes,
 Stood the death-parted friends: till sobbed aloud,
 And fell upon the neck of Gunderode,
 Her passionate woman-love; implored and wept.
 And pressed her lips, and kissed her throbbing breast
 Beneath the orb'd grace where she had learn'd
 To let the life out from the pained heart;

And pale, convulsed — even as two gleaming lilies
That quail i' the wind together spectrally
Far in the faint light of the dying moon —
Thus sway'd they, folded in each other's arms.

"Beside the casement — throng'd as unripe thoughts
I' the brain of poets, ere they colour'd be,
And pregnant made, and teeming mightily,
By light and heat o' the passions; crowded thickly
As feelings new in the heart of maidenhood,
Ere love comes open-eyed and tells it all —
Grew bunches of young grapes, beneath the verdure
Of an old vine. These tore Bettine off,
And dashed them on the floor, and trampled them
Under her little feet, and cried aloud,
'Thus dost thou, Gunderode, tread on my heart,
And the fruit crush that swells to ripeness there!'
The canoness bowed down her graceful head,
And glanced aside, and paler and more pale
Grew momentarily; when, suddenly, a thought —
As a bright creature from the lowest deep
Of some transparent pool springs rapidly
And flashes a swift splendour into air —
Seem'd to leap wing'd from her profoundest soul
Up to her cheeks, — there beaming gloriously
Awhile, then vanishing as it upsprang,
And leaving paleness paler for its coming.
And then she rose, and coldest of cold kisses
Upon Bettine's brow most icily
Imprinted; and a painful silence grew
Between them, till they parted: one in tears,
And one in calmness too self-wrought for tears."

Thus breaking off in tears, Bettine retires; but impressions on so elastic a spirit are like tracks in dew. The morning sees her again as volatile as if tears had never gushed from her sparkling eyes. This is touching, and true — the very spring hopefulness of youth.

"The air which by a dancer's winged heel,
Or flitting pinion of aroused bird,
Is sunder'd, closeth not again more quickly,
With softer motion, or less visible wound,
Than did the sorrow-cloven atmosphere
Of young Bettine's clear felicity;
And the next day she sought the priory
With heart as fresh with joy as morn with dews,
And to the chamber of the canoness
Went singing cheerily."

Evening on the Rhine, bringing this melancholy tale to a conclusion, winds up the whole with an appropriate Thought of Grief.

"Sweet evening brooded on the tranquil Rhine:
The flowers all slept; and in the placid sky
Were shining tremulous its earliest stars;
And in kind Nature's eye no tear was seen,
Nor sigh of sorrow heard in her calm voice;
Tho' dark and cold upon the river's bank,
Under a low-droop'd willow, lay the image
Of angels, as they haunt the human soul;
With wounded bosom and blood-stained limbs,
Strew'd hair, and pallid eyes, and livid cheeks —
A pity, and a withering for the heart!

"A boat came floating up the quiet Rhine;
And earnestly talk'd they who sat therein —
Save one, a silent and a weeping girl:
The boatman moor'd his bark beside the willow;

She leapt upon the bank ; and on the corse
Fell, like another death.

Ah ! this our life
Is a moth's twilight-flight, discerned dim
In the mysterious air a little while,
And then beheld no more ; a dreary cloud
Of light and gloom, which melts into the wind
Even as we gaze.

Weep not for Gunderode !"

"Fra Cipolla," by Sir John Hanmer, is adapted from the "Decameron," and makes a piece of as roguish poetry as can be desired. In the words of the argument, it discovers to us "how Friar Onion showed the coals on which St. Lawrence was broiled, instead of the feather of the angel Gabriel, as he promised, to the people of Certaldo." This, it will be admitted, was a downright monkish cheat ; but Friar Onion was a rare fellow, and when he set about cheating, he did it *con amore*. He was the merriest of souls, and, like Goldsmith's chest of drawers, fulfilled in his time two different purposes : —

"The people loved him for his very name,
For most that herb about Certaldo grows,
And rears its savoury head in watered rows ;
A household name, and redolent of cheer ;
Nor he belied it with a mien severe,
Nor took his gettings churlishly for right ;
If priest by day, he gossip was by night ;
And all the women loved the tales he told,
And children laughed his antics to behold,
And graver things he had at seasons for the old."

The gist of the joke is, that our most excellent friar preached to the people from a little box, which he assured them contained the feather of the angel Gabriel, and in which the true feather was deposited ; but when he went away, an ungodly fellow, who was not touched even by superstition, opened the box, stole the feather, and placed a coal in its stead. But brother Cipolla was not to be thus discomfited ; and upon discovering the coal, he declared to the people that it was a relic of the fire which bore the great St. Lawrence into bliss ; and he uttered this with such a priestly air, that the fellow who had himself deposited it there, and knew the birth, parentage, and travels of the said coal, was struck in the conscience, half believed the miracle, and kissed the coal with as much fervour as the rest of the wondering crowd.

This story of "Fra Cipolla" forms, however, but a fraction of the volume of poems which Sir John Hanmer has given us, and which, with some rather remarkable irregularities, develop considerable power of fancy, and great freedom of versification. "The Strategy of Death" is, perhaps, of its class, the best of all these pieces ; but there are some amongst a cluster of briefer compositions that equally attest the educated mind and artistical power of the author. It is impossible by an extract or two to exhibit the miscellaneous character of a volume of this description ; and we must be content with the following picture — tinted glowingly — of Salerno.

"Come out upon the terrace, there is yet
An hour of light, although the sun has set,
Or his pale disk has hidden in the clouds ;
And we can, looking down, behold — no crowds
On the once populous quays, but here and there
Some scattered groups, or fishers who repair
By the sea-side their boats, or sail, or oar ;
And some there are that slowly to the shore
Pull a long net, whose meshes rise and fall,
Still swaying with the waves ; upon the wall

There is a marble figure, which should be
 One of the Sirens : pale and silently
 She looks over the dim bay once her own.
 But we can reinstate her on the throne,
 And make sweet music from her lips proceed,
 Taking imagination for the deed ;
 Or call Ulysses, or who else hath seen
 On this same spot the enduring stars serene ;
 Or talk of Paestum, and the Silaro,
 And the old boat that doth like Charon's go,
 Wafting us to a new and silent land,
 Where those three thunder-stricken temples stand,
 Or tell the tragic tale that Dryden feigned,
 "When Norman Tancred in Salerno reigned."

Mr. Stoddart's songs and poems are, like Sir John Hanmer's, of very unequal merit; they are, however, all fresh and genuine, written under immediate influences, and highly descriptive. The angling songs have leaping fish in them, and gurgling rivulets, and flies, and broken boughs, and bring us into the green shadows where trout are most readily taken. Mr. Stoddart is evidently an angler; and that, perhaps, has made him a poet. He writes like one who feels his theme, and who cannot help giving it a shape of verse. Even the lyrical irregularities which it is the peculiar province of music to harmonize, impress us with such sensations as are produced by those gusty breezes that every now and then burst over the streams and ruffle and disconcert both fish and fisher. We know not where a better collection of out-of-door lyrics is to be found than Mr. Stoddart has supplied; and we will make room for a short one, which, although not the most favourable specimen, is sufficiently meritorious to justify the author in taking rank amongst our living bards:

A PICTURE.

We listen by the waters blue to voices that we love;
 Sweet flowers are twinkling at our side, and willow leaves above;
 Before us feeds the fearless trout, emerging from the calm,
 And bleats behind the fleecy ewe upon its wandering lamb.

Delicious musings fill the heart, and images of bliss;
 Oh! that all pictures of the past were innocent as this —
 That life were like a summer trance beneath a willow wide,
 Or the ramble of an angler lone along the river side.

Poetry is not dead amongst us while such poets as these remain to vindicate the muse. The specimens with which we have enriched our pages testify that the art is cultivated still with success, and that it only wants a little more sunshine of quietude to bring it to full perfection.

But there is one beyond all these, greater than them all — the author of that singular production called "State Trials." We read it once, and have not seen it since; but it has left behind visions of beauty and strength, of chivalry and logic, of passion and stately grace; whole panoramas of living pageants, pictures of fresh fields and crumbling castles, of antique halls and dim cloisters, of fortified ramparts streaming with banners, and sequestered chapels with long trains of nuns and monks winding noiselessly like shadows through their aisles — visions that cannot be dissolved by time, but that become strengthened in their hues and forms the longer they dwell in the memory. This work, strange to say, has, with, we believe, only two exceptions, been almost wholly unnoticed by the critical periodicals. It seems as if it startled the reviewers, who, not knowing what to make of it at first, sullenly let it pass in silence, lest they might commit themselves one way or the other. We will endeavour to repair this neglect as soon as we can, — perhaps next month; but in the mean while, we say to the lovers of poetry, read Mr. Moyle's "State Trials."

THE BATTLE WITH THE DRAGON.

FROM SCHILLER.

WHAT's all the rout? What means this crowd,
Hallooing through the streets so loud?
Is Rhodes on fire? And see yon knight,
High on his horse, amidst the throng;
And after him — heavens what a sight! —
That monster, which they drag along:
It seems a dragon by its size,
Its crocodile jaws and its basilisk eyes.

Now on the beast, in wild amaze,
And now upon the knight, they gaze;
And hark! a thousand voices bawl,
"This is the lindworm — come and view it —
That ate up our herds and our herdsmen all;
And this is the valiant youth that slew it!
Many have gone on the monster's track,
But never before did one come back."

And now the glad procession files
On to St. John's dim-cloister'd aisles,
Where, with their prince, in grave debate,
The brethren of the order wait;
When, stepping forth before the rest,
The hero thus his chief address'd: —
"Lo! there he lies, slain by my hand,
The dragon that laid waste the land!
Our roads are free; o'er plains and rocks
The shepherds now may drive their flocks;
And, joyful, in his long-left fanc,
The pilgrim's voice be heard again."

He paus'd. "And hast thou then to learn,"
Exclaim'd the prince with visage stern,
"How priz'd soe'er the warrior's art,
The Christian has a nobler part?
Thou 'st shown thy courage in the fight,
And courage well becomes a knight;
But what 's the first of duties, say,
For those who arm in Christ's array?"
"Obedience, sire!" the youth replies,
Griev'd honour kindling in his eyes —
"Obedience, of all tests on earth
The best that proves a Christian's worth."

"And this, this first of duties, thou,"
Resumes the chief, "hast set at nought;
Thou'st spurn'd our law, forgot thy vow,
And the forbidden battle fought!"
"Hear, ere you judge" — with stedfast soul
Pursues the youth — "first hear the whole.

'Gainst law I sought not to offend,
But to fulfil law's noblest end :
Not with rash arm the sword I drew,
Not without thought and caution due,
And means that best might overthrow
The force and fury of the foe.

" Five heroes, victims of their zeal,
Had perish'd for the public weal,
When forth the unwelcome mandate flew
That none the combat should renew.
Yet still, by edict unreprest,
Still burn'd the fever of my breast;
E'en in the visions of the night,
I gasp'd, I languish'd for the fight;
But when the blood-ey'd morn arose
With tidings of fresh deaths and woes,
A wilder anguish seiz'd my soul,—
My rage no longer knew control;
And straight I swore my chance to try,
And triumph in the cause, or die.

" What decks the youth?— what crowns the man?
'Twas thus my self-reflections ran :
What were the deeds achiev'd of old
By those of whom our bards have told,
Whom Heathen blindness, in its love,
Hath rais'd to rank of gods above?
Earth's deadliest monsters they defied,
Quell'd the fierce lion in his pride,
The minotaur's foul strength subdued,
Crush'd the dire hydra's venom'd brood,
And perill'd limb and life to save
Poor mortals from a cruel grave.

" Is it the Saracen alone
That's worthy of a Christian arm?
Is there, save from the Moslem throne,
No danger, no alarm?
A true-born knight should strive to free
His land from every misery,—
Should shrink before no living foe:
Still judgment must direct the blow,
Wisdom its aid to courage lend,
And stratagem with strength contend.
Thus meditating, day by day,
I took my solitary way,
Explor'd each mountain-rock and glen,
In search to find the monster's den,
Till chance at length my efforts crown'd,
And, joyful, I exclaim'd — 'Tis found !

" 'Twas known how, with my chief's consent,
On voyage to my home I went.
There scarcely had I touch'd the strand,
When, aided by an artist's hand,
An image of the beast I plann'd;

In size, in form and feature, rife,
It look'd a dragon to the life.
On his short legs, in towery strength
High-pil'd, repos'd his body's length;
His brawny back, his deep-ribb'd waist,
A shirt of triple mail embrac'd;

“ Far stretch'd his neck, and vast and dire
Yawn'd, like hell's gates, his jaws of fire;
Fierce, from his throat of darkness, sprung
The forked terrors of his tongue;
His teeth, thick-set in grim array,
Grinn'd gauntly, gnashing for their prey;
His keen small eyes flash'd lightnings round;
His tail, in serpent volumes roll'd,
Now wav'd aloft, now swept the ground,
As man and horse it would enfold.

“ Such was the beast I did essay,
Then dress'd it all in ghastly grey.
Half crocodile it seem'd, half snake,
Foul offspring of the Stygian lake.
This done, two noble dogs I found,
For courage as for strength renown'd,
Train'd to the battle and the chase,
And terrors of the urus race;
These I let loose upon the foe,
Stirr'd up their ardour for the fight,
Taught them with doubled rage to glow,
And where with surest wound to bite.

“ There, where the parts, scarce wool or hair,
Lie, midst the opening belly, bare, —
I taught them *there* their fangs to lay,
And fasten furious on their prey.
Myself, I press an Arab steed,
Of finest form and noblest breed,
Soothe with soft hand his rising fear,
Or urge with spur his sharp career,
Aiming my lance with force so true
As 't were to pierce the figure through.

“ Though my horse rear'd and champ'd the rein,
And my dogs moan'd with wild affright,
I did not from the task abstain
Ere they were harden'd to the sight.
Thus, day by day, I train'd them on,
'Till now the third new moon had shone;
Then, all prepar'd, with rising gale
For Rhodes I spread the eager sail;
And soon — 'tis now three mornings past —
Safe anchor in this haven cast;
Whence landing, without halt or rest,
On instant to the work I prest.

“ For — to stir higher my bosom’s flame —
 Fresh tidings of disaster came :
 Two herdsmen, who had sought the moor,
 Were found all mangled in their gore ;
 So, taking counsel from the heart,
 I straight resolv’d me on my part,
 Call’d out my bounding dogs, in speed
 Bestrode once more my fiery steed,
 And then, with heedful pace and slow,
 Went calmly forth to meet the foe.

“ Thou know’st the Chapel of the Rock —
 A master’s spirit rais’d the pile —
 Fast moor’d against the tempest’s shock,
 And glancing far o’er sea and isle.
 Though poor in outward look, and plain,
 A miracle its walls contain, —
 The Mother with her Babe Divine,
 Given by THE THREE KINGS to the shrine.
 Thrice thirty steps, midst crag and thorn,
 The wayworn pilgrim climbs forlorn ;
 But when the dizzy height he gains,
 What sweet refreshment for his pains !
 What bliss, beyond all earth’s reward, —
 The presente of his Saviour Lord !

“ Deep ’neath the cliffs’ o’erbrowning height
 A cavern lies, half clos’d in night,
 Cheer’d by no sun’s refreshing beam,
 And dripping with the fen’s dank stream.
 Here hous’d the worm ; here, night and day,
 Lurk’d watchful for his coming prey :
 Prowling around, like the Dragon of Hell,
 Even at the foot of God’s own cell,
 He seiz’d poor wanderers on their road,
 And bore them to his grim abode.

“ The rough ascent in safety trod,
 First — ere the combat I begin —
 I kneel before the Infant God,
 And purify myself from sin ;
 Then, with the sun’s returning light,
 Gird on my armour for the fight,
 Descend into the bordering plain,
 Leave parting orders with my train,
 And lightly vaulting on my steed,
 And without witness to the deed,
 And breathing still to Heaven a prayer,
 Move onwards to the monster’s lair.

“ Scarce had I cross’d into the vale,
 When loud and quick the dogs gave tongue,
 And snorting, snuffing up the gale,
 My horse in backward circles swung ;

For, coil'd up in the sun's warm ray,
Before his cave the serpent lay.
Swift rush'd my hounds to the attack,
But swifter still came rushing back,
As, yawning from his jaws so foul,
The beast sent forth his jackal howl.

“ But soon their fainting hearts I cheer,
And fierce they fasten on the foe,
Whilst, with redoubled arm, my spear
Full at his bounding sides I throw;
Yet powerless as a reed it flew;
And, ere the stroke I could renew,
Confounded, aghast, at his towering size,
At his venomous breath and his flaming eyes,
My horse he began to plunge and rear,
And all now seem'd over with my career.

“ Down springing from his back amain,
With lightning's speed, my sword I drew;
But thrust and stroke alike were vain
To pierce his rocky harness through.
And now, with tail swift swinging round,
The beast had swept me to the ground;
Already at his feet I lay,
His jaws already grasp'd their prey,
When my brave dogs, to madness stung,
Fierce on the monster's belly sprung,
That rousing, writhing, at their bite,
He yell'd with anguish and affright;

“ And swift, ere he could disengage
His body from their burning rage,
All breathless from the ground I start,
Spy out his bosom's barest part,
And slake my vengeance in his heart.
Up to its hilt I drive the blade;
His blood streams, blackening, o'er the glade;
Down rolls the giant mass, whilst I,
Half-crush'd beneath its ruin, lie.
I knew no more; all sense had fled;
But when, at length, I rais'd my head,
I found my servants hanging o'er me,
And the dead dragon stretch'd before me.”

He ceas'd. Applauses, long suppress'd,
Burst wildly forth from every breast.
Mix'd shouts of triumph, rapture, wonder,
Roll, echoing through the aisles, like thunder.
And, first, the brethren, pressing round,
Insist at once he shall be crown'd;
The crowd, in pageant state the while,
Would bear their hero through the isle.
“ Peace! peace!” the indignant master cries;
Then fixes on the youth his eyes,

And says, "Thou'st slain, with valiant hand,
 The dragon that laid waste the land;
 Thou stand'st a demigod below,
 But not the less thine order's foe;
 For, dire as was the serpent pest,
 A direr harbours in thy breast;
 A worm which deeper, deadlier stings,
 Which fiercer strife and anguish brings:
 That is, a proud, rebellious soul;
 A spirit, spurning all control,
 To reason, law, and duty blind —
 'Tis *that* which desolates mankind.

"Courage the Mameluke displays;
 Obedience is the Christian's praise.
 For, where the Lord of earth and skies
 Walk'd humbly forth in servant's guise,
 There first, e'en on that blessed land,
 Arose our order's holy band,
 Earth's strictest duties to fulfil,
 And learn subjection of the will.
 'Twas vain ambition urg'd thee on; —
 Away, then, from my sight — begone!
 For he who Christ's dear cross would wear,
 Must not disdain his yoke to bear."

Ill could the people such rebuke,
 Such sentence on their hero, brook;
 Loud rings the roof with their uproar;
 The brethren too for grace implore;
 All but the youth: still firm, though lowly,
 He bows him to the stern command,
 Doffs from his breast each ensign holy,
 And, kissing his reprover's hand,
 Withdraws. With lingering eyes his track
 The prince pursues, — then calls him back,
 And cries, "Embrace me, my dear son!
 Thy hardest battle now is won.
 Here, take the cross; 'tis due to thee,
 As prize of thy humility —
 Humility, o'er *SELF* victorious,
 Of all earth's triumphs the most glorious."

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END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

LONDON:

Printed by A. SPROTTISWOOD,
New-Street-Square.

THE
MONTHLY CHRONICLE;
A
NATIONAL JOURNAL
OF
Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. III.
JANUARY—JUNE, 1839.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.
1839.

LONDON :
Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-Street-Square.

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June 1st, 1839.

Illustrations of Science, by Professors of King's College, London :

Vol. 1, Mechanics. By the Rev. H. Moseley, M.A. F.R.S. etc. etc. Fcp. 8vo. pp. 496. 8s. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

"THIS work is the first of a series, entitled, *Illustrations of Science*, by Professors of King's College, London, to be published at intervals of three months, and continued until the circle of the physical sciences and the sciences of observation is embraced in it. The author has proposed to himself the development of that system of experimental facts and theoretical principles on which the whole superstructure of mechanical art may be considered to rest, and its introduction; under an available form, to the great business of practical education. To effect this object, and to reconcile, as far as it may be possible, the strictly scientific with the popular and elementary character of the undertaking, a new method has been sought, the nature of which is sufficiently indicated by its title—'Illustrations of Mechanics.' The work consists, in fact, of a series of Illustrations of the science of mechanics, arranged in the order in which the parts of that science succeed each other, and connected by such explanations only, as may serve to carry the mind on from one principle to another, and enable it to embrace and combine the whole—a plan which leaves to the author the selection of such elements only of his science as are capable of popular illustration, and as come within the limits of practical instruction; and which enables him to exclude from his work all abstract reasoning and mathematical deduction."

Such is Professor Moseley's succinct description of the plan to which this volume is the pioneer, and of the volume itself, in which he has so satisfactorily heralded the undertaking. To bring as much as possible of the sciences announced to the level of the capacity of schoolboys is the object; and, consequently, not to attempt all the exactness of the analytical reasonings on which many of their deductions rest, thereby repelling fifty for every one who would be attracted by such a course of elementary education. Discarding the pretensions to a complete treatment of the various subjects taken in hand, abstract demonstration and mathematical deduction, there is yet enough to contribute a knowledge of God's works about them, and usefully and practically mix with the business of life, whatever it may be. For this the title of "Illustrations" is well chosen, and properly designates the character of the work; which, in our opinion, is admirably adapted to the general capacity of youth, and therefore precisely what such a production ought to be. We cannot do better than append some examples of this, from which the value of the whole may be appreciated:—

"*Art and Nature.*—The illustrations of the mechanical properties of matter and the laws of force are drawn promiscuously, and almost equally, from art and nature. It is not by design that examples taken from these distinct sources thus intermingle, but simply because they suggest themselves as readily from the one source as the other—from nature as abundantly as from art. An important truth is shadowed forth in this fact. There is a relation between art and nature—a relation amounting to more than a resemblance; a relation by which the eye of the practical man may be guided to that God who works with him in every operation of his skill, and mechanical art elevated from a position which is sometimes unjustly assigned to it among the elements of knowledge. It cannot be misplaced in this commencement of a work, which has for its object to develop the great principles of natural science, and which bears upon its title the arms and the motto of an institution formed to unite instruction in the precepts of

[Manning and Mason, Printers, Ivy Lane.]

religious knowledge with the elements of human learning, to point out this relation. The following illustration will serve the purpose, and will assimilate with the general method of the work :—‘ I take up a work of art, I examine it, I see on it stamped the evidence of the power and skill, the judgment and knowledge, of the maker: there is the evidence of design in it, there is proof of the economy of labour—its material is suited for its use, and as little of it as possible is used, and its form is controlled by a perception, however imperfect, of the beauty and regularity of form. These are things, the evidence of which I perceive in the thing itself. It matters not that I saw it not made,—that I know not the maker,—that he has never instructed me in the secret of his art: for centuries he may have been dead, and may have left no record of the manner of his working. This matters not; I see plainly the design with which he wrought. The thoughts of his mind rise up before mine as though I were present to them—stamped upon it are the traces of intelligence, power, and skill, which have operated in its formation—invisible things—no hand any longer works in it—no skill has any longer its visible exercise in it—no name is inscribed upon it—no legend records for me the fact that there wisdom, knowledge, and power were exercised—yet is the existence of these things, and their exercise in that work of art, among the most certain elements of my knowledge: my reason claims for me the admission of these among the most certain of the things that I may know, deduced by no new or unaccustomed operation of my mind, but by processes of thought which I am daily in the habit of verifying. Now let me take up a work of nature, and place it beside that thing of art. Evidence such as that which I have found in the artificial thing is to be sought only in the thing itself, and essentially belongs to it. I may seek it then in this work of nature, as in that of art, and it may, or it may not, be found here, as it was found there. By every mark and sign that I judged of that work of art I judge of this of nature—every rule which I applied to the one I apply to the other; and the conclusion which I draw from the one, with a certainty that never, as I know by experience, fails me, I draw with equal certainty from the other. Is there in the work of art the evidence of means to an end? I behold the very same evidence in the work of nature. Is there an adaptation of the material in the one case?—there is the like in the other. Is the artificial thing collected and arranged as to all its elements for a specific object, to which each element is made subordinate?—so is the natural thing. Is the contrivance of the one complicated, involving many subsidiary contrivances, all having their direction towards an ultimate result?—so is that of the other. Does the work of art manifest an economy of material and of labour in its construction?—there is the like economy apparent in the work of nature. Subject to the adaptation of the form of the artificial thing to its use, and to the economy of its material, and the labour bestowed upon it, is the disposition of its parts governed by a certain perception of beauty and of grace—who shall describe the beauty of nature? The only difference is, indeed, this, that in the work of nature all these qualities exist in their infinite perfection—in the work of art in their infinite imperfection. The evidence is perfectly alike in kind, although it is the evidence of things infinitely remote in degree. With whatever certainty, then, I reason of the finite wisdom and power of the artificer from that work of his art, with the same certainty do I reason of the infinite wisdom and power of the eternal God from the works of his hand; and on this evidence I declare with St. Paul, that ‘ the invisible things of him from the beginning of the world are manifest, being plainly seen by the things which are made, even his eternal power and Godhead.’ (Rom. i. 20). Every work of human art or skill is a thing done by a creature of God; a creature

made in his own image, and operating upon matter governed by the same laws, which He, in the beginning infixed in it, and to which he subjected the first operations of his own hands—a creature in whom is implanted reason, of a like nature with that excellent wisdom by which the heavens were stretched forth—living power as that of a worm, and as a vapour that passeth away, but an emanation of Omnipotence—a perception of beauty and adaptation akin to that whence flowed the magnificence of the universe—and to control these, a volition, whose freedom has its most remote analogy and its source in that of the first self-existent and independent cause. It is from this relation between the Author of nature and the being in whom the works of art have their origin that arise those relations, infinitely remote, but distinct, between the things themselves, of which the evidence is every where around us.”

“ *A Column of Cast-iron, whose extremities are rounded, will support but One-third the Weight of a similar Column whose Extremities are flat.*—This remarkable fact is one among a great number which have been developed by the recent experiments of Mr. Hodgkinson of Manchester. Having caused a series of cylindrical columns of cast-iron, of different diameters, to be accurately turned, with their extremities rounded, so as to support an insistent weight by the apex of the rounded end,—that is, by a single point in the extremity of the axis; and having caused another series of columns to be turned, exactly similar and equal to the last, but cut off flat at their extremities, he broke the two series of cylinders by the compression of a powerful lever, made to act vertically in the direction of their length, by the intervention of a cylindrical hardened steel bar, acting like a solid piston through a hollow cylinder, which served it as a guide. In all these experiments he found the cylinders with the rounded ends to break with a pressure which was scarcely one-third that of the cylinders with the flat ends. When one end of the cylinder was rounded, and the other flat, the breaking pressure was about two-thirds that which broke the cylinder when both ends were flat; so that, in the three cases, the strengths of columns, equal in every other respect, were as the numbers 1, 2, 3.”

“ *The Strongest Form of a Cast-iron Column.*—In all Mr. Hodgkinson's experiments, before described, the cylinder was observed to break in its middle point, indicating that to be the weakest. He commenced, therefore, a series of experiments on columns in which the middle section was increased at the expense of the extreme sections, with a view to ascertain that form of the column in which, when breaking in the middle, it should be about to break at every other point; this being manifestly the strongest form. From these it resulted, that the strength of a column of cast-iron, containing a given weight of metal, whether it be solid or hollow, is much greater when it is cast in the form of a double cone; that is, with its greatest thickness in the middle of its height, and tapering to its extremities, than when cast in any other form. The precise results of these valuable experiments have not been published: we hope, however, to be able to publish them in the Appendix.”

“ *The Qualities of Wood as a Material of Construction.*—Such is the form, which guided by experiment and such other resources of science as we possess, we find ourselves led to give to the substance, ifon, which, forming part of the solid materials of the earth, and ministering there to some wholly different use, we dig up and apply to our purposes of construction. Now let us turn to the architecture of trees, and examine Nature's material, and let us consider whether, guided by the light which our efforts to economise this artificial material of construction may have given us, we may not discover, in the material which has been elaborated wherewith to build up those stately structures, some feeble traces of that

mighty and all-perfect Wisdom of which ours, feeble as it is, is yet an emanation. And let the principle first of all be stated, as one observable throughout all nature—that creative power, infinite in its development is infinitely economised in its operation. Were wood but as durable as iron and stone, it would supersede their use as a material of construction. If other evidence were wanting, the unparalleled boldness of the structures erected with wood would, for itself, speak to the fact. What have we to compare with the structures erected in wood? There is no arch of iron or stone, for example, that approaches to the span of the wooden arches which have been erected by Weibeking in Germany, or to that arch at Philadelphia, which, with one vast span of 350 feet, crosses the Schuylkill. The superiority of wood to iron or stone, as a material of construction, results from the extraordinary lightness which it unites with its strength. Thus, deal has only one-fifteenth the weight of cast-iron, although it has considerably more than one-half the tenacity, and sixteen bars of it would weigh only the same as one bar of the same dimensions of wrought-iron, although they would have together more than the strength of three. Now it is evident that a building erected with a material, however strong, which was in the same proportion heavy, might, and probably would, be a weak building. Such a structure, notwithstanding the great strength of its material, might load itself with its own mass to the utmost that it would bear, so that the slightest additional pressure would cause it to yield, as it is the last ounce which breaks the camel's back. Many, and memorable are the instances of this weakness in artificial structures. The case of the Brunswick theatre, whose iron roof fell in by the pressure of its own weight, and that of Mr. Maudeslay's manufactory in London, and of the Conservatory at Brighton, are in everybody's recollection. But wood falls short of other materials in durability. The food of living vegetation is extracted from decayed vegetation; decay was thus, for the great purposes of nature, made its inseparable concomitant. This decay—which was a necessary property then of timber as a material of nature's architecture—unfitted it for that of man; who reserved for immortality, and struggling, even here, in an unceasing combat with the fleeting and transitory character of all that surrounds him, would construct for himself an abode whose durability may laugh to scorn the shortness of his tenure, and digs its material from among those mineral substances out of which the mass of the earth itself is builded up, and whose duration is coeval with it."—*Literary Gazette*.

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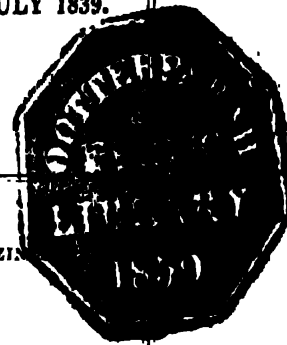
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| do. - - -           | 10 —     | 6 —      | 4 — - - -     | 0 3 7  |
|                     | Height.  | Diam.    |               |        |
| A Round - - -       | 28 —     | 12 —     | - - - - -     | 1 8 0  |
| do. - - -           | 24 —     | 11 —     | - - - - -     | 0 14 6 |
| do. - - -           | 20 —     | 9 —      | - - - - -     | 0 9 9  |
| do. - - -           | 18 —     | 8 —      | - - - - -     | 0 6 6  |
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# THE MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

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## THE THAMES STEAMERS AND THE WATERMEN.

*The Laws and Constitutions of the Master, Wardens, and Commonalty of Watermen and Lightermen of the River Thames. Printed for the Company. 1828.*

*Rules and Bye-Laws for the Regulation of the Watermen and Lightermen of the River Thames, by the Court of Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London. 1828.*

*Rules or Bye-Laws of the Company of Watermen and Lightermen of the River Thames, by the Court of Master, Wardens, and Assistants of the said Company. 1828.*

*New Rates of Watermen. 1828.*

*Minutes of Evidence taken before the Committee of the House of Commons on the London and Blackwall Railway Bills. 1836.*

PUBLIC attention has of late been directed so strongly to the prospects of steam in its new application to long voyages, that there has been little chance of the progress of inland steam navigation receiving that notice which it appears to deserve. While those leviathans of the deep, the "Great Western" and the "British Queen"\*, have attracted universal curiosity, the small fry, which are latterly peopling our shallow waters at home, have been almost wholly overlooked. Yet on the Thames there has been growing up during the last few years a steam traffic offering various points of interest in the adaptation of the steam-boat to new circumstances, which we think demands and will well repay inquiry. And connected with this subject, there are certain other considerations of economical and social concern, which are equally interesting and important. We allude to the controversy between the Thames steam-boat companies and the free watermen, the new claimants and the established possessors of the traffic of the river. Having carefully watched the progress of this dispute during the busy months of the past season, we have collected certain facts, and arrived at certain conclusions which we propose to submit to our readers at this moment, when the traffic of the river steamers is at its height.

The view from London Bridge gives, perhaps, the best idea of the extent of the steam navigation of the river. Looking downwards, the eye is attracted by a forest of funnels belonging to steamers lying off the Custom-house, and various quays from that point to St. Katherine's Dock, and thence as far as the sight can penetrate. These, however, are chiefly foreign and coasting vessels, and as such belong only partially to our present subject.

\* A steam vessel of greater magnitude and power than either of these — the largest, we believe, that has ever been built — and, in respect to internal arrangements, the most elegant and commodious, is shortly to be launched, to ply between England and America. This vessel, called "The President," and commanded by Lieut. Campbell, R. N., is expected to make her first voyage for New York on the 1st of August. — *Ed.*



But close under the bridge, both above and below it, are clustered on the City side the river steamers; for here it is that the rival Gravesend and Greenwich companies, as well as various others, have their wharfs. Here, during the summer months, prevails throughout the day the constant bustle of arrival and departure; and few spots of this busy metropolis are better calculated to convey, in the spring and summer, a true impression of the out-of-door intercourse and movements of its teeming population. During the winter the scene is comparatively still; fewer steamers are plying, and at longer intervals. We will endeavour to give an idea of the extent of the traffic carried on during the past season (1838); not pretending, indeed, to furnish a complete list of the vessels employed, but noting such as came under our own observation.

To Greenwich, there were steam-boats starting every quarter of an hour, the two companies, the old and new, running alternately. To Woolwich, twelve times a day, from Hungerford Market pier. To Gravesend, the Star company had six boats daily; the Diamond Company, seven; the Commercial Company, one, which proceeded to Sheerness and Southend; the Eagle and Falcon Company, two, from Waterloo Bridge; besides which, there was one from Hungerford. Many, if not all of the Gravesend boats, are accustomed to call at Blackwall; and all receive and put down passengers when required at various points of their course. To Ramsgate, Margate, Herne Bay, and other favourite resorts of the inhabitants of the metropolis, there are likewise numerous steam-boats, especially in the season. The following particulars as to the traffic in previous years may be added from the Evidence on the Blackwall Railway. Mr. John Taylor, a Thames pilot, gives (March 23d, p. 4.), as the average number of steamers passing through the Pool, up or down per day, from May to September, from 120 to 130. Captain John Fisher, one of the harbour-masters, states (March 24th, p. 15.) that he counted 96 in a day, between eight in the morning and eight at night, passing the London Docks, up or down. And (p. 16.) that in the month of July, 1801 was the total number, likewise from eight to eight, which gives a daily average of about 60. This latter average probably comes nearest to the truth; the former was given only as a guess, this as an actually observed fact. The difference is lessened, if we consider the one to include, as it probably does, the whole twenty-four hours, while the other expressly excludes the night. In both numbers it will be remembered the foreign and coasting steamers are included, besides those properly belonging to the Thames.

Turning our attention up the river, to Richmond, there plied last season four boats daily from Queenhithe and Hungerford, one of which proceeded to Twickenham. This was the station on which the first Thames steamers were introduced. The up-river boats which remain to be noticed are of a more recent date, the "London and Westminster" company having commenced operations in 1837, and the "Iron Steam-boat" company only during the last season. The former company had boats every quarter of an hour from London Bridge to Westminster Bridge, calling on the Southwark side of Southwark Bridge and at Hungerford; also to Putney three times, and to the Southampton Railway pier, a little above Vauxhall Bridge, twelve times a day. The latter company's iron boats plied every half hour from London Bridge to the Southampton Railway pier, calling on the City side of Waterloo Bridge, and the Westminster side of Westminster Bridge.

From this enumeration, incomplete though it be, it will appear that the facilities afforded to the inhabitants of the metropolis, for enjoying the fresh

breezes of their noble river, and visiting the various scenes of beauty on its banks, are very numerous, while the competition of the different companies has the effect of ensuring low fares. It is difficult to form a calculation of the multitudes who avail themselves of these means of locomotion, but we will give a few data, which may assist the reader to do so. In the report of the Eagle and Falcon company, presented in the spring of last year, it was stated that in three months they had carried by means of their two boats 66,000 persons to and from Woolwich and Blackwall; and that during the first thirty days of their boats plying from Waterloo Bridge, their passengers to and from Gravesend had amounted to 7,600, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather. In Gravesend boats we have counted 200 passengers, when they have been not by any means uncomfortably filled; and though they are often to be seen with much fewer passengers, they are, on the other hand, especially on fine Sundays, very frequently still more crowded. Supposing an average of only 60 passengers per voyage, the 17 boats each way between London and Gravesend will give upwards of 2000 passengers daily journeying the one way or the other — an estimate probably much below the mark. From the evidence of Mr. Charles White, a proprietor and director of the Star company (April 14th, pp. 15, 16.), it would appear that the average number of passengers during the four best months of the year is 300 to each boat — that they sometimes take as many as 600, and “on one day of public rejoicing carried 900.” Mr. Redman, another director of the same company, states (May 14th, p. 9.), that they have received and started about 3,000 passengers in about forty-five minutes; of course with several boats. Mr. T. H. Sinnott, clerk to the solicitors to the Herne Bay Pier Company (March 28th, p. 18.), gives 30,102 as the number of passengers landing and embarking at that pier in 1835, from March 25th to the time when the boats ceased running.

The above-bridge traffic presents certain peculiar features, which will probably repay a separate consideration. It is a kind of omnibus traffic; — not, indeed, that one may hold up one's finger at any point of the boat's course and be taken on board or set ashore; but in the space of less than two miles, between London and Westminster Bridges, we have seen that there are appointed by one of the companies one, and by the other, two intermediate stopping places, which gives passengers the opportunity of choosing among three several points of communication within that distance.

To these advantages is added speed in most states of the tide; the length of voyage between Westminster and London Bridges varying from a quarter to half an hour or somewhat more. An additional inducement is offered by the low fare of the steamers, which is fourpence from London Bridge to the Southampton Railway, or any intermediate distance. The number of passengers by these boats is very considerable; in ten trips, taken at different hours of different days, during last autumn, but never in boats crowded, as we shall hereafter have occasion to observe that these vessels frequently are, we found the average to be 40. Indeed the populousness, if we may so describe it, of the river is so great as to attract the activity of the bill-stickers, who sedulously follow their occupation on the piers and under the arches of the bridges, throughout the whole of the busy season; and they are not a class who waste their labours where there are none to look upon them.

It is curious to observe the adaptation of the machinery of the steam-boat, and the mode of navigating it, to this omnibus-traffic. Small of build, shallow of

draught, and proportionately short in funnel, the up-river steamers generally clear the bridges easily, except at high tide; and then, the inexperienced observer who looks on from the shore in momentary expectation of a collision which shall carry away the funnel, is surprised at the adroitness with which, like geese under a gateway, they stoop their necks and pass on in safety. Again, to one accustomed to the usually lengthy process of "bringing a vessel to," alongside of a pier to land her passengers, it would seem impossible for boats, succeeding each other every quarter of an hour, not to run into one another's way, and present a scene of inextricable confusion at the calling places. But what will not practice effect? A stoppage of a couple of minutes generally suffices to land twenty or thirty passengers, and take in as many more; every one walking on and off with the utmost ease and security. At low water, indeed, it may take longer at some places; but, ordinarily, the boat is off again even in less time. The vessels draw up to the pier much like omnibuses to the office door; and the "ease her," "stop her," "back her," "go a-head," &c. of the steam-boat master, are as familiar in the utterance, and as prompt in the action, as the "hold hard," and "all right," of the omnibus cad.

It was not to be supposed that a change so great as that occasioned by the introduction of steamers on the river, should take place without opposition on the part of those already engaged in the traffic. The Thames watermen, trained by a long apprenticeship to the knowledge of every shoal and current of the river, legally licensed for the conveyance of passengers, and looking to the broad stream as the highway on which to ply for bread, would have been something more or less than men to look on with indifference, while the newly introduced steam-boat was superseding the long-privileged wherry. And incorporated as they are by a charter conferring upon them certain rights, while it likewise imposes upon them certain duties, they possess a power, which they have been by no means slow in using, to resist, to a certain extent, the progress of their rivals. But before we enter upon an inquiry, respecting the matters in dispute, it will be necessary to give some account of the constitution and immunities of the Watermen's Company.

The Thames watermen furnished the subject for various early legislative enactments. Acts of parliament were passed in the reigns of Henry VIII., Mary, and James I., regulating the fares to be taken, and appointing certain forms of government for the watermen; and under William III. and Anne, acts were obtained whose principal object was to systematise their impressment, with a view to manning the fleet. They were not, however, incorporated till the year 1827, by the act 7 & 8 George IV. cap. 75., entitled "An Act for the better Regulation of the Watermen and Lightermen on the River Thames, between Yantlet Creek and Windsor." The company consists of the watermen, wherry-men, and lightermen enrolled before the passing of the act, and of such as become freemen under it.

The freedom of the company is to be obtained only by serving a seven years' apprenticeship to a freeman, or a freeman's widow: the number of apprentices that each freeman may take is limited, and proportioned to the number of his craft. Apprentices are bound only between the ages of fourteen and eighteen; and none are allowed to have the sole care of a boat till they have served two years. The fee for the admission of an apprentice, at the end of his seven years, to the rank of a freeman, is 1*l.* 12*s.*; and he pays quarterly what is called a quarterage of 9*d.* to the company; which is to be applied to the posting of the fares, and the fixing of half-mile posts along

the river. Freemen only (with certain exceptions) are allowed to ply for hire; and no boat may carry passengers without a licence, specifying the number allowed; that number being determined by the size and build of the boat.

The government of the company is vested in the court of master, wardens, and assistants, in all 26 members: they are appointed for life by the act, but removable by the court for misbehaviour, &c. The master and four wardens (one senior, three junior) are elected yearly by the court, subject to the approval of the lord mayor and aldermen. Vacancies in the court, caused by death, resignation, &c. are filled as follows:—the court selects three names from among the freemen, and from these three, one is selected by the mayor and aldermen. The court appoints inspectors of plying places, &c.; binds apprentices and admits freemen; and, in general, regulates the affairs of the company, having power to make bye-laws for its government, but subject to the approval of the court of aldermen.

The court of aldermen are likewise empowered to make bye-laws, and alter those of the company, subject, however, to the approval of one or more of the Judges; and due notice must be given to the Watermen's Company before such bye-laws are submitted for approval, as ordered above. The court of aldermen, likewise, have the power of fixing the fares to be taken; which must, however, be further allowed by three members of the privy council.

In conformity with this constitution of the Watermen's Company, certain bye-laws were passed in 1828, by each of the courts authorised by the act, and certain fares laid down. Of these laws we need only say, that their object appears to be the regulation of the traffic, with a view to the safety and convenience of the public, and the equal division of employment among the free watermen. A few of the enactments will necessarily be quoted in connection with the contest which we proceed to relate. One observation, however, in passing:—the Act of George IV., strange as it may appear, does not even, so far as we remember, mention the name steam-vessel. Indeed, one of the first if not the very first of the legal proceedings on the subject, *Tisdell v. Coulee*, had for its object the trial of the question, whether the bye-law of the court of aldermen, regulating the speed of steamers in the Pool, was valid or not—whether, under the act, they had the power of making laws for *steamers*?—a question which was decided in the affirmative. The fact is, that even so late as the passing of that act, the Thames steamers, properly so called, were so few and insignificant as scarcely to attract notice; and the watermen obtained, only just in time, an act which but a few years later, could not have passed without important modifications, which the rapid increase of steam power on the river would have imperatively demanded.

The greater part of the legal proceedings of the Watermen's Company against the various steam-boat companies, have been instituted under the 42nd bye-law, enacted by the court of aldermen, prohibiting steam-vessels under a penalty not exceeding 5*l.* from navigating at any rate beyond five miles an hour in the Pool; that is, between London Bridge and the eastern limits of Limehouse Reach, a distance of about three miles. Having carefully observed the progress of these proceedings, we think we can give in few words a tolerably accurate view of the merits of the case presented by both parties.

The first movement took place on Thursday, May 3d, at the Thames Police Office, a public notice having been previously issued that the 42d

bye-law would be enforced. On the part of the Watermen's Company, it was given in evidence, that on April 11th, certain steamers named in a list presented, had been carefully timed in their passage through the Pool, and been found to exceed the legal rate of five miles an hour. Their speed appears to have varied from about seven miles an hour, the lowest, up to fifteen, the highest. On the part of the steam-boat companies, it was contended, first, that the bye-law was indistinct, inasmuch as it did not appear whether the speed allowed was five miles an hour past the land, or five miles through the water; that is, supposing the tide to be coming up, for instance, at the rate of three miles an hour, it did not appear whether the rate allowed for a steamer coming up with it was five miles or eight miles of positive motion from a fixed point on the bank. And when the presiding magistrate held the former to be the plain sense of the law, that is, five miles an hour of positive locomotion independent of the tide, it was urged, secondly, that when the tide is flowing as it sometimes does at the rate of four miles an hour, a steamer coming with it at the rate of only five miles has positively not steerage-way, and cannot be safely navigated at that speed. This is indeed an *ex parte* statement, and watermen and others were brought on the other side, to give an opinion that the steamers might in all cases be safely navigated at the prescribed rate. The opinion of Captain John Fisher, one of the harbour-masters, may probably be considered of weight in such a case. He says (*Blackwall Railway Evidence*, March 24th, p. 16.), "I think it would be a very difficult thing to legislate as to the speed of steamers, because they are frequently obliged to put on an excessive power in passing tiers and passing vessels, when in fact, if they were not to put on that speed, I think great danger at times would occur." And (pp. 17 and 18.) he states, that a steamer must go faster than the tide to keep herself clear, that the tide runs down three knots and a half an hour, probably on an average two knots and a half; that she must make two knots for herself; consequently in the strongest tide she must go at the rate of five and a half, which is half a knot above the legal rate. And even a pilot, Mr. J. Pennam, who speaks out his mind very fully against the steamers and the swell they make, when asked the lowest rate of speed at which a steamer should come up the Pool, replies (March 24th, p. 12.), "Three miles and a half with the tide is quite enough;" and for spring tides he allows three knots; which makes for the rate which he considers "quite enough," six miles and a half an hour. Samuel Grainger, a lighterman of forty years' experience, gives it as his opinion (May 12th, p. 6.), that if the speed of the steamers were diminished, "although the craft would be benefited, the steamers themselves would be put in jeopardy." Such were the opinions expressed in relation to this subject, two years before the present action was brought: the law of the case appearing however perfectly plain, the magistrate had no course open to him but to convict the offending parties; and he imposed on the captains of the four boats which had been selected for the prosecution, the mitigated penalty of 40*s.* each, and costs.

Similar proceedings took place on May 8th and 21st, and August 21st: the rates of speed noticed were within the limits given above; and the penalties imposed ranged mostly from 40*s.* to 3*l.*, according to circumstances; in one case only, where it appeared that the party had been previously convicted, was the full penalty of 5*l.* enforced.

The impression produced on the mind of any person ignorant of the facts respecting the navigation of the Thames, by the newspaper reports of these legal proceedings, would be, not only that the lives and property of the

watermen and their passengers are put in constant and fearful jeopardy by the "reckless speed" of the steamers in the pool, but that the steam-boat captains take a pleasure in running down the watermen, and pride themselves upon it as a feat of seamanship. Mathews, in one of his inimitable *divertissements*, introduced a hackney-coachman discoursing with his friend on the inner mysteries of their common profession: "Did you ever drive over an 'en?" says he. "No," replies his friend. "I dare say not," is the answer, "I seldom find any one that has; it is one of the difficultest things in nature to drive over an 'en,—but I have drove over three in my time." The worthy magistrate who performed a part in the following extravaganza, must have fancied that with steam-boat captains, it was esteemed a proof of the nicest skill to "drive over a wherry."

Magistrate: "If some of the captains were sent to the treadmill for three months, that would stop the evil."

The two captains, bowing: "We are much obliged to you, sir;—thank your worship."

For our own part, we knew enough of the Thames steamers and their mode of navigation, to acquit their captains of any intentional mischief, or even of rashness and carelessness: we implicitly accredit the testimony to the character of the captains generally, which "several members of the Watermen's Company stepped forward" to bear to that of the two gentlemen, who, as stated above, bowed in return for the magistrate's handsome compliment,—that they are "very respectable and civil men." Yet, in deference to the repeated expressions of witnesses, solicitors, and others, that "boats are hourly destroyed," and "the watermen and lightermen of the river, and the passengers in the wherries, are constantly placed in great peril," we diligently searched the columns of *The Times*, for the express purpose of collecting all accounts of these accidents with which we could meet. And we especially looked for the results of those days on which evidence had been given before the magistrates, of steamers having been timed and found in some instances to treble the legal speed of five miles an hour. On four of these days of remarked and recorded "reckless speed" in April, and two in May—the first six that we met with,—we found the sum total of wherries, barges, and crafts of all kinds, run down by steamers or swamped by their swell, to be . . . . NONE.

We will now give the result of a more lengthened and complete inquiry, extending from April to September of the past year, both inclusive; being six months of great activity among the steam and other craft upon the river. Our data is derived from *The Times*, which has been carefully examined for the whole period, the file of a weekly paper, remarkable for the extent of its information on accidents and offences, which we have referred to throughout the first three months, and other sources of personal observation, which we especially put in train for the purpose. We believe we may confidently assert, that no accident of a serious nature within the term selected can have escaped our scrutiny.

To mention, first, a class of accidents which have properly no connection with the dispute between the steam-boat companies and the watermen, we find five cases of steamers running foul of one another, or of vessels of a larger size than the wherries and barges with which the Watermen's Company have to do. Four of these accidents happened below London Bridge; and were attended with no injury or inconvenience to passengers beyond alarm and slight delay. The remaining one is the case of an up-river boat running against a pier of Westminster Bridge, whereby one

passenger was thrown overboard, but rescued by the keeper of a floating-bath, who has frequently distinguished himself on similar occasions.

Secondly, we have a list of five barges, four laden with coal, and one with barrels of ale and beer, swamped by the swell caused in some instances by one steamer, in others by more. These accidents all happened in the Pool, to which we have already referred as the chief seat of danger, owing to the crowds of shipping that constantly frequent it. The cargoes were, for the most part, lost, and the barges were generally sunk or floated away. In none of these accidents, however, were any lives lost: we rejoice to see how frequently the bargeman is reported a good swimmer, as he ought in all cases to be, considering his trade; and how constantly, in such instances, the watermen of the neighbourhood are on the alert, and render most effectual assistance.

It remains to notice the accidents occurring to boats conveying passengers, of which, by a curious coincidence, we find five again. Of these, all occurred below London Bridge, with the exception of one, which happened near the pier of the London and Westminster Steam-boat Company at Westminster, just as the steamer was starting; three passengers were all saved, the first we must observe by the keeper of the floating-bath, before mentioned. One of the accidents below the bridge occurred to a lady and gentleman who were crossing the river, and whose boat was nearly swamped by a steamer coming down on her way to Greenwich; the boat, half full of water, was towed to land by other watermen who came to her assistance. In a second instance, a boat crossing the stream shot out from a tier just as a steamer was passing, and was run down by her, swamped, and broken; of three passengers, two supported themselves by swimming till picked up by boats, and the third clung to the steamer and was taken on board. In all these three accidents, the boats were under the charge of licensed watermen; in the remaining two such was not the case. A boat with three passengers coming up the Pool, met a Woolwich steamer going down; and the rowers, in their alarm, threw down their oars, and got right in her way: the boat being struck, began instantly to fill; two of her passengers clung to the steamer, and were taken off by watermen, who likewise rescued the third from the sinking boat. Thus far we have had to record no loss of life; one fatal accident remains. A large boat, three tons register, containing seven persons, under the charge of a man who, though not a licensed waterman, has been on the water twelve years as a cutter of osiers, was struck by a Woolwich steamer: the collision threw overboard four persons, two of whom (women) were drowned. One of the passengers (a landsman) thinks the steamer was going as much as nine miles an hour; tried to get them to turn from their course when about 150 yards off, but saw no attempt made to stop the steamer. The verdict returned by the coroner's jury was "Accidental Death," it appearing that the steamer was in the right course, and the boat in the wrong one. The captain, however, who stated that he had commanded steamers twenty years without accident, received a caution to avoid accidents in future even though a boat were in the wrong course.

This summary of accidents in which the Thames steamers were concerned during the six months in question, seems then to show that life and property is not, after all, so fatally endangered even in the Pool, as the public generally imagine. In former years fatal accidents have certainly been frequent, as appears from the evidence on the Blackwall Railway Bill. Mr. James Evans, chief surveyor of the Thames Police (May 24th, pp. 13-14.), gives particulars of five fatal accidents in the Pool, in which nine lives were lost



in little more than four months, between June 9th and October 17th, 1835; and he was prepared with more, but the committee intimated that they had heard sufficient evidence on this point. He was succeeded by Mr. Peter Charles Burrell, who being asked, "Q. What is the number of accidents between June and December? you counted them, I believe?" replied, — "A. Fifteen men and one boy," — lost, we presume. It is no concern of ours to impugn these statements; they are doubtless correct, and correct, we should suppose, to the very utmost of the actual mischief, as the dangers of the Pool formed a strong point in the parliamentary case of the railway companies. The following statement, however, from the Report of the Blackwall Railway Company, recently published, does not appear to us incorrect. "The case made out in the first application to Parliament was a very strong one, and so far from anything having since occurred to weaken it, it is well known that the steam-boat traffic has enormously increased, the vessels are of much larger size, and, *consequently*, navigate the river with *greater risk to other craft, and especially to persons in open boats.*" The increase of the steamers, both in number and size, is undeniable; and the Railway Company's inference from it, which we have marked with Italics, would seem *a priori* to be a legitimate one. Suppositions, however, must always give way to facts; and the supposed greater risk cannot be maintained in the teeth of the fact, that whereas, in 1835, "fifteen men and a boy" were lost by steamers in the Pool during six months between June and December, while in 1838, during six at least equally busy months from April to September, but one fatal accident occurred, involving the loss of two lives only — so far, at least, as we have been able to discover from the newspapers, in which inquests are seldom omitted. Since, then, it plainly appears that from whatever cause — whether from the greater vigilance of the Watermen's Company, or the growing prudence of the watermen navigating small craft, or the increased skill of those employed on board of steamers — accidents are now becoming comparatively rare, it is evident that the language used concerning them, however just it may have been in former times, is no longer applicable.

We have further to observe, that it is by no means evident that these accidents have been altogether the fault of the steamers, though such appears in general tacitly assumed to be the case; and thus it is that the accounts of such accidents are headed in the newspapers — "Fatal steam-boat accident" — "Another steam-boat accident in the Pool," &c. &c. With respect to the swamping of barges, for instance, we hear constantly that "the swell raised by the steamer was so great," &c., and then our attention is called to the narrow escape of the waterman, and the immense loss of property which the owner of the barge has sustained by similar accidents "during the last six months;" and thus a degree of virtuous indignation is excited in the reader's mind against the steamer which "cut such a swell." All this time not one word is said about the extreme loading of the barge; we are not informed how few inches, even in the smoothest water, the gunwale stood out above the surface. Yet we put it to the experience of every unprejudiced person who has ever passed down the Thames, whether the barges are not frequently laden to so outrageous an extent as to be certain of swamping in any water less smooth than a fishpond in a fine summer day. Had it so happened that the steamers in the progress of invention had preceded the barges, steam having the sanction of antiquity, and holding possession of the public mind, while the barges were the interlopers, we doubt not such accidents would be recorded somehow thus: —



" **ANOTHER ACCIDENT IN THE POOL.—OVERLOADING OF BARGES.**—As the Gravesend steamer, quick as thought, was proceeding through the Pool on Wednesday last, at her usual moderate pace of from ten to fifteen miles an hour, an overladen barge, with her gunwale within a foot of the water, was swamped by the swell. Every possible assistance was rendered by Captain Go-a-head and his crew, whose nautical skill is only equalled by their humanity; and the waterman was saved by their exertions. We have repeatedly noticed the senseless overloading of these lighters, and wonder how much longer their owners will be blind to their own interest. But the evil is now reaching such a pass, that the interference of the legislature is indispensable. It is intolerable, that a public conveyance of such importance, respectability, and antiquity, as the Thames steamers, should be liable to delays of this nature," &c.

Again, of the five accidents with boats conveying passengers, mentioned above, we think it clearly appears that in three the fault lay with the navigators of the rowing boat, not the steamer; in the other two instances the accounts are hardly sufficiently detailed to enable us to judge. The three that we charge on the rowing boats rather than on the steamer are the following:—1. The case in which the boat that was run down had just shot out from a tier of shipping, which concealed her from the view of the steamer;—this was the fault of the waterman, who ought to have looked out well before he crossed the channel in which he knew that steamers might be expected at any moment. 2. In the case where the only fatal accident is recorded, the fact of no decodand being allowed shows that the jury acquitted the steam-boat captain of all substantial blame, notwithstanding the caution which they administered to him. 3. The accident to the three landsmen who were conceited enough to navigate the Pool without a waterman, and ignorant enough to throw down their oars when they found themselves in the steamer's way, must be attributed solely to the indiscretion of the adventurers themselves.

So much for the navigation of the Pool, and the legal proceedings resulting from it. On the establishment of the London and Westminster Steam-boat Company, whose boats did not appear within the limits of the Pool at all, the Watermen's Company showed themselves prepared to oppose their competitors on this new field also. For some time after the starting of the London and Westminster boats, they were prevented by the Watermen's Company from plying for hire, and were obliged to content themselves with the voluntary offerings of their passengers, dropped into money-boxes fixed on board for contributions towards the maintenance and repair of the vessels. Under what clause of the act or the bye-laws the proceedings were instituted which caused this phenomenon of boats plying gratis, we have not been able to ascertain; there is, however, in the act a clause prohibiting boats from plying without a licence, expressing the number of passengers they may carry; and in the bye-laws of the Court of Mayor and Aldermen, another requiring the master or chief steersman of steam-boats and sailing passage boats to be licensed by the Watermen's Company; under either of which we imagine the action may have been brought. How the proceedings terminated, or whether they have terminated, we have not been able to ascertain: various rumours of a composition between the companies having been effected, are current, but we know not on what authority: one thing, however, is clear, that the steamers ran without obstruction all the past season, and a good part of the previous one, at a regular public fare.

It has doubtless been seen already by the extracts which we have made, that the Watermen's Company possess in their act, and the bye-laws founded upon it, considerable means of legally annoying at least, if not seriously injuring, their competitors the steam-boat companies. When we state

further that other clauses exist which might probably be enforced to the great inconvenience, if not the complete prohibition, of the steam navigation, the reader will be at a loss to account for the apparent lenity with which the Watermen's Company have used their power, and doubt whether to refer it to their disinclination to press matters to extremity, or to their want of funds to maintain the war in the courts. This phenomenon is explained by the fact, that the interests of the great number of free watermen employed on the steamers hamper the Watermen's Company, and prevent them from defending to the utmost their chartered rights. There is not a man engaged in navigating the Thames steamers who is not a free waterman; even the boys employed on deck are mostly regular apprentices. The engine-men and stokers of course are excepted; but the whole of the crew, whose station and business is on deck, have passed their legal apprenticeship — an excellent security by the way for their knowledge of the river and fitness for navigating it with safety. When we consider that the small up-river steamers, of the London and Westminster Company for instance, require for their management on deck, a captain, mate, and steersman, and fore-end boy to look out, and have the fender ready on approaching the pier — that the Greenwich boats are worked by five men, and the larger ones by a still greater number — it will be seen that the watermen employed on board the steamers are sufficiently numerous to make their interests an important check on the anti-steam propensities of the company.

There are not indeed wanting among the watermen those who think their company remiss in their conduct of the contest, who quote with exultation clauses in their act and bye-laws amply sufficient, in their estimation, to put down the steamers altogether, and who express a strenuous desire to use their power to the utmost. Such are to be found especially among the older watermen, long injured to the oar, and looking upon the steam-boat as a wretched smoky modern innovation. There are not, however, many of this sort, we believe; generally they must feel that the steamers will go on in despite of them, and that if the steamers were wholly abolished the traffic of the waterman would experience scarcely any perceptible improvement; for the facilities created by the steamers create in fact the traffic by which they are supported. We mention these facts as symptoms of the decline of that spirit of caste which is still strong among the elder watermen, and which prevents many from taking employment on board the steamers. To a young man indeed just completing his apprenticeship, and looking about somewhat anxiously for a means of exercising advantageously the business he has learned, the service of the steam-boat companies offers certain advantages which are not to be slighted. If he would at once enter on business on his own account, he must somehow or other find money to buy and keep in repair his wherry, or else hire one, whose rent will be a heavy deduction from his gains; and when the boat is provided, he must take his station at some one or other of the already crowded plying places, and wait for his turn among a number of eager candidates. On the other hand, the steam-boat companies offer him regular and certain wages, free from the fluctuations to which the waterman's life at best is subject. Many enter into their service from inability to procure by any means a wherry for their own use; still, however, looking with regret on the watermen as they row by, and fondly wishing they too could still take oar in hand, and respond to rather than raise the cry "*Scul-lers! scul-lers!*" when the steamer needs to land a passenger on her way. Many likewise we doubt not, of less adventurous disposition, prefer the certainty of steam-boat wages; and the longer the new

traffic continues, the more firmly it becomes established as a regular and recognised system, the more will this latter class increase, furnishing to the steamers a constant supply of skilful watermen, content with their occupation, and looking to it as their natural means of support.

Besides their chartered rights, the watermen appeal to their public services as a ground of support against their rivals the steam-boat companies. We have seen above, that some of the earliest of the acts relative to the watermen of the Thames had for their object the regulation of impressment; and it appears that at the present time, this body is liable, on the breaking out of a war, to be called upon to furnish five hundred men towards the manning of the navy. This we believe to be a condition on which the rights of the watermen are secured to them; so that so long as those rights are maintained, the watermen have no ground for complaining of their being-subject to the levy in question. Nor indeed do they complain of it, they seem ready and willing enough to perform their part of the bargain; but it appears to us that they press somewhat over-eagerly upon the Government the policy of keeping up the Watermen's Company as a means of supplying sailors to the fleet. For we conceive, that on occasion of any future war, however great may be the demand for sailors, and however well fitted the hardy and experienced watermen of the Thames may be to supply that demand, still as our steam marine is becoming very considerable, and appears to be destined to act an important part in future naval warfare, it is by no means sound policy to discourage the Thames steam craft in order to preserve the Thames wherries. For steam-frigates requiring to be manned as well as sailing ones, Government will probably find five hundred men accustomed to the navigation of steam craft, fully as valuable as an equal number of the watermen whom they formerly called from their oars. The bargain, in short, may have been good for both parties at the time it was made; but now it would be preposterous to confirm to the watermen as a compensation for their liability to naval service a monopoly of the river traffic, which experience has proved to be conducted more conveniently and economically by the use of steam power.

In these observations we express no opinion respecting the claim of the watermen to compensation in case of their privileges being curtailed or cancelled. The rationale of compensation for vested rights and chartered privileges appears to be very simple and clear, whatever may be thought of its equity. Let any change be imperatively demanded by the altered circumstances of the times, and it is ultimately effected; and they who suffer by the change receive compensation — if they are able to speak loud enough to obtain it. It remains to be seen whether the Watermen's Company have sufficient weight and interest to obtain a good price for the withdrawing of their opposition; but one thing we conceive is already decided — that their opposition cannot stop, though it may for a time retard, the progress of steam navigation on the Thames. The traffic of the river cannot return to its former channels; the watermen can never again have the sole conveyance of passengers till father Thames turns back his tide and flows from Yantlett Creek to Windsor.

It is impossible for the watermen to compete with the steamers, either in speed or cheapness, in the general traffic between steam-boat stations; but a sufficient incidental traffic remains, which it is in their own power to increase to a very considerable extent. They would do well to take a lesson from their rivals. By the steamers, the fare is fixed and well known; it is paid without trouble or annoyance, and received with civility. By the wher-

ries the rates are no less clearly fixed ; for sixpence, a passenger may buy a list of them, and have it always at hand to refer to : by law, each waterman is bound to have a true list in his boat, and to produce it for examination by any passenger on demand, under penalty of forfeiting his fare ; but it is notorious that the legal fare is never received with civility, the passenger who proffers it being generally treated with abuse. It would seem as if the watermen, in this respect, act upon the principle which led Mr. Squeers, in the memorable scene at the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill, to box the ears of the little boy whom he had secured as a pupil, through his vexation at having ensnared no more : just so the waterman, soured by the decline of his business, vents his ill-humour on those who do come to his boat — treatment not the most likely, certainly, to lead to a renewal of the intercourse.

Another petty annoyance — part of the same system — is, that at almost every stairs or landing place passengers are assailed by a little ragged boy with cold-looking bare feet, begging coppers for “ Jack who keeps the stairs clean,” an office which the watermen are bound by their regulations to discharge themselves, and for which they would seem to have plenty of time while waiting for passengers. These things must be amended before the watermen can expect to make the most of the traffic that remains to them.

That fewer watermen are employed since the introduction of steam power on the Thames, notwithstanding the numbers engaged in connection with the steamers, both on board, and in boats conveying passengers to and from the vessel at various points of her course, is an undoubted fact, as is attested by various witnesses examined before the Blackwall Committee : yet, when we consider the vast amount of labour employed in the production of the machinery, which enables a smaller amount of men to navigate vessels conveying a number of passengers increased beyond all means of calculation, we cannot doubt that the extensive employment of steamers on the river has called into exercise in other quarters a much greater quantity of labour than it has superseded on the river ; and so it always is with mechanical improvements ; while the old system declines, the new rises into a more vigorous life than ever the old enjoyed. Thus, in the present instance, while the watermen stand idle at their plying places, the workshops of the mechanics engaged in the construction of the steamers are in unceasing activity ; and happily the declining and the flourishing occupation are here exercised side by side, so that the difficulty of transferring labour from the one to the other is not increased by distance. This circumstance plainly suggests to the watermen a most important means of accommodating themselves to the change which they cannot prevent. We do not expect that they should quit the oar themselves, and take up the hammer and file ; except, indeed, in rare instances, where their skill has proved to be such in the occasional repair of their boats, as to give them a better chance of living by a mechanical occupation than by their own accustomed business ; but we point to the new occupation as supplying ample means for the advancement of their children, and as being well calculated to make an adequate satisfaction to the succeeding generation for the temporary injury inflicted upon the present race by the inevitable progress of science.

Having thus endeavoured to give an idea of the present state of the river traffic, the constitution of the Watermen's Company, the powers with which they are invested, and the use which they make of those powers, we come to the consideration of the equity of the present state of things, and the question whether there is any need of alteration in the existing provisions for the government of the river craft. From what we have already stated,

it must appear sufficiently evident, that the interests of the steam-boat companies are not sufficiently represented in the bodies which have the power of making regulations for their government: indeed, they can hardly be said to be represented at all. Their sailors are, it is true, all free of the Watermen's Company; but that company, as we have seen, is not so constituted as to feel the influence of the opinion even of a majority of the freemen, and we do not contend that those employed on board of steamers are at present a majority; and not only is the labour employed by the steam-boat companies totally unrepresented in the court of Warden and Assistants of the Watermen's Company, but their capital, also, large as it is. In the Court of Aldermen, which, as before stated, has a veto over the Watermen's Company, and the power of making bye-laws, the capital of the steam-boat companies has the same chance of making itself respected; and its interests attended to, as property invested in any other way. It has, however, the disadvantage of being comparatively a newly established investment, while the watermen appeal to long standing and vested rights, a difference the effects of which are always felt in civic bodies. This is, however, a natural consequence of a feeling independent of all law, and superior to all legislative enactments, the respect paid to antiquity; and of it, therefore, no reasonable complaint can be made. But we submit, that the present constitution of the Watermen's Company is manifestly unjust towards the steam-boat companies. It may have been perfectly equitable for the watermen to have the power of making laws for the regulation of the traffic, while they alone were concerned in it, and owned every boat on the river; it may have been very fair even at the passing of the watermen's act of incorporation, to confirm to them this power by positive enactment, the steam craft on the river being as yet so insignificant as to claim little notice; but now, when the amount of capital invested by the steam-boat companies has become by no means unimportant, when it is probably equal in amount to that invested in wherries and barges by the free watermen, if not even greater, it appears to us to be by no means equitable that this large amount of capital should be unrepresented in the Court of Warden and Assistants, they (the Watermen's Company) being thus interested parties, while at the same time they are legislators.

As a natural consequence of this state of things, the steamers on the Thames are at present a nuisance in the eye of the law, and liable at any time to be put down by law as such; and enactments almost obsolete are still suspended *in terrorem* over the heads of steam-boat captains, ready at any moment to be enforced at the mere pleasure of the Watermen's Company. Now, we ask the steam-boat companies, are they content still to lie under the lash of their rivals, wincing only when it falls, but humbly thankful when they are allowed to break the law without punishment. It may be, though we very much doubt it, the best policy in a pecuniary point of view, for the steam-boat companies to pay no attention to the dormant powers of the Watermen's Company, content with fighting them on the ground of each clause in turn, as they bring it forward as the subject of legal proceedings; but sure we are, that a bolder and more determined course might be expected from those who have the working of one of the mightiest powers of modern times, than thus to succumb to the fast-failing strength of an institution more fitted to the past than to the present age.

It is not, however, by individual or casual exertions, that the steam-boat companies will obtain such modifications of the Waterman's Act as shall suit it to the altered circumstances of the river navigation,—there must be

energy and unanimity. The bills introduced into parliament last session failed, from the want of this union among the companies; and so far as we were able to judge of the nature of their provisions, we do not regret their loss, as we fully expect they will be succeeded by much better measures. They proceeded too much on the principle of destroying the existing machinery, or erecting new contrivances by its side, instead of the more rational and feasible plan of adapting the old, by reconstruction, to the altered wants of the case. The idea of leaving the watermen under their own company's direction, and putting the steamers under another management, was injudicious, as tending to perpetuate the existing state of hostility between the parties; whereas the two kinds of navigation have surely enough in common to make it desirable to keep them under a common direction, in which the interests of each should be fairly represented. This plan would also be found by far the most convenient in the adjustment of claims of compensation for damage resulting from the collision of steam and other craft, which will occasionally occur even under the most careful management. Again, we would most undoubtedly preserve the institution of apprenticeship: if the present term be needlessly long, let it be shortened; if it be fenced in by unnecessary restrictions, let it be opened; but all experience is in favour, as even our short list of accidents will show, of an apprenticeship as a guarantee for skill and knowledge in the safe navigation of the river. It is plain, also, that the same knowledge of the river being necessary for both kinds of navigation, one apprenticeship is sufficient, and, at the same time, by including rowing and steam-boats under one system of common management, labour will be the more readily transferred from the one to the other as circumstances may require.

It will, we doubt not, be granted without hesitation, that the interests of the steam-boat companies require a revision of the Waterman's Act; it may appear less obvious, but we believe we shall be able to prove that the public safety no less requires such a revision. The Watermen's Company are generally looked upon as the guardians of the public safety on the river, but whether it be from the want of the will or of the power, they have certainly neglected to enforce certain of the bye-laws made under their act, which we hold to be clearly of the highest importance in this respect. In the case which we select as an instance of this neglect, it will be seen that it is the lives of the passengers and the property of the *steam-boat companies* that are put in jeopardy; in the case in which the Watermen's Company have bestirred themselves most, the speed of steamers in the Pool, it is on the other hand the property of the *watermen*, in addition to the lives of the passengers, that is alleged to be endangered. It is perhaps natural for the Watermen's Company, if their means be limited, to pursue such a course; still, if it be proved, that from any cause whatever the public safety is not efficiently secured under their guardianship, we come to the same conclusion, — that the system needs a careful revision.

The 33d section of the bye-laws of the court of Mayor and Aldermen, enacts, under a penalty not exceeding 5*l.*, "that no person shall act as master or chief steersman of any steam-boat or sailing passage boat within the limits before stated, till approved or licensed for the office by the master, wardens, and court of assistants;" and further, under a similar penalty, "that he shall not carry a greater number of passengers than allowed by the license granted to his boat; the tonnage of such boat, together with the number of passengers allowed to be carried therein, to be painted upon the after or most conspicuous part of the companion, or some other conspicuous

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part of the vessel, in large capital letters and figures not less than two inches long, and broad in proportion." This section appears to have become a dead letter. Respecting the first clause of it, we make no very heavy complaint; the Watermen's Company have probably come to the conclusion, that the mere fact of the owners of a steam-boat entrusting her to the care of a person, is as efficient a guarantee for his ability and experience, as even a license granted by themselves. Still if it be so, if this clause be unnecessary so far as steam-boats are concerned, the word "steam-boat" should surely be struck out; this, in short, is one of the rods suspended *in terrorem*, which we would have removed.

The second clause, however, does appear to us very important, and the neglect to enforce it totally inexcusable on the part of the Watermen's Company, if it be indeed their office to watch over the safety of passengers by the river conveyances. The newspaper complaints of the over-crowding of steamers are becoming nearly as frequent as those before mentioned, of the reckless speed of the steam-boats in the Pool, and they are, in our opinion, much the better founded of the two. The rule, indeed, appears in general to be with those who have the management of steamers, to receive on board as many passengers as offer, so long as there is but room for one more to insert himself edgewise. The Greenwich and Gravesend boats are reported as crowded to excess on fine Sundays and holidays. Besides the inconvenience to passengers, which of itself is discreditable to the companies that undertake to convey them, there is likewise danger of a part of the crowd being pushed overboard, on the occurrence of those fluctuations to which crowds are always subject even on land, and much more on water. These are however large and substantial boats, and there is little chance of an upset, however heavily they may be laden. The London and Westminster Company's boats, on the other hand, designed for above-bridge traffic, are small, seldom amounting to more than forty or fifty tons, and shallow built, rarely drawing more than from two and a-half to three feet of water; yet, on a fine summer Sunday evening, we have seen these tiny craft staggering under a cargo of 200 passengers, all on deck too, making the boat top heavy, as few could be prevailed upon to forsake the fresh air by going below. We have heard even of 260 having been stowed, when the cabins also were full, as the night air became cool. There is indeed a degree of safety in your deck being so crowded as not to have a square inch to spare, your passengers *must* stand still, and so cannot upset the boat by crowding to one side. But suppose any thing to occur to alarm them; suppose such an accident as we have related to have happened to one of these very boats, the running foul of the pier of a bridge. The result would probably be, — first, the shaking off, not of one, but of many passengers crowded round the taffrail, and probably the upsetting of the whole from the motion excited by alarm among the crowd on deck. It will be said, no accident has happened from over-crowding; happily not at present, but is not such an accident as we have supposed possible? Is it not probable? If it be only possible, the Watermen's Company are proved inefficient guardians of the public safety, and a revision of their act is requisite. Our too usual mode of proceeding with respect to accidents, is this, — we allow them to occur by the neglect of the most ordinary precautions suggested by common prudence. Then "an intelligent coroner's jury, after a protracted and laborious investigation," brings in a verdict, charging the owners of the machinery, or whatever it was that caused the accident, with gross and culpable negligence, and inflicting upon them a heavy deodand, as a warning to be more



careful in future. Thus do we first of all lose lives, before we bestir ourselves to prevent lives from being lost. Fearful indeed will be the experiment in the case which we have imagined; such an accident, "at one fell swoop," will exceed the total destruction of life in the Pool probably since the first river steamer disturbed its waters.

We will now endeavour to indicate a few points on which the amended act for the government of the river should contain provisions for the regulation of steam-boats. The very passing of an act for their regulation recognises them as a legitimate conveyance, and at once frees them from the imputation of being a nuisance to be barely tolerated, rather than a great public convenience to be used and encouraged. It being decided that they are not to be put down by law, it follows necessarily that no enactment must be allowed to continue, inconsistent with their safety in navigating the river. The allegation universally brought forward by those connected with the steamers, and supported, as we have shown from the Blackwall evidence, by harbour-master, pilot, and lighterman, that the present legal rate of five miles an hour in the Pool is not sufficient in all states of the tide, to allow the necessary steerage-way, must be carefully examined. The bare assertion of watermen, however respectable, must not be taken as conclusive evidence on this point; for in the present state of feeling on the subject they are not disinterested witnesses. And besides, we greatly doubt their competency to form an unerring judgment on the subject; we would not take their opinion unhesitatingly on any point of steam navigation; just as we should not admit the dictum of a stage-coachman respecting the rate at which it would be safe to work a steam-coach on a turnpike road. The facts of the case are readily ascertainable by experiment; and experiments must be made, at all times of the tide, by properly authorised persons, competent, but disinterested, before a rate of speed can be satisfactorily determined. Such a commission it would not, we imagine, be difficult to constitute; probably the best persons to form it would be officers of the navy, chosen partly from those commanding steam frigates, partly from commanders of sailing vessels of war: their experience would enable them to decide most, if not all, the questions at issue; and their total independence of both parties on the river would be a satisfactory guarantee for their impartiality. When once it is ascertained what is the lowest speed at which steamers may be navigated with safety, a rate *at the least* equal to that must be allowed to them, unless it is resolved to put them down altogether. And if this rate, whether four, five, six, seven, or eight miles an hour, be found inconsistent with the safety of wherries and lighters, as at present built and loaded, then the wherries and lighters must adapt their build and loading to the state of the river for which they are intended. The Thames, in short, must be considered as subject to a peculiar kind of swell, — not exactly a land-swell, nor a sea-swell, but a steam-swell; and those who embark upon it in boats unsuited to its navigation, after the fair notice given by a well-digested legislative enactment on the subject, will have no more cause of complaint of upset than the little Cupids whom we see represented in pictures paddling about in cockle-shells upon the sea — a mode of conveyance picturesque no doubt, but somewhat dangerous, except to passengers who, like themselves, have wings to depend upon in case of accident.

In conducting these experiments, the attention of the proposed commission should be drawn to the consideration of the best construction of steam vessels, a subject on which we have yet much to learn. Every improvement



in this respect, diminishing the resistance to their passage through the water, lessens the swell, at the same time that it gives greater power of rapid motion. For this part of their inquiries it would probably be desirable that the commission should be assisted by one or two members of general scientific acquirements, in addition to their own practical experience in steam and sailing nautical affairs. It is curious to observe the difference in the smoothness with which different steamers work: one bustles through the waves, raising a prodigious disturbance both at stem and stern, and *churning* with her paddles most vigorously, reminding the looker-on of a stray goose, twenty yards behind the rest of the flock at feeding time; while another, as rapid as graceful, glides along like a swan, with scarce a ripple before or behind, and only a slight wave proceeding from her paddles. That it is the interest of steam-boat proprietors to adopt improvements, thus economising the power of their engines, while they add so much of beauty and of grace to their boats, and of comfort to their passengers, cannot be doubted; it might, however, perhaps quicken their eye to their self-interest, to license their boats for a speed adapted to their build, and proportioned inversely to the disturbance they create as they pass through the water.

It has often occurred to us, while crossing the bridges, that the nuisance of the steamers passing underneath is so intolerable as to argue great patience on the part of those who day by day endure it; for friendly as we are to steam, we are hostile to smoke; and we can only suppose that so little notice is taken of the subject, from its being everybody's business, and therefore nobody's. We would, therefore, suggest to the commission, as a point of inquiry, whether it be not desirable to impose upon the up-river steamers a penalty for not consuming their own smoke; probably, likewise, on the river boats in general, and on sea-going vessels while in the river, as the nuisance is great to the shipping and the neighbourhood. Abundance of schemes are afloat for the consumption of their own smoke by steam-engine furnaces; the measure proposed would speedily bring the best of them to bear. And meanwhile, the only evil inflicted on the steam-boat companies, in return for the good to the public, would be a temporary increase in expense in the burning of coke, either by itself, or with a proportion of anthracite coal, which produces no smoke. This increased expense in steam navigation would of course be covered by a slight advance in the fares, if necessary; though we believe it would be so trifling as not to require any such measure. We have precedent for an enactment of this kind in the case of locomotives on railways, which are compelled by their respective acts to use coke. And the steam-boat companies themselves would have reason to be thankful for the gentle force which had constrained them to their own profit, when once the system of home-smoke consumption had thus become general; for the smoke, by no means ornamental when turned out of the funnel, is useful and economising fuel when consumed in the furnace.

An important point on which the proposed commission would be called upon to report, is the means of relieving the Pool from the over-crowding of shipping, which is, beyond a doubt, the main source of danger both to steam and sailing craft. Two undertakings of great importance are at present in progress, which will tend, when completed, to effect this desirable object. The Blackwall Railway, the works on which are, according to the late report, all contracted for on condition that they shall be completed by the end of the year, is expected by its promoters to offer inducements sufficient

to detain at Blackwall many of the vessels which at present come up to various points of the Pool: and the Thames Haven Dock, with a branch railway uniting it to the eastern counties line, is likewise advancing towards completion; the object of it is to offer to colliers especially a point for discharging their cargoes with greater expedition and less risk than is at present effected in the Pool. A third plan for the same object as one or both of these, is that of the Deptford Steam Ship Dock Company, to communicate with the Greenwich Railway, which has advertised its intention of bringing a bill into parliament during the present session.

That great additional accommodation will thus be afforded to shipping in the port of London is beyond a doubt. It will be an important point to be considered, whether these new companies should be left to attract craft to their docks and termini by the indubitable advantages they can offer; or whether a legislative enactment is called for, to distribute the craft into classes; as, for instance, to detain the steamers at Blackwall and Deptford, and the colliers at the Thames Haven Dock. Considerable diversity of opinion on this subject prevails in the Blackwall Railway evidence. On the one side, many proprietors and directors of steam-boat companies expressed an inclination to stop their vessels at Blackwall when the railway is completed, with a view of avoiding the expensive dangers of the Pool, and at the same time expediting the journey to their passengers. Others, especially such as are interested in wharfs along the Pool, strongly maintained that no inducements could be offered by the railway sufficient to keep the steamers at Blackwall, without a compulsory enactment, the idea of which they denounced as unjust and inexpedient. Other witnesses connected with the general navigation of the river were pretty equally divided in opinion on these points. A few suggestions which have occurred to us in the course of this inquiry, are offered as an assistance towards arriving at a conclusion.

And first we would ask, why are the *steamers* especially selected as the description of craft that should be detained, either voluntarily or by compulsion, at Blackwall? The Pool is granted on all hands to be over crowded: which vessels, then, must be removed? We should suppose those which are most dangerous in a crowd, as being least manageable; and it seems natural to expect that a steamer, having her source of motion *within herself*, should be more under control than a vessel moving mainly by wind and tide. And what says the evidence? Hear Mr. Joseph Adams, proprietor and managing owner of some Leith and London steam ships (March 29, pp. 3, 4.):—“I have found, from upwards of twenty years’ experience in managing the smack company’s vessels, that the damages paid by the smack company were greater than we have ever paid for the steam vessels.” “Q. With respect to the running foul of other vessels, a sailing vessel would be more liable to do damage?—A. Yes; they have not the same power to get out of the way.” Captain John Fisher, harbour-master (March 24th, p. 20.), states, “I have seen vessels coming up to St. Katharine’s Docks with (that is, towed by) a steamer on each side of her;” and he very properly reprobates the practice, which it is plain must be charged against the sailing vessels under whose orders the tugs are acting. The following question and answer from the cross-examination of the same witness (March 25th, p. 7.) will show that other causes of danger exist besides the steamers:—“Q. Have you not said before a committee, on a former occasion, that until the steam-boats were in the habit of towing these large vessels up to St. Katharine’s Docks we never had the complaints which you describe with respect to the state of the Pool; that formerly we had less than 300 feet (that is, water-way

between the tiers riding at anchor in the mid-river and the vessels moored alongside the wharfs), and we never had a complaint till those large vessels came so high up the river, and caused damage?—*A.* "That answer does not allude to steam-boats." We quote it as alluding to sailing vessels of 600 tons burden, or thereabouts; and take for granted that, if the question did not correctly report the captain's evidence "on a former occasion," he would now have protested against the inaccuracy. It seems, then, to be proved, that these large ships, besides helping to fill up the Pool, are not so manageable as the steamers: if they cause fewer accidents by swamping, they cause more by fouling; and such being the case, we submit that the very raising of the question, whether the *steamers*, rather than others, should be compelled to stop at Blackwall, is another symptom of the prejudice against them as dangerous interlopers, and tolerated nuisances, which it has been one object of these remarks to remove.

But even supposing that the steamers were, as seems by some parties to be supposed, always in the wrong, a serious difficulty would attend a prohibition of their navigating the Pool. Take, for example, the case of the Waterloo Bridge and Gravesend boats, which offer to the inhabitants of the Strand and parts further west the readiest way of going down the river to that favourite resort of the Londoners. These vessels being put down by the general prohibition against steamers navigating the Pool, the journey from the Strand to Gravesend, at present so easily performed, would be cut up into three portions — to the Blackwall Railway terminus by omnibus, or by steamer to London Bridge—the railway to Blackwall — and the steamer forward. Similar inconvenience would attend the projected prohibition in the case of all the Hungerford boats that go below the Bridge; and, consequently, we ask, whether the degree of danger still incurred by the navigation of steam vessels through the Pool is so considerable, and at the same time so totally irremediable by better harbour regulations and other means, as to call for a prohibition leading to such decided abridgment of public accommodation?

It will perhaps be said, these Hungerford and Waterloo Bridge boats are so small in build, in order to allow of their going up so high, that they may safely be excepted from the general prohibition, and 'allowed' to navigate the Pool under certain restrictions as to speed; but that the large steamers engaged in the coasting and foreign trade must be prohibited from coming higher than Blackwall, or Deptford at most, in case of the projected steam dock being constructed there. And certainly this exception would so far obviate our objection; a single change of conveyance at the beginning or end of a voyage of several hundred miles would be less felt than two changes in the course of twenty or thirty miles. Coasting and foreign steamers might land their passengers with considerable convenience at Blackwall or Deptford, giving them the option of taking their own conveyance thence, or from the stations of the railways in town, as they might prefer. For the *goods*, however, which these vessels carry, there would be considerable inconvenience in compelling them to stop at the points mentioned. Such as are to be delivered in town would not, indeed, be exposed to more than one trans-shipment, as the wharfinger objectors seem to suppose; for we doubt not the railway companies would make arrangements to load the goods at once from the steamers into the waggons of the consignees, and deliver them at the termini, waggons and all, ready to be immediately horsed away for delivery. A considerable part of the goods forming the cargo of these coasting and foreign steamers are, however, consigned to par-

ties in the country; London is the mere *entrepôt* where they are trans-shipped to coasting vessels or canal boats, which carry them to their ultimate destination. These goods are at present brought up to the very centre of the inland canal and coasting traffic, and loaded, in many instances, at once on board their last conveyance, without the intervention of lighters at all. The compulsory stopping of the steamers at a remote point would render it necessary to trans-ship them in most cases by means of lighters; at least while the traffic continues to flow in its present channels, as for a long time it must.

Having said so much of the inconveniences that would arise from compelling unnecessary changes of conveyances, especially in short journeys, we should not be satisfied without expressing our conviction that this argument has been pressed too far by many, and the inconvenience indefinitely magnified by woful ignorance of the advantages possessed by railways for the conveyance of passengers. The Leeds and Selby Railway comes down to the side of the river Ouse, where steam packets attend to carry passengers to Hull; this (to compare small things with great) is a case tolerably parallel to that of the Blackwall Railway with the steam-boats lying off Brunswick pier. The ease and expedition with which passengers and luggage are transferred is very great; and the fear expressed by witnesses on the Blackwall Railway Bill, "that gentlemen might miss the boat," receives no countenance from fact. Certain trains are waited for by certain boats; and it is only by "gentlemen missing the train" that they will be in any danger of missing the boat — a danger not peculiar to any kind of travelling where stated hours of departure are fixed. It is no part of our object to give particulars of railway arrangements; but, in the face of the question, it would appear as easy to convey Gravesend, Margate, Ramsgate, and Hull passengers from London by the Blackwall line, as Aylesbury, Stamford, Leamington, and Sheffield passengers by the Birmingham Railway.

From these considerations it would appear that the idea of compelling steamers to stop at Blackwall or Deptford, and colliers at Thames Haven, would be attended at any rate with great difficulties. The following mode of proceeding seems more simple and easy, as well as equitable. Let the proposed commission examine into the whole matter of the harbour accommodation of the port of London, and especially let them report on the state of the Pool. Let it be decided what width may be allowed along the wharfs at each side for vessels to lie when loading and unloading; and what amount of accommodation may then be granted for tiers in the middle of the river, still leaving abundant room for the passage of ships up and down. We shall thus have the Pool mapped out into disposable berths, and clear water-ways; then let the berths be filled up by vessels of all sorts, that will only pay the dues, and obey the regulations. But let it be made a *first principle not on any account to encroach on the water-ways*. When the berths are full, no vessel can reasonably refuse to discharge at another, though less convenient point: there being no room, she plainly cannot come into the Pool. Under such a course of treatment, we believe the various descriptions of craft would speedily find their most advantageous points of loading and unloading; certain companies and certain merchants might be allowed to rent certain berths, and room in abundance would be left for all craft, whether steaming or sailing, to pass up and down. And with regard to steamers and colliers, we should find at length some such arrangement form itself as the following. The up-river boats to Gravesend, &c., would ply

through the Pool without danger or obstruction; they would still take up at London Bridge and elsewhere such passengers as found that the most convenient point of embarkation. From Blackwall and Deptford, down-river boats would ply, in opposition to these, and tending mutually to keep one another in order, and serve the public well and cheaply. The steamers in connection with the railways would of course attract such passengers as found their termini their most convenient points of joining; and especially such as, having little or no luggage, cared not for changes of vehicles, looking mainly to speed. So with the coasting and foreign steamers; some would start from one place, some from another, as was found on the whole most convenient with reference both to the passengers and the goods which they carry. With respect to the colliers, a considerable portion of them would at once crowd to the Thames Haven Dock; that is, such as supply the north-eastern portion of the metropolis, for which the Eastern Counties Railway terminus will be the most conveniently situated. Here too the plan might be adopted, of landing the coal at once into the waggons of the consignee, and sending up waggons and all by the railway. And the distance into town to which the supply would reach from the railway terminus would depend on the advantages offered by the new dock and railway over the old channel; for the present coal wharfs up the river would of course remain, for the convenience of such quarters of the town as they are by situation best fitted to supply.

Some such plan as this would, we think, effectually relieve the Pool, by bringing into use the new accommodations which will speedily be provided; at the same time that it would not interfere with the vested rights and interests of parties already engaged in the traffic of the Thames. That traffic is just now in a state of transition, from what formerly was a system, before steam power was known, through what is at present no system at all, to what we hope will ere long be a practical and perfect system. Through this transition state we would have the proposed commission empowered to guide it; and when the dock and railways which are soon to be completed, shall have come into full operation, and the traffic of the river have settled into its new channels, the flood which now troubles the old ones having subsided into a constant and gentle stream, we would then, but not till then, have them surrender their temporary powers into the hands of proper permanent authorities, selected, not from the watermen or the steam companies exclusively, but in due proportion from all parties interested in the river traffic, and constituted by a well considered act the future guardians of the Thames.

## GEORGE SAND.

A LATE writer in the British and Foreign Review expresses his astonishment at the silence so generally observed by the periodical press of this country on George Sand. He is the more astonished at this, because he fancies he discovers a tendency gaining ground in a portion of the press, in some degree analogous to the tendency predominating in the works of George Sand; and he then proceeds to assign for this silence certain causes, which we confess appear to us of no great value. These are, on the part of the friends of that remarkable genius, a species of diplomatic tact, a little *ruse* of kindly fellowship, the hope of more easily introducing a few of the favourite ideas of the writer by leaving the name aside, as one calculated to excite too vivid an attention, or perhaps distrust. On the other hand, there would be — at least we have a right to suppose so — on the part of enemies, a sort of terror (for there can be no mention of contempt), that would prefer an affected indifference to a combat hand to hand, against talent so brilliant and varied, and a power of thought so incontestable. We know not exactly how much there may be in this; but, for ourselves, whenever we have thought of this silence, we fancied we discovered other causes, more simple and more natural: — on the one side, the consequences of a position once taken, of a judgment pronounced *ab irato* on performances incomplete and ill understood,—the consequences perhaps also of a political feeling that presided, though in disguise, at the condemnation, and which, for weighty reasons, loves not discussion: on the other side, an anxiety, an uncertainty, mingled with respect, as to the future path of the writer, a fear of being deceived and of being unjust or adulatory in anticipating the final route of a high intelligence matured amid storms, and eminently progressive.

There are intelligences whose mother-principle (one, definite, and unchangeable, like that which rules the architectural monuments of the Indies,) reappears, and reproduces itself whole and entire in each of their works, just as the other reappears in every one of the parts composing the monument; the successive manifestations may certainly enlarge the proportions, but it is to be found identical and complete at the basis of each. There are others, on the contrary, whose conception develops itself by little and little, and progressively, as in the labours of Grecian architecture, and, above all, of Christian architecture; so that its unity shines forth only in the mass: it is only by embracing the mass of its successive expressions, by running through every page in the life of the writer, that we can seize and estimate it; a fragment, a detached portion, will never yield the secret. Schiller—considered in his dramas, not in his lyrical poetry—seems to us to belong to the writers of the first class. George Sand, with almost all the great intelligences occurring in a period of transition, evidently belongs to the second.\* Hence, therefore, this tendency once recognised, a considerable reserve was imposed on criticism: and this it is that has not been forgotten by those who have kept silent till now; and this also it is that has been as entirely overlooked by those who were the first to speak.

At this present day, silence would be no longer seasonable. The productions of the woman who has adopted the pseudonym of George Sand, are sold and read every where, not only in Piccadilly, but we believe even in Albermarle Street. The anathema hurled against her three years since, seems to us singularly to have lost its force; and of this we desire no other

proof than the language held in the Review we mentioned at the commencement of our article. Moreover, the author has since then entered into a phasis of her development that explains, and, we have no hesitation in saying, redcms, her former aspect. The calm has succeeded the tempest; hope and faith, to doubt and the unquiet tossings of a soul in trouble. Her recent works doubtless contain many things that may still excite just alarm in certain parties, but nothing that can raise a blush in the youngest reader, or disturb the most modest conscience. Perhaps the time has now arrived for an effective protest against a judgment ill-founded in fact and equity. Most certainly Criticism has now-a-days something better to do than to say, "*Do not read.*" She would run the risk of being no longer obeyed. If she sincerely desire the welfare of her readers, she would say, "Read in such a manner, and under the safeguard of such a belief: do not read this without reading that also: never read without distinguishing the principle of the author from that of too great a number of her contemporaries—that which there is in her writings of objective exposition, from that which issues as precept from the depths of her soul." To us this would seem far better than to cry out, *Latet anguis*, and to launch an excommunication at one of the finest talents of our day, leaving inexperienced youth, who will encounter the hazard, were it only from the seductiveness of forbidden fruit, to contemplate its progress without a guide.

We know that the ground on which we are proceeding is slippery. We know that the judgment we seek to invalidate was pronounced in the name of something holy for all time and for all men—in the name of social morality. For no consideration on earth would we offer the slightest insult to this last. Once for all do we here declare, that we know nothing more hideous than genius coupled with immorality. With us art is great only by the apostleship which it fulfils in the sense of the education of the nation and of the human race. In our eyes the artist is either a priest, or a more or less practised mountebank. Severe towards all those whose labour is faithless to the eternal aim of all literature, the investigation and proclaiming of the truth, we are still more so towards genius, for with us duty and responsibility are in a direct ratio to capacity. But even as we have seen the noble name of liberty inscribed in the title of many charters manufactured with the object of shackling all liberty, so we have often heard a performance, the joint offspring of intolerance and superstition, adorned with the name of morality. We felt then, as in the case of George Sand, the right of claiming, in all honour and sincerity, a new trial before a better-informed public. Evidently our ideas of morality, or our applications of the principles she dictates, differ from those which presided at the decree of condemnation. We find in the article that has done the most to provoke a re-examination, certain names\* quoted as "authors of better reputation," and whose "comparative inferiority of circulation and popularity prove the real depravation of public morals." And who are these? Coupled (Heaven pardon the reviewer) with the chaste and ingenious talent of M. Alfred de Vigny, are Messieurs Jules Janin and Eugene Sue, who we ourselves, in our article on "The Present State of French Literature," have stamped as the chiefs in the school of *immorality*. We find there the *naïve* affirmation, that if in the general corruption there be still hope for France and for Europe, it is in the personal character of Louis Philippe. We conceive, and certainly in good company, that Louis Philippe, by *his* system, has a right to the first rank among the corrupters of existing France. All this makes us doubt. In this eulogium of the king—in this predilection for the *feuilletoniste* of the *Journal*

*des Debats*, and for the parasite of the Duc d'Orleans—have we not a right to suspect some of those sympathies that may at times obscure a superior judgment? Madam Aurore Dupin belongs to the democratic faith; her works breathe a love of the people, and a contempt for aristocracies, great and little; she is allied by esteem and friendship with M. Lamennais and the most marked men of the rising faith; she was seen, when her friends were under prosecution, to encourage them by her gestures from the gallery of the public tribunals. Is there not here enough to disturb the impartiality of every honest *Conservative*? Might not the spirit of politics have slipped in—*anguis in herbâ*—unknown even to the writer himself, under the robe of morality, to throw the fatal *theta* into the urn?

It is not good to prostrate oneself lazily and blindly before the grandeur of intelligence, and to make a vow to follow it without inquiring where it leads. There are moments in which the pale and modest star that God has placed in simple bosoms—and that we call *conscience*—throws more light on the path of truth than does the blazing comet of genius in her haughty wanderings. But, thanks to God, these moments are rare. The giants by intelligence are, whatever they may do, nearer to heaven than we all; and neither is it good to pursue them, as in these days we are but too inclined to do, with distrust and intolerance: for very rarely does Genius—and it is one of the most consoling verities that we have saved from the shipwreck—ally herself with immorality. Just now, one would say, that our principal business is to establish the contrary, so zealous are we to confirm and to aggravate the slightest weakness, the most trifling slip of those powerful by mind. Tolerant enough towards ourselves and the mediocrity about us, we become puritans in virtue as to all that is elevated above the common level. We watch, as convicted of guilt, those beings whose eminently sympathetic organisation is destined to assimilate something of all the evils, of all the passions of their age. We criminate their tears, we stigmatise the least cry of revolt that escapes from their trembling lips, without reflecting an instant if it be not an exclamation of profound grief; we pitilessly curse them for the evil that we have contributed, all of us, to inoculate them with. Is this just? Is it profitable? Are we satisfied that there are so many points of belief left standing, that we may, without much inconvenience, thus weaken the belief in Genius?

To require of the artist that, in all his long career, he should never make a false step—that he should be calm and pure as an angel in the midst of a society agitated and corrupted,—that he should commune with God alone, whilst men, with all their passions and all their intrigues, are pressing around him, is, in truth, too much. That he should recover from every fall—that he should combat bravely and ceaselessly against the ill that is in himself and others—that whilst initiating us into the secret of his struggles, he should teach us also hope and duty—that he should die only when pointing the finger to heaven and the path of victory—this we may, this we ought to require, but nothing further. It is not Faust that chagrins us in Goëthe; it is that, after having there stated the problem of humanity, Goëthe died, without having found for our instruction, as its solution, aught else than indifference.

George Sand has done far more for us all; and it is not well of us to take only a fragment of his work to judge of the entire whole.

There is evil, much of evil now existing in France. There is more or less everywhere, but we have here to do with France alone. There exists there all that characterises a period of transition—want of a common faith, a relaxation of every bond, social disharmony; thence individualism—thence



the oppression of the strong on the weak. This exists not only in politics, but in industry, in literature, in everything, and that even by the admission of those who show themselves the most severe towards George Sand. We have said *in everything*, and consequently, therefore, in family life; for man is one, and if he carry the forgetfulness of the moral law into all his relations with society, it is not, we may be sure, at the threshold of the domestic fireside that he will reinstate it in his heart. If there be the habit of egotism and tyranny abroad, there will be the same also at home. If the weak is everywhere oppressed, the woman must be also. Of this, he who knows human nature will ask no proof.

In a society thus constituted, there must also exist what is inevitable wherever there is inquietude and moral anarchy — complaint, protests, reaction. Each wound draws its moan; each one oppressed makes his grievance heard, in a tone exaggerated, if you will, but always founded on reality; and if woman is numbered in the ranks of the victims, she will inevitably be heard in her turn. In France a protest was raised, in the eighteenth century, against religious oppression, by Philosophy; in 1789, against political oppression, by the Revolution; under the Restoration, against literary oppression, by Romanticism; since 1830, against domestic oppression, by the attempts of the Saint Simonians — attempts to be condemned as absurd and immoral, but exhibiting, nevertheless, an historical phenomena, and an indication of the state of things worth recollection. All these protests are being continued at this day under other shapes; and, whatever may happen, will be continued, until a change more or less radical affords full satisfaction.

Now, amidst this moral dissolution, — between this oppression and complaining, everywhere and for ever reproduced, in a society where the half of the marriages that take place are *mariages de convenance*, that is to say, marriages in which only the *interests* of two families are consulted, never the hearts and dispositions of the married — where, a little later, when the husband and wife begin to feel solitary, the first finds a social tolerance for his irregularities almost unlimited, and the other, at each step, encounters seduction spreading its snares for her weakness — where no power comes to aid the remonstrance of the woman against the errors of the man, and where, to shield her own crime from his vengeance, there is left to her only hypocrisy, — place, we say, a woman great in heart and in mind, endowed with lively passions, frank, high-spirited apart from poetry and enthusiasm, — forcibly weigh down her soul by unhappiness, make her drink drop by drop the sad experience of an ill-assorted union, of a yoke guided by a coarse and unintelligent hand, — emancipate her of a sudden, and throw her into the midst of an immense city, corrupt, exciting, and tumultuous, where her individual miseries are reproduced before her eyes on all sides, yet where the hour has arrived that every sufferer may freely express himself, — then place a pen in her hand, — could she write, at first, aught else than words of reaction, a rash and heated protest? Could you prevent a recollection of what she has suffered from transpiring in her effusions, a reflection of the hell that surrounded her from beaming on pages vividly felt and rapidly penned? And this being so, suppose that this woman, after an energetic complaint — after the agitation of a period devoted to the search after a happiness not to be attained here below, but which every gentle soul with a craving and a capacity for love has been caught dreaming of once in its life, at least, — suppose she gains calmness, and seeks to make her readers partake it, just as she had laid open to them in a book each phasis of her past existence of tempest — that her language purifies itself by degrees of all

scepticism and violent reaction — that she continues frankly to say to society — *There are great iniquities which you ought to correct* ; but at the same time proclaiming to the individual, *Better is it to submit and sacrifice thyself, than to be a defaulter and a traitor to duty*, — would you brand with an ill-considered anathema the existence and the labours of such a woman? Living — and this you admit whenever you speak of France — living in a period of transition, on a soil quivering and incumbered with ruins, in a world where every great and generous belief is dead, and the hideous idol of *self*, *self* egotistical and sensuous, is throned alone in the midst, will you throw the stone at the artist, because his brow has not remained pure as the peaceful lake, whilst the storm is rolling in the heavens and over the earth — because his hymn has not arisen calm, solemn, and religious, as in the era of social order and harmonious belief? Will you confound the accent of grief with the cold language of that band of writers who themselves also see the evil, and depict it in their works in all its nudity, but without feeling its woes, without a struggle, and without making a single step to break from it, and to carry you with them?

Such is George Sand, his life, his labours. *She* has suffered — she revolted, — she has struggled — she has sought, hoped, found ; and she has told us *all*. The long series of her compositions form a grand confession. Spirits young, pure, and innocent, not worn by unhappiness, whom contact with the world has not yet endowed with the knowledge of evil, may well — perhaps, should — abstain from reading it ; but let the rest, numerous as they are, boldly go through the whole ; they cannot, we say it with profound conviction, but rise the better.

It was in 1830, a short time after the insurrection of July, that Madame Aurore Dupin, then four or five and twenty, arrived at Paris. She had just taken one of those steps decisive for the whole of life, that place one thenceforwards in opposition with society — she had flown from her husband, M. Dudevant, at Nohant, near La Châtre. United to him, without the slightest inclination, since 1822, she was the mother of two charming children, Solange and Maurice, who had for a long time formed her defence against the distastes of an ill-assorted marriage, as they now form her most agreeable and favourite occupation. But the chasm between the pair, widened by opposition of character, was too profound for even the love of children to fill up ; far from that, their education often became the source of bitter quarrels. These two beings could not love each other ; for to love, is to understand one another, and M. Dudevant could understand neither the head nor the heart of his young and pretty wife. This gentleman, who had been a soldier, and of whom we suspect some traits to have insinuated themselves into the sketch of M. Delmare in “*Indiana*,” was a man prosy to a degree, just according to law, loving his money, his personal comfort, and the calm of indifference, distrusting all emotion ; ignorant of all enthusiasm, a thorough positive country gentleman, prone to sum up life by figures, and to regulate it by the watch. His wife, a being of poetry, of impulse, and of love, bearing Genius on her noble forehead, often thwarted and always misunderstood in her aspirations towards the infinite, art, and liberty, must have been thoroughly unhappy. An orphan at an early age — her father, M. Dupin, one of Murat’s aides-de-camp, having died on the field of honour — confided to the care of her grandmother, whom she often mentions with tenderness\*, and enjoying a considerable fortune, she

\* “*Listen ; if you proclaim the republic during my absence, take all that I have at home, be under no constraint. I have lands, give them to those who have none ; I have a garden, make it a pasture for your horses ; I have a house, make it a hospital for your wounded ; I have wine, drink*

was able in her early youth to develop, without constraint, her intellectual bias, and that independent character which — under the inspiration perhaps of her own youthful recollections — she has given to her *Edmée*, that sister of Diana Vernon, in "*Mauprat*." Suddenly under the necessity of suppressing this, she long-time struggled valiantly to give a change to the peculiar faculties that were stirring within her, to her vocation now new moulded, to the fire of love and poetry that were henceforth to burn, "lost, unheeded, unseen," like the volcano in a desert isle. She poured out the crowd of unshared emotions that her heart contained in a multifold correspondence with her friends, to which she devoted a portion of her nights. She made it her active occupation to relieve misfortune; the poor of Nohant found an angel in the young wife; in the house she inhabited were supplies for their distresses, remedies for their diseases. Nothing availed. On one day, her domestic trials exceeded her strength. She broke her bonds, and left. That day was born the authoress, for necessity as well as her natural vocation placed the pen in her hand. She had brought M. Dudevant 500,000 francs; but, harassed by him, who demanded his wife or the money, she sacrificed the greatest part of it to preserve her independence, and to obtain the privilege of keeping her children with her.

We are telling facts; we judge not. Agreeing with the world on the general rule, we do not recognise in ourselves, or in any person whatsoever, the right of judging a special case, without positive *data* on the nature of the fact. Neither have we any thing to say on her life since 1830, on her travels, or her habits; we know too little of them to speak upon them, and did we know far more, we should still maintain silence. That whether from womanish caprice, as when, at sixteen, in her excursions on horseback, or from the belief that she would find it a kind of protection, she has often assumed the male costume; that she has been seen in various places with a *cigarette* between her lips — sinners that we are, we are compelled to declare at all risks that we do not consider a cigar decidedly *immoral*; — all this is not our business. We like not the intrusion of the press into the recesses of private life, under the pretext of morality; and it appears to us more than indelicate, as regards a lady. The life of *the writer* is whole and entire in his works; that is properly ours; the rest belongs to friendship alone. We should not have permitted ourselves even to touch on the principal event of the life of Madame Aurore Dupin, if it had not appeared to us directly connected with the tendencies of the writer, and if she herself had not often made allusion to it in one of her works.

These works, we have said, contain the history of her soul's life — the most complete autobiography, the most striking in its truth, and useful truth, that we know. Taken as a whole, they offer us an ascending line of progress towards good that is going on even whilst we are writing. *Indiana*, *Lelia*, *Jacques*, the *Lettres d'un Voyageur*, *Spiridion*, appear to us to mark the culminating points; her other productions come in, as valleys between the mountains, among the five books we have just named, and establish in some sort their continuity.\*

it; I have tobacco, smoke it; I have my works in print, stuff them into your muskets. In all my patrimony, there are but two things whose loss would be cruel to me — the portrait of my old grandmother, and six square feet of turf planted with cypress and rose trees. It is there that she sleeps with my father." — *Lettres d'un Voyageur*.

\* We are not here making a literary examen; we are suggesting a point of view at once moral and literary, for those who may be desirous of undertaking it. If we were speaking of beauties purely literary, we should place "*André*," among works of the first class. "*Mauprat*," generally little appreciated, also possesses in our opinion beauties of a superior order. "*Valentine*," notwithstanding its incontestable merit, with us ranks after; and after that still, "*Simon*." The

We know not in what manner "Indiana" has been read, so that an accusation of immorality against the author could be drawn from it; but we do know, that we read it before knowing this accusation, that we have re-read it before writing these lines, and that, on both occasions, we have found in it weighty precepts and a powerful lesson of morality. Without doubt, if by morality in a work of art, we are to understand the absence of all representation of the evil that really exists in the world, or that, following the old rule of classic tragedy, the evil should, visibly and in the fiction itself, bring on its punishment — the morality, in a word, of "Estelle," and "Nemorin," or of the educational fictions of Miss Edgeworth — we confess there is none in "Indiana." But what elisions should we not have to make throughout the whole of literature, did we limit ourselves to a view so narrow, and at the best good only for childhood. The morality of a literary performance appears to us to consist far less in the choice of the things represented, of topics, than in the manner in which they are treated, in the final effect which the book, by whatever means, produces on the soul. Whether virtue be unsuccessful or triumphant, whether evil finds its penalty or remains unpunished, in the work, matters little, if we are taught to revere and love virtue notwithstanding its misfortunes, to abhor evil notwithstanding the seductiveness of the temporal and temporary good fortune that may attend it. Not to the eyes, but to the heart, should the author speak; to our own hearts in particular should he remit the hatred of evil and the punishment of the guilty. Perhaps even from a certain sluggishness inherent to human nature, the moral impression on the soul is far less when the author charges himself with the execution of justice, and she can repose on the emotion produced in her by the representation of the offender in the act of expiation, than when, quitting the theatre or the book without justice being done, she herself feels called on in some way to avenge the innocent, and to blazon crime by an internal emotion to which the author has impelled her. Towards this kind of emotion it appears to us the soul must be impelled in reading "Indiana;" and the end, the inevitable consequence, is aversion for the seducer. Wherefore has it been said that "Indiana" is a *plea* against marriage? It is not even one against the husband. Certainly the inconveniences of a union between two persons whose incompatibility is beforehand written on every feature of their existence, are there strongly pointed out. But is that doing a work of immorality? Delmare, old, infirm, in character violent and domineering, is he, in the opinion of most persons, a suitable companion for a very young, beautiful, and impassioned woman, whose heart rebounds at all oppression? Unions like that, destructive of all happiness, are they not themselves a covert for great immorality, by rendering seduction a hundred times more to be feared? George Sand has made this thoroughly felt; but we would say that she was afraid of being unjust to the individuality she has chosen for the symbol of these particular unions, causing to bear on the woman all the responsibility of the fatal consequences they bring on; so much impartiality, moderation — we might say delicacy — has she thrown into the part that regards M. Delmare. His faults are shown; but not one of the good qualities that are usually met with in similar characters is left in the shade; his fits of despotism are almost counterbalanced by impulses of kindness; and when, just before his

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shorter performances, such as "Le Secretaire Intime," "La Marquise," "Savonar," "Aldo le Rimeur," "Metella," &c., are of an unequal classification as respects their literary value. All, however, sparkle with beauties, and we make no absolute exception, save "Uscoque," which seems to us a sin against Art, against Byron, and against the natural tendency of the genius of George Sand. "Rose et Blanche," written in conjunction with another author, must not be reckoned among her works.

death, she places in his mouth a few words of love and protection for Indiana, murmured in his slumber, we feel that her intention is to turn from his hoary head every malediction, and to endeavour that pity be the only sensation. The indignation, the bitterness, the force of the burning scorn that is swelling the author's bosom, is wholly reserved for the seducer. There she is at ease; she has no fear of creating over-excitement. Never was there a portrait sketched with so absolute an intention of calling forth disgust, as that of Raymon; never any with so much art not to render the individuality too hateful at the risk of destroying the effect of the lesson. Raymon, with his talents and success in society — a seducer by liking, and indefatigable from the love of triumph — not accustomed to recognise woman in the *grisette*, descending to her from mere listlessness, and making himself beloved without thinking of the consequences — at times capable of a generous thought, but adept at repulsing it, and at tranquillising his conscience by sophistry — expressing passion with art, and growing really impassioned by force of eloquence — is the very type of the dangerous seducer so often to be met in the world: his love is thoroughly that *love-passion*, a hideous compound of sensuality and vanity, that exercises so powerful a charm — fascination we might say — over the weakness of inexperience. — And in "Indiana," he is laid bare to the eye — a hundredfold beneath the husband-oppressor, cowardly, cruel, criminal as selfishness, of which he is the very highest expression. And the consequences of the seduction stand before the face of each of them, all frightful and irremediable; before the seducer, the corpse of poor Noun; before the seduced, the wreck of her illusion. For Indiana is *illusion*: she believes in goodness beyond the line of duty; she trusts blindly to the realisation of the ideal love that she bears in her own bosom, to the sincerity of the passion expressed, to the man's constancy, to a few glowing words whose source she has never studied. It is sufficient to read the letter of Indiana, in chapter xxii., to understand the mystery of her unhappiness; the secret of the book is contained in the ejaculation that the author puts into the mouth of Indiana herself, when Raymon reproaches her with having learnt love from romances, in the usual fashion of waiting-maids: "*What alarms and terrifies me is, that you are right,*" says Indiana. These words appear to us to contain — and we appeal to the sex as judges — a warning for all women of hearts ready to sacrifice duty to hope, more efficacious than twenty common-places of morality. How is it that puritanical criticism has forgotten these? How has it been forgotten that the author was writing, not an apology, but the history of Indiana — that the epithet *crime* is not spared to the flight of Indiana — that a passage of the tenth chapter reproaches her "with being too soon disheartened with her lot, and with not having given herself the pains of trying to make her husband better?" And why is there forgotten the love of Ralph — a love of the heart, respectful, and devoted, uniting in itself something of the threefold affection of the lover, the husband, and the father, a happy contrast with Raymon's harassing, unrestrained, and daring love of the imagination — which, till then mute, dares not manifest itself but at a moment of solemnity, and when the tomb of the *husband* has long been closed? Strange that the criticism which stigmatised the book as *immoral* should have quietly got rid of Ralph by calling him "a stupid cousin."

The same remarks that we have just made on "Indiana" apply to "Jacques," the only one of George Sand's books, by-the-bye, that contains a story of adultery\*, if we except "Valentine." It describes a woman who

\* M. Nizard in France, the critic of the Quarterly here, and twenty others after them, have nevertheless affirmed that adultery and a hatred to marriage form the subject of all these volumes.

sees not all the evil; a man who falls into it from wantonness of spirit! Is this not too often met with in the world? But it contains also a man who suffers and who dies, irresistibly driven to a disgust for every thing and to death by the selfish error of the guilty pair; and this man, in whom dwell virtue and devotedness — this man, to whom every thing attracts us, whose lofty figure stands out in the book like the statue of a god on its pedestal, whilst not a single sympathy is suggested to us for the cold and common lineaments of the *seducer* — this is Jacques, the *husband*. Jacques, then, is the entire book. If we sympathise with Jacques, the work, as to its moral effect, is absolved. If, whilst reverencing, we pity this man (misunderstood and sacrificed) who has not a single fault to reproach to his love — who lives solely by the heart, and to whom the sophistry of crime is hardly willing to accord a life of the head, a life of ideas, — then we abhor the crime, and we learn to distrust the sophistry dictated by selfish passion. If we feel all of the sublime there is in this husband, who at the eve of death pours out a benediction on the woman who has betrayed him, and whose only anxiety is how to spare her a pang, we are saved; for we it is who shall pass sentence for him on the two criminals. And if there be a woman who may be near falling, from imprudence, from passion, or from the impulse of a too precipitate judgment on her husband, she will say, on reading “Jacques” — “Perhaps I am working the irrevocable misery of a man better than myself;” or expect nothing more from books for her: “Jacques” is not written for women whom sacred love and the angel of modesty has for ever abandoned.

“Jacques” is written for those wives who, erring, not wanton, — hurried on, not corrupted — tremble, fascinated, on the abyss; who would recoil perhaps, could they measure its profundity, but in whom the insinuating voice of the seducer perverts the good instincts and sentiments, in their source generous, that murmur in the recesses of their breast, by decking the crime with the colours of devoted affection, by saying to them, “You are about to make one being happy, without injury to others, at the price only of a few twinges of conscience; you are going to transfer to love what indifference is unworthy of, and cannot comprehend.” To such as these Madame Aurore Dupin cries aloud in her “Jacques” — “Stop; you will not fall alone into the abyss: you are responsible for another life, which you will kill with your own. There is one whose whole existence reposes on one word that you uttered to his ear, your hand clasped in his; — one in whom your fall will shake his faith in virtue, in love, in the faithfulness of promises, in human nature, and in God. You spread a desert around him; you wither all his present joys — all his future hopes; you inoculate an immortal soul with despair. Say not that you have only indifference to deal with, that you disturb no happiness, that the cloak of silence will cover your fault, and that none will care to raise it. How know you this? Perhaps this man whom you fancy busied with something else studies your looks, the embarrassed coolness of your caresses, the sudden blush that at times reddens your brow, to read there his destiny, his condemnation. Perhaps, a hundredfold more faithful and

“Permit me,” wrote George Sand to the former, “to except ‘Lelia,’ in which there is not a word relating to social institutions. . . . ‘Indiana,’ where no adultery is committed. . . . ‘Le Secrétaire Intime,’ which has for its subject the sweets of conjugal fidelity. . . . ‘André,’ which is neither against marriage, nor for adulterous love. . . . ‘Simon,’ which ends at the altar. . . . ‘Valentine,’ where the old fatality intervenes to prevent the adulterous wife from enjoying in a second marriage the happiness she had not strength to wait for. . . . ‘Leoni,’ in which the question of marriage is not at all brought into play.” We may add to this list “Mauprat,” “Spiridion,” “Les Mosaistes,” and every thing our authoress has published since her letter to M. Nisard.

devoted than you are, he is silent because he trembles to lower you before him, because he is conscious of his rights, and because it is to you, to your love, and to your virtue, rather than to his power, that he desires to owe his safety. Thus you fall into vice, and you misunderstand virtue: you are basely selfish and forsworn. Your crime is double; the consequences of it may be irrevocable, and repentance itself will be impotent to repair them." Such, in our opinion, is the lesson resulting from "Jacques." Is this immorality? Is it wrong that a woman should not despair of her sex, and that instead of crying, as do our tales of morality — "*You will be infamous and accursed before society, for your husband himself will tear the veil from your shame, and vengeance will pursue you till the last day,*" — she should say, — "*None will know of it, but your husband will die of grief; none will know of it, but whilst you will be enjoying in forgetfulness, the father of your children will sink under the weight of the deceit and the dishonour that belongs to you, and which he will still endeavour to spare you.*" Yes, we confess it: our society is wholly founded on force: we educate by terror; at the top of the social ladder we have placed the scaffold for virtue to lean against. But is our system of amelioration so incontestably good and efficacious that we feel the right of branding as a rebel the writer that seeks to introduce into it love, that essays to preserve souls by reasons purely moral? There are women, believe it, whom the material vengeance that you threaten will not frighten. In the paroxysms of certain characters, personal danger will invest the crime with an appearance of devotion towards the object of unlawful love. To such women give "Jacques:" it will perhaps do what your laws have been unable to do.

In a class more elevated, more open to exceptions — near Faust and Manfred — must be placed "Lelia." This is not an immoral work — far from it; but for young spirits, who have not passed the double initiation of meditation and suffering, "Lelia" is a dangerous book. The perusal of it should be under restraint, or at least there should be the means of following it by one of the "Lettres d'un Voyageur," or by those "Lettres à Marcie," so admirable for resignation and faith in the future, that George Sand published in "Le Monde," when it was under the direction of M. Lamennais. "Lelia" is food for the strong; let the weak abstain, for there is in it that which may be the salvation of strong and tried organisations, but which may kill the tender and frail. It is a lesson whose aim is sanctified; but the details are horrible — such, perhaps, as may be necessary to act on society in a state of gangrene. Doubtless, courage was required to trace this picture of desolation, in which hope after hope is unlinked, torn by some diabolical hand from the tree of life, and falling, like dead leaves, into the sepulchre of decay and nothingness; and perhaps the writer, like Dante's shipwrecked voyager, now that she has traversed the gulf and reached the bank, cannot look back and reperuse her own pages without a shudder.

"Si volge all'onda perigliosa e guata."

Courage also is required to read it to the end; for we fear, at each step we take, that we are bordering on the desert of spiritual suicide: as before every general formula we feel a sensation of dizziness; and it is a formula of destruction, of negation without change, that "Lelia" undertakes to teach us. And yet her's is truly a high and sacred formula. The work of destruction that she fulfils, is that of a world worn out and corrupted, that rules over us yet, though in its agony. It is the world of *individuality*, the world that proposed to itself no other end, no other reason for its existence, than the search after prosperity. This, taken as the end of life, necessarily results in selfishness.



Lelia, whether the author intended it or not, is a symbol. The *dramatis personæ* exist not as human beings; they are speaking and moving formulas; and hence it is that they strike on the brain rather than on the heart; they cause us not to weep, as "Indiana" — they make us think. Trenmor is human *reason* — reason pure, solitary, dry, deprived of impulse and sensibility. Stenio is *passion*, — not that of the heart, but emphatically that of the imagination. Pulcherie is *sensualism*, — calm, logical, and elevated even to theory. Magnus is still sensualism, but that of the instinct, fiery, unreflecting, and at enmity with superstition. Lelia is the wandering spirit on the search amid all these varieties; she is the other half of Faust, the woman-Faust, the woman of the world we have just pointed to. What seeks she? Temporal happiness. And what seek all these personifications, all these *ideas* we would say, that are revolving round her like spectres, whom she follows each in turn? Temporal happiness: the one by the enjoyments of the flesh, or by repentance and humiliation before God; another by the exaltation of the poetic faculties; a third by the philosophic calm of stoicism; but all, whatever they may say, are only occupied with their existence. This, indeed, is the mother-principle in Faust; only as man lives more by the brain, and woman by the heart, whilst Faust seeks happiness in knowledge, Lelia seeks it through love; we feel that there rules in Faust a deep craving for power — in Lelia, a deep craving for life, for the expansion of sympathy. In Goëthe, Mephistophiles is destined to destroy power by doubt, much as he appears desirous of satisfying it by degrees. In George Sand, Trenmor destroys love, much as he appears to protect Stenio by his sympathies. Trenmor — Reason — the being who thinks, but whose heart beats not — who, instead of thinking how to *direct* the passions — instruments that God has placed at our disposal for good — fancies "that where they finish, man begins," and in whom the extinct passions have left only a mass of recollections and reflections, whose life is only the intellectual life, the *me* that contemplates and communes not — in a word, the being that muses (§ xiii.) — Trenmor sways Lelia. She has a heart less ardent and less powerful than his mind; her faculties are inferior to his musings. Tormented by a lively thirst for love, but bent on there meeting with absolute and infallible happiness, when she finds it not there, — when in submitting her experience to the cool analysis of individual reason, she finds only the *finite* to satisfy a spirit full of aspirations for the infinite, she curses life and love; — she leaves herself to be tossed between scepticism and faith, and resumes her internal struggle, her desires and her impotence, with this sorrowful cry, "Happy those who can love." Schiller, the poet of grand thoughts, had already given the answer, when he said, "*Those only love that love without hope.*" There is, in these few words, more than poetry: they contain a whole religious philosophy that we do not yet well understand, but that futurity will.

Life is a mission; its end is not the search after happiness, but the knowledge and fulfilment of duty. Love is not enjoyment, it is devotedness; if on the path of duty and devotedness God sends us some beams of happiness, let us bless God, and bask our limbs enfeebled by the fatigues of the journey; but let us not suspend it for long; let us not say — "We have found the secret of existence;" for the action of the law of our existence cannot be concentrated in ourselves; its development must be pursued without. And if we meet only suffering, still march on: suffer and act. God will measure our progress towards him, not by what we have suffered, but by how much we have desired to diminish the sufferings of others, by how much our efforts have been directed to the saving and the perfecting our brethren. Lelia,



like the world she represents, too often forgets this. Bound as she is in the folds of a philosophy that steps not beyond the *individual*, she never rises to the conception of the *social* life of her mission in the world; between her and the crowd there is no exchange; "she has no sympathy for the human race, though she suffers the same evils, and sums up in herself all the sorrows scattered on the face of the earth." She comprehends not God in humanity; she prays not with it; she looks aside at her own weak and solitary individuality; thence it is she fears it, and feels ready to revolt from it. Like her, and more than her, Trenmor, the philosopher, has not knowledge of a social end; he has no communion with what he calls *material life*, but what he should have called *exterior life*. He lives in himself and of himself, "without projects, without desires," so that no person can "make or unmake his happiness." Thought is the sphere of both; action they know not. They pretend to be acquainted with pity, love, and friendship, but it is not so; of these things they possess only the *idea* — not the *feeling*; they can advise, therefore, not persuade; negations and disenchantments are all they have to teach; they save no one — they make no one better. When Stenio separates himself, neither of them knows how to bring him back, and prevent his fall. Trenmor re-appears to him only when the evil is irrevocably consummated. In causing us to be born from one man, and in making us beings eminently social, God willed that our power for good should be enlarged just so much as we shall be careful to steep it in the common spring, and he has condemned to barrenness all philosophy that aims at confining itself within the circle of individuality.

Lelia is the development of this principle as to woman, as Faust — more perhaps by the instinct of genius, and by a logical necessity, than from the intention of the author — is as to man. Goëthe found man marching in the path of science without any other aim than *his* pride and *his* happiness; George Sand found woman marching in the path of love without any other aim than the full budding of *her* faculties, *her* happiness; and both have inscribed at the goal of these two courses — "Impotence and nothingness." By what fatality, by what injustice — so much the greater that Goëthe stopped there, and George Sand has advanced — has the first had absolution, while the latter remains under the burden of an accusation of immorality? Why has it been made a crime for one to have proved by a *tableau* — frightful we confess — that it is an illusion to desire happiness in life and love, of what kind soever it may be, while the other has been praised for having taught that to seek happiness in knowledge and power is an illusion often criminal? Is it from weakness of perception, or from malignity, that criticism has persisted in reading and judging as a vulgar tale what evidently is not so? And if no other resolution than that could be made, ought there not at least to have been recognised in Lelia — what certainly cannot be immoral — a negation of sensualism, a personification of exalted spiritualism? Decidedly, without more acumen, but only with a little more charity, criticism might have seen in this exposition of "a heart all bleeding, in this broken moan, mingled with groans, adjurations, and melancholy laughter," other matter than a subject for an anathema. The reproaches of the Prior of Camaldules to Magnus, the letter of Lelia to Stenio (§ xviii.), and, above all, the beautiful pages in which Stenio, before dying, holds up to our indignation Don Juan, the type of vain immorality, might well, we think, have weighed something in the scale.\*

\* Instead of this, the reviewer, — "honest, honest Iago," — has gone out of his way to pick out an immoral phrase put into the mouth of Pulcherie the courtesan, and has quoted it without explanation, as a maxim of the author! — *Vile Quarterly*.

"Lelia," "Jacques," "Indiana," are, of the longer works of Madame Aurore Dupin, those which have called forth the most exclamations against the immorality of the author; and if we have succeeded in pointing out a more just and more favourable route for the appreciation of these works, our task is nearly completed. We only desire to provoke a fresh and more considerate examination. We ask this, upright in conscience, proud of being the first to demand it in this country, and convinced, on the one hand, that there is benefit in reconciling society with genius—on the other, duty towards the author, if it can be done without inconsistency, in rectifying the decree that bears upon him. Social reprobation is a heavier load for high intelligences than we had believed it to be, and we have not been able to re-peruse without emotion the following passage in one of the books of the lady we are speaking of:—

"Oh God, how sweet had been indissoluble ties, if a heart like my own had accepted them! Oh no! I was not made to be a poet, I was made to love! It is the unhappiness of my destiny, it is the hatred of others, that has made me a traveller and an artist. I—I wished to live the human life; I had a heart, it has been torn with violence from my breast. They have left me only a head, a head full of noise and grief, of horrible recollections, of images of mourning, of scenes of outrage. \* \* \* And because in writing tales to gain the bread they refused me, the recollection of my misfortunes has crossed me—because I have dared to say that there are beings miserable in the marriage state, by reason of the weakness ordained for the wife, by reason of the brutality permitted to the husband, by reason of the infamies that society covers with a veil, and protects with a mantle of abuse, they have declared me immoral, they have treated me as if I were the enemy of the human race."

This springs from the bottom of the soul, and merits that attention be paid to it.

Those who shall undertake the examination we ask, will certainly find some hasty passages, some crude descriptions, that we should like better to be able to suppress; they will find some phrases hazarded, in which the abuses, the absurdities, the prejudices, and the vices of society are expressed by the collective word "*society*," some where there is used "*marriage*" in place of "*persons married*." But, looking over a few details to get at the *ensemble*, judging the spirit rather than the letter, we are sure they will find true and high morality where superficial critics have pronounced themselves scared; the *seducer* depicted, exposed, and branded, under every form, by the side of the *husband*, judged with impartiality, often pitied, sometimes idealized; existing society painted with its vices undisguised, but always with an accent of indignation and affliction, that we never discover in writers such as Sue, Janin, Balzac, and Soulie;—these last condemn with a sneer. They will find that whilst these dispense their most brilliant tints in the colouring of vice, and thin them in their representation of virtue, never in the pages of George Sand is vice presented in a way to seduce the young imagination, never does virtue appear but surrounded with that glory of art that impels us to prostrate ourselves before it; there is always a protest in the face of crime, aspiration after good in the face of evil. They will find that it is not the *institution* of marriage, but the corruption of that holy institution; that not husbands, but *bad* husbands are dealt with; that if she has been led to think that "the scandal and disorder of women are *very often* provoked by the brutality or infamy of men, and that a husband who wantonly neglects his duties in idle talk, merriment, and drinking, is sometimes less excusable than the wife who betrays hers in tears, in affliction, and in repentance," she is at the same time ready to revere "that grand, noble, excellent, *voluntary*, and *eternal* love," which is marriage such as Christianity made it, such as St. Paul explained it; such too, if you will, as that of which chap. vi. title v. of the civil code expresses the reciprocal

duties (Letter to M. Nisard) ; such as the world, in the midst of which she lives, has but too much depraved.

And above all this, if they shall desire to reflect more conscientiously than has yet been done, they will discover that cry of deep and solemn sadness that springs from almost all the writings of Madame Aurora Dupin — that plea against the illusion of a tendency that consecrates life to a search after present happiness — that ever recurring *refrain* that she has put into the mouth of Jacques, one that our puritans in morality may find too severe, but surely not *immoral* : — “ Life is a terrible waste : repose is a chimera ; prudence is unprofitable ; sterile reason serves only to dry up the heart ; there is but one virtue — the eternal sacrifice of self.” They will then demand, astonished, how this woman, a writer that fulfils with extraordinary powers a mission in the world of Art so substantially austere, could have been so mistaken, so little understood, so calumniated ? And, thinking on the storm of misfortune that swept over her years of youth — on the immense and unsatisfied needs of this ardent spirit — on the blindly hostile, or servilely flattering world that she has had to traverse — on all the strong intelligences that pass away in this crisis of dissolution, dried up in the thirsty sands of despair, or prostituting their divine nature in the bye-ways of corruption — they will pardon the errors and the reaction that has signalised the first part of her course who has never betrayed the cause of truth, who has always pleaded the cause of suffering, and who has never, under trial, lost sight of the goal that alone could save her.

Yes, the trial has been rude, but it has been surmounted. The struggle no longer makes itself felt in the writings of Madame Dupin, unless by a kind of distant tremor, that makes us, children of the struggle, sympathise with her voice as with the voice of a sister — a sister in desires, in suffering, in resignation, and in that faith in a future, that we shall not see perhaps, but to which we owe ourselves entire. The “ *Lettres d'un Voyageur*,” to which should be added the “ *Lettres à Marcie*,” are, in our opinion, an immense step gained.\* This work, full of poetry, and without which it is impossible to appreciate Madame Dupin, is the one we *love* most. It is a vast and beautiful country, calm and fragrant, and dimpled with fresh and limpid streams ; true, here and there are tombs, but flowers, graceful as hope, grow above them, and the horizon opens to infinity.

The few pages we are about to give are taken from this book ; they form a portion of a *morceau* suggested by the sight of the château of the Prince de Talleyrand, and were printed during his life. We believe our readers will thank us for substituting these for some pages of our own, which would have given them a far more feeble idea of the particular beauty of the book.

#### “ THE PRINCE.

“ ‘ For, in short, of what use are we ? ’ said he, sinking on a stone bench in front of the château ; ‘ What noble employment do we make of our faculties ? Who will be the better for our passage through life ? ’

“ ‘ We are of use,’ said I, seating myself beside him, ‘ to do no harm. The birds of the field make no projects the one for the other ; each of them watches over its own brood. The hand of God protects and feeds them.’

“ ‘ Cease, poet,’ replied he, ‘ I am sad, and not melancholy ; I cannot play with my grief, and the tears that I shed fall on an arid desert. Dost thou not understand what virtue is ? Is it a stagnant pool, where the very reeds are rotting, or is it rather an impetuous stream that foams and hurries on its course incessantly, to give life and moisture to unknown shores ? Is it a diamond, whose brilliancy the flint is to entomb in the bowels of the earth,

\* “ *Spiridion*,” marks another ; but it would carry us into a train of ideas that we cannot now follow out.

or is it rather a light that should shoot upwards like a volcano, and cast the magnificence of its splendour over the whole world ?

" 'Virtue is, perhaps, neither of all these,' said I ; 'neither the sepulchred diamond nor the torpid pool, and still less the overflowing river, or the devouring flood. I have seen the Rhone precipitate his impetuous wave at the foot of the Alps. His banks were unceasingly despoiled by his impatience, the herbage had not time to grow and to flourish ; the trees were borne away ere they had acquired strength to resist the shock, and the shepherds and their flocks fled to the mountain. All this tract was but a long desert of sand, of rock, and of stunted osier thicket, where the crane, planted on one of its sinewy legs, feared to rest the entire night. But I have seen, not far from thence, slender rivulets noiselessly stealing from the bosom of some secret grotto, and gently spreading o'er the neighbouring pastures that were drinking in their limpid streams. Balmy plants crossed the very bosom of the peaceful flood, and the nest of the water-bird hung o'er its crystal, and its little ones, gazing on themselves, fluttered their pinions, and thought they beheld the arrival of their mother. Virtue, bear in mind, is not genius, it is goodness.'

" 'You deceive yourself,' cried he, 'it is both one and the other. What is goodness without enthusiasm ? What is intellect without sensibility ? You are good, and I am an enthusiast ; believe me, we are neither of us virtuous.'

" 'Well ! let us be contented,' said I with a sigh, 'that we are not dangerous. Look at this palace, think on those who inhabit it, and tell me if you are not reconciled with yourself ?'

" 'Hideous consolation !' replied he, in a tone that affected me deeply. 'What ! because there are serpents and jackalls, am I to congratulate myself on being a tortoise ! No, O my God, thou hast not created me for inertness, and the more vice is prowling and yelping around me, the more I yearn to extend my wings and pounce on these vile animals with an eagle's beak. What mean you by your gentle streams and secret grottoes ? Do you imagine that virtue is like those poisons that become wholesome in small portions ? Think you that twelve good men, vowed to obscurity, and confined to the narrow limits of a retired life, are more useful than one pious man who journeys and who exhorts ? The times of the patriarchs are past. Let the apostles arise, and make themselves seen and heard.'

" 'Patience ! patience !' said I, 'the apostles are on their way ; they are coming by different routes, and in small parties ; they are called by various names, and are clothed in divers colours. . . . What matter their divisions, their errors, their reverses, and their faults ? They calmly answer, — "We shall die, we are men. But ideas perish not, and that which we have cast into the world will survive us. The world treats us as fools, ridicule assaults us, the shouts of the people pursue us, outrages and stones are showered upon us, the most hideous calumnies have wounded our souls, the half of our brethren have fled dismayed, misery eats us up ; each day our feeble flock decreases, and perhaps not one of us will remain on foot to hail from afar the horizon of the promised land. But we have sown in the universe of mind a word of truth that shall germinate. Calm and satisfied shall we die on the sands of the desert, as that people of God that covered with their bones the limitless plains of Arabia, and whose new generation arrived, all youth, at the green hills of Canaan." Are these the words of a fool ? And this priest who, all alone, one morning crossed his arms on his breast, and rising up in the midst of his prayer, with face and eyes raised to heaven, cried with a loud voice : — "Christ ! chaste love ! holy pride ! patience ! courage ! liberty ! virtue !" — were these priestly words ? The walls of his cell trembled at them, and the angels in heaven, moved at them, cried, — "All-powerful God, a brilliant flame has just shot upwards from below, from that prostrate world. We have beheld, and lo ! the light traverses immensity, and comes to expire at thy feet ; abandon not yet this world, O merciful God, for at times there issues thence a ray that may rekindle the sun of its murky atmosphere ; feeble cries, dispersed sounds, complaining aspirations from time to time pierce the sombre cloud that envelops it, and those remote voices that ascend even here, attest that virtue is not extinct in the heart of unfortunate man." Thus speak the angels, and be sure, O my friend, that not one of our good intentions is lost. God sees them, he hears the most humble prayer, and at the hour that we are speaking, these stars, that look down on us and hear us, repeat to him the words of thy suffering, and recount to him the virtuous anguish of thy soul.'

" 'O, my friend,' cried he, throwing himself into my arms ; 'Why art thou not always thus ? Why so many days of apathy or of bitterness ? Why so many hours of sarcasm or disdain ?'

" 'Because I am a man of weak health, and of a weak head,' said I, 'subject to spasms and migrains. God grant me his pardon for being unjust and ungrateful at such hours. The reproaches that I address to Heaven, and the hatred that I feel towards men, recoil on my heart like a wave of corroding bile ; the purity of the stars is not tarnished by it, and Providence is not moved at it. Fatigue brings about the return of resignation, and once or twice a month it happens, that between anger and imbecility I feel myself in a good and calm disposition, in which I can receive and pray.'

" 'Well, when thy soul attains these hours of calmness and consolation,' cried my friend,

'run and shut thee in thy garret, take the pen and write, — write with thy tears, with thy heart's blood, and be silent at the other time. When thou sufferest, come with us, — go not alone below to pace the length of those humid grottoes by moonlight ; light not thy lamp at midnight, and do not stay in the dawning morn with thy elbows rooted to the table, and thy face buried in thy hands. Tell us no more that there are epochs when the good man should tie his hands and his feet that he may not act. Tell us not that Simeon Stylites was a saint, and admit that he was a fool. Tell us not that virtue is like the chastity of vestals, and that it must be interred alive to purify it.. Affect not this tranquil indifference, and this voluntary inertness, which ill conceal the energies that distract thee ; or, if thou sayest all this, say it only to us, who will endeavour to combat thee ; say it only to me, — I will weep with thee, and shall suffer less in not suffering alone.'

"I pressed the hand of my friend, and said to him, after a moment's emotion, — 'Do not think, however, that my individual indolence makes me counsel repose to my ardent friends. When we can prevent a crime, it's cowardice to wash the hands as Pilate did ; but when, as is our case, we are lost in the vulgar mass, reason, and perhaps conscience, command us to remain there. . . . Let us content ourselves with being upright in this retired life, where uprightness is easy for us. Let us be pure, since every thing is favourable for it in the bosom of our families and our rustic roofs. Let us not go to risk our little cargo of virtue on that surging ocean where so much innocence has perished, where so many principles have foundered. Are you not seized with an unconquerable disgust and a secret horror for active life at sight of this château, where so many foul projects and secret villanies are for ever hatching and brewing in the silence of the night ? Know you not that the man who dwells there, has for sixty years been playing with peoples and crowns on the chess-board of the universe ? Who knows if the first time that man seated himself at a table to business, there was not in his mind an honest resolution, in his heart a noble sentiment ?'

"'Never!' cried my friend, 'profane not honesty by such a thought ; that cat-like lip, closed on its fellow, large and overhanging as that of a satyr, a mixture of dissimulation and lasciviousness ; those soft and rounded features, indices of suppleness of character, the scornful fold on that determined brow, the arrogant nose, and the reptile eye, so many contrasts in a human physiognomy, reveal a man born for great vices and petty actions. Never has that heart felt the warmth of a generous emotion, never has an idea of loyalty traversed that scheming brain. This man is an exception in nature, a monstrosity so rare, that the human race, while condemning him, has watched him with imbecile admiration ; I defy you to bend before the most wonderful of his talents. Let us invoke the God of honest men, the God that bleaseth simple hearts.'

"'Your indignation is bitter and your anger is cruel,' said I ; 'if this man could hear us, this is how I should address him : — "May God prolong thy days, unhappy old man ! Meteor soon to repossess into eternal night ! light that destiny has thrown on the world, not to lead men to good, but to bewilder them in an endless labyrinth of intrigue and ambition ! In its inscrutable design, Heaven has refused thee that mysterious emanation that men call a soul, — faint but pure reflection of the Divinity, — beam that sometimes gladdens our eyes, and yields us a glimpse of immortal hope, — mild and gentle glow, that from time to time re-animates our dejected spirits, — love sublime and undefinable, — holy emotion, that makes us yearn for good with delicious tears, — religious terror, that makes us hate ill with energetic palpitations ! Being without a name, thou wast furnished with an immense brain, and with keen and delicate senses ; the absence of that divine and unknown something that makes us men, has made thee greater than the first amongst us, and less than the lowest of all. Infirm, thou steppest on men healthy and robust ; the most vigorous virtue, the finest organisation before thee was nought but a fragile reed, thou wast master over beings more noble than thyself ; that which was wanting in thee of their greatness made thine own, and now thou art on the brink of a tomb, that will be for thee hollow and cold as thine own bosom of petrefaction. Beyond this gaping vault there is nothing for thee, nothing of hope perchance, not even the desire of another life. Miserable ! the horror of that moment will be such, as that it will expiate perhaps all the ills thou hast done. Thy approach was fatal ; it is said thy glance fascinated like the viper's ; thy breath was as the breeze of an April morning, withering the buds and flowers, and scattering them at the foot of the saddened tree ; thy voice scared hope and candour from the face of those who approached thee. Animate problem, enigma of humanity, how many blossoms hast thou stripped ? How much holy faith and pleasant imagining hast thou trampled on ? How many recreants hast thou made ? How many consciences hast thou falsified or destroyed ? Yet, if the pleasures of thy declining years are limited to the satisfaction of an overfed vanity, to the uncertain enjoyments of a fastidious stomach, eat, old man, eat and breathe the odour of incense mixed with that of thy viands. Who can envy thee thy lot, and wish thee a worse ? For ourselves, who pity thee as much for having lived as for having to die, we shall pray that at thy death-bed, the farewells of thy family, the tears of some faithful servant, may not awaken in thee an emotion of sensibility or unknown affection, that no spark may be struck from the flint that serves thee for heart. We will pray, that at the close thou mayest be extinguished

without ever having taken light at the beams of that sun that is instinct with love, that thine eye may not be moistened, that thy pulse may not beat, that thou mayest not feel the flutter that love, hope, regret, or grief excites in us ; that thou mayest go to inhabit the damp bosom of the earth, without having felt at its surface the warmth of vegetation, and the sensation of life ; that at the moment of passing into eternal nothingness, thou mayest not feel the tortures of despair at beholding hovering above thee the souls that you scornfully disowned, — immortal essences, that you boasted of having crushed under your haughty feet, and that will be ascending to heaven when thine own will pass away like the empty wind ; we shall beseech that at that hour thy last word may not be a reproach to the God in whom thou believest not !

" We quitted our seats, and my friend, returning to his first idea, said to me : — ' Whence comes it then that men (and I among the first, in spite of myself) are so jealous of the gifts of intellect ? Wherefore do these alone obtain immortal crowns without the aid of any one virtue, whilst the purest honesty and the mildest goodness remain buried in forgetfulness, unless accompanied by genius or talent ? Admit that this is grievous, and that it may confirm to wavering souls, that virtue is labour lost here below.'

" ' If you consider it as a labour,' I replied, ' it is indeed a labour lost. But is it not a mild necessity, a condition of existence in hearts that have early and sincerely embraced it ? Men pay it with ingratitude, because men are grovelling, credulous, and indolent, because the charms of curiosity have more power over them than the feeling of gratitude and the love of truth ; but, in serving mankind, is it not from God alone that we must look for a reward ? To labour for men with the sole end of being carried in triumph, is to act with a view to one's own vanity, and that kind of emulation will be extinguished and lost at the first slight that it encounters. Let us never expect any thing for ourselves when we enter on this barren route of devotedness. Let us endeavour to acquire sufficient sensibility to weep and to rejoice over our reverses and our successes alone. May our own heart suffice for us, and may God strengthen and renew it when it begins to fail !'

" ' And yet, I confess,' said my friend, pursuing the thread of his reverie, ' that I cannot keep myself from loving this Bonaparte, that scourge of the first order, before whose shade all the secondary scourges, laid in the dust by him, appear thenceforwards so petty and so little mischievous. He was a great killer of men, but a great builder, a bold architect of societies, a conqueror, alas ! yes, but a legislator ! Does not that repair the evils of destruction ? Is not to make laws a far greater good, than to kill men is a great ill ? I seem to behold a great cultivator, a beneficent divinity, Bacchus arriving in India, or Ceres landing in Sicily, armed with fire and sword, clearing the soil, piercing the mountains, turning up the moors, burning the forests, and sowing in the ashes and in the wreck new plants destined for new men, the vine and the grain, inexhaustible benefits for inexhaustible generations.'

" ' It is not proved,' I replied, ' that these laws are lasting. But admitting that, I cannot love the man whom God has used as a hammer to give us a new form. Like others, I was fascinated in my childhood by the force and activity of this destructive machine, on whom we confer the title of a great man, neither more nor less than on Jesus or Moses.'

" ' But you are aware that there would be much fewer great men in the world, if the title was granted only to good men ?'

" ' I know it ; but call them what you please, these are the only men whom I esteem, for whom I have any affection, and whom I would wish to register in the calendar of human greatness. I should enrol there the humblest, the most ignorant, from the Abbé de Saint Pierre, with his system of universal peace, to Father Eufantin, with his ridiculous dress and fantastic Utopia ; all those who to some abilities have joined conscientious studies, patient reflections, sacrifices or labours destined to render man better or less wretched. I should be indulgent to their errors, to the meannesses of our condition, more or less prominent in them ; I should forgive them many faults, as was done to Magdalen, if they had loved much. But those whose intent is cold and haughty, those lofty men, who build for their glory and not for our happiness, those legislators, who enpurple the world and oppress the people to gain an extended territory, and there erect immense edifices, who are moved neither by the tears of women, nor the starvation of the aged, nor the fatal ignorance in which the children are reared — those men who seek nothing but their personal grandeur, and who fancy they have made a nation great, because they have made it active, ambitious, and vain as themselves, I disown them, I erase them from my tablet — I inscribe our *ciré* in place of Napoleon.'

" ' As you will,' replied my friend, who was no longer listening. The night was so beautiful, that its contemplation engrossed me ; flashes of lightning from time to time blanched the horizon, and shed their pale light on the dark outlines of the forests that stretched along the hills. The air was fresh and penetrating, without being cold. This spot is one of the most beautiful in the earth, and no king possesses a more picturesque park, trees of loftier growth, or turf of greener hue spread over undulations of more fertile land. This fresh and tufted valley is an oasis in the midst of the dull plains that surround it, and prevent a suspicion of its presence. In a ravine, set round with rocks and forests, we sud-

denly come on royal gardens, in the midst of which rises an elegant and poetical Spanish palace, that from the rocky height reflects itself in the waters of a blue river. It seems as if we had arrived in a dream in some enchanted country that would vanish on awaking, and that in fact does vanish at the end of a quarter of an hour, when we have but traversed the valley, and are pursuing the road to the south. Endless plains, yellow heaths, flat and naked horizons reappear. What we have just beheld seems imaginary.

"We followed the path that leads to the grottoes. The poplars of the river stretched over us their tall and slender shadow, — the deer fled at our approach. We reached those forsaken quarries that are clothed with the richest verdure, and whose depths offer a scene truly theatrical. 'Enter this resounding vault,' said my friend, 'and sing me thy *Gloria*. I will go and seat myself below to catch the echo.'

"I did as he asked, and when I had finished, he came back to me, repeating the simple words of the hymn, — 'Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will.'

"'You see,' said I, 'the hymn does not say "Glory on earth to men of knowledge or intelligence." Quietness is the most precious gift that God has to grant us; God alone can worthily bear the burden of glory, and simple men who desire good, are greater before him than great men who commit evil.'"

Such is the tendency of George Sand's writings — such are the principles of works that have been denounced for their immorality, if not without examination, certainly without reflection.

It will be remarked that we have hardly spoken of the purely literary merits of Madame Dupin. It is because on that count we have had nothing to combat. Every body knows that as far as regards the language, the style, the poetry of the forms and imagery, she ranks second among the existing writers of France. She would be the first were Lamennais no more.

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### SONNET.

A Shape of Grief it is words cannot paint  
 That on my weeping heart its gaunt hand places,  
 And with relentless strength, that leaves me faint,  
 Crushes its salt tears out. Time, that effaces  
 All other memories, makes this immortal,  
 As if the deepest woe should also be  
 The longest-lived: as though it were not well  
 To suffer and forget — but, lingering, see  
 The shadows darkening day by day upon  
 The earth, blotting out all things fair and good,  
 But showing still their spectres in the sun,  
 Making the Past our Present. Hope, that stood  
 Upon the horizon's verge, is vanished,  
 And I am left alone, companioned with the Dead!

## ON ALBERT DURER, AND THE MODERN GERMAN AND ENGLISH SCHOOLS OF PAINTING.

It is not long since some of our critics drew the attention of the English public to the immeasurable inferiority of its limners to the rising artists of Germany. English writers, and, above all, English painters, had so often arrogated to themselves the foremost station among the living schools of Europe, that the animadversions of a certain noble and distinguished connoisseur were received as ignorant paradoxes by that irritable race, who, like women, when they hear a shot fired, raised a squall ere they knew who was hit; but were regarded as the decisions of true taste and undeniable learning by all who really had any feeling for art. It cannot be disputed that among our living artists there is no one name worthy to awaken our enthusiasm. Exhibition after exhibition proves that genius is dormant, and art nearly extinct. England, with the exception of Hogarth, has never produced an original painter deserving of being enrolled among the great names of Catholic Europe for having extended the domain of art by the addition of a new sentiment or inspiration. While music, literature, and science have every where felt and obeyed the impulse of the age, and art itself is pervaded by an unknown feeling of indefinite expansion and progress, painting has remained stationary, or retrograded with us; nor will posterity discover in its productions a symptom of regeneration, or a mark of originality to distinguish the present from past ages of barrenness and nullity: — painting, in fact, is not a liberal art in England; and so long as its professors continue as they are, it has no pretensions to be so. When society finds them, like the great artists of the sixteenth century, at once philosophers, naturalists, mechanicians, geometers, and poets, not merely on a level with the acquirements of the age, but extending their respective bounds by original discovery on all sides, we may expect to find the fine arts honoured, and the works of their professors of a more exalted character; but until then, we must be content to yield the palm of superiority to our rivals. And let no one object that the times are different, and that the horizon of art has so greatly extended since the days of Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, or Albert Durer, that life would not suffice at the present day, even with the most consummate genius, to master the various branches of which we speak. Philosophy teaches us otherwise, for if art has extended, methods have simplified; and, in the balance, the efforts of two ages are pretty nearly the same as to labour. Let any one peruse the life of Raphael, of Murillo, of Cellini, or of Da Vinci, and he will learn the prodigious labour they underwent in their studies; let him look at the great Albert Durer,

“Noctes atque dies niti præstante labore;”

but coming forth at the age of twenty years a sublime artist; let him learn how well they wrote; and comprehend with what dignity, clearness, and simplicity their compositions expressed their internal sentiments; and let him then compare the moderns with those who belonged, as old Homer says, to the race of “articulate-speaking men;” and treading under foot



both their works and their apologies, he will turn away his regards to ancient Italy, the sacred mother of the arts and sciences, —

“Das land wo die citronen blühen.”

Germany, that land of dreaming sentiment and ideal beauty, has, on the contrary, in these latter days, awoke from her lethargy of ages, and in the imitation of her ancient greatness, sought the inspiration which created such marvels. The schools of Dusseldorf and Munich, by a happy anachronism, have sought, in the revival of the religious faith and chivalrous manners of the middle ages, to resuscitate the past, and to reinstate in art the religious thought and faith which were then the sources of their beauty and perfection. Works of surprising merit, both of conception and execution, have already sprung from this development, which has been prepared and fostered by the writings of their most eminent poets and critics. Art cannot fail to feel the happiest effects from this sudden and national impulse. Fashion will pass away, and leave the elements of a new and purer taste. The error which seeks to revive the past will endure only for a time, for it has no life in it; and in the words of Scripture, “leaving the dead to bury their dead,” a new school will arise from the ruins, and a new inspiration, the reflex of the present age. Like the daughters of Pelias, who slew their father, desiring to restore him to youth, German art has cast into its crucible the life of the past — the life of the fourteenth century; whence is to come, like the world from the flames of the last judgment, a world unalterable, incorruptible, and definitive. That world has not yet come; but it is slowly elaborating, and the future will surely produce it.

It is not merely in the higher requisites of art that our own school is inferior. In knowledge of the human figure, that great basis of all beauty and perfection, the French and Continental artists infinitely surpass us. Artists should be advised, as poets were by Horace, to labour their nine years in the elements of their science, before they commence the labours of the brush, and that surprising knowledge of the human form which enabled Michael Angelo and the great Italians to draw it in any conceivable posture with the most perfect accuracy in the play of its muscles *from memory alone*, and without the aid of any model, would not then be a tradition of doubt and amazement to their pigmy successors. The English method of study is radically defective. In this respect, the French and Germans are not only more learned, but more classical: they follow the identical process laid down by the great masters, by means of which they gained their wonderful precision and freedom of design. By outlining for years with chalk, upon tablets of blackened wood, figures of a natural or colossal size, either from the life, or from antique statues, they acquired astonishing facility, and that freedom of hand which can never be attained by practising figures of cramped and minute proportions. After outlining of a natural size, nothing is easier than to draw small figures, but the converse does not hold good.

It is not our intention however to dwell upon means, but upon results, nor do we wish to pass any invidious remarks upon the present exhibition. We pass over the landscapes of our land surveyors, and the dogs and deer of our Dutchmen, merely noticing that even in the rising art of wood engraving, our superiority as engravers does not blind us to our inferiority as designers, and to the superior beauty and merit of the French. We pass over these topics to examine the German school, the founder and type of which, the representative of his country's genius, laborious, learned and profound in every department of human knowledge, is the great Albert Durer. We do this with the view of examining how far an imitation or

infusion of this school of design might, like the infusion of their romantic literature into the spent and exhausted life of our times, create a new and copious fountain of beauty. In music and painting, this imitation might be carried to some profit, but we must ever protest against the infusion of German mysticism which some writers have poured into our literature; never shall we cease to lament, that German boars should have been suffered to muddy the "clear well of English undefiled;" never shall we cease to lament with Virgil's Corydon —

"Hæu! liquidis immisi fontibus apros."

Goëthe has not disdained to write the history of the new German school, and to trace in a little work, which greatly accelerated the rising taste, its progress from the days of Winkelman. Dr. Waagen, who recently paid our English galleries a visit, bears the reputation of being a great artistical critic, with what truth we know not. These writers convey just notions of their subjects only when they cease to affect to see farther into plain matters than their fellows, and to perceive something more in every thing than other people can. The result of their profundity will generally be found to be words; in fact, this general disposition of their countrymen to be more profound than their neighbours, is well illustrated by the joke regarding the German, who having read in some English newspaper a eulogy upon George Cruikshank as the "real Simon Pure," immediately went home and wrote in his biographical notices of the caricaturist, "He is called Cruikshank, but his real name is Simon Pure!" There are certain criticisms on works of art in certain of our contemporaries, which we regard as the very *ne plus ultra* of this mystic conceit and ridiculous affectation of profundity. Some *savant in us* must have written them.

The pagan spirit of the Italian revival of learning could never be acclimatised under the skies of Germany; and yet it was Germany which first commenced all that great movement of the Reformation. It is true Germany protested in the name of the idea, whilst Italy protested in the name of the sentiment and practice. The character of German art, and, above all, the character of its artists, differ essentially from the character of Italian art. In Italy, the revived worship of plastic beauty was followed by a parallel revolution in manners. Practising art after the manner of the Athenians in the days of Pericles, the Italian masters of the sixteenth century lived like Alcibiades; — the suppers of Aretino rivalled those of Aspasia. The Italian school soon came to neglect the basis for the form, and from the sixteenth century, art was reduced, as it is with us, to the simple mechanism of execution. Germany, on the contrary, preserved her quaint manners and austere prejudices, and German art is at all times more profound, more reflective, and more metaphysical than Italian art.

The history of Albert Durer, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, so brilliant and progressive, is strikingly calm and simple. Albert has left a collection of notes and letters, recently come to light, in which he has related almost the whole of his life, and from which we shall give some extracts. The son of a Nuremberg goldsmith, and one out of eleven children, he came into the world on "the sixth hour of the day of Saint Prudent, on the very Friday of the holy week, in the year 1471."

"My father's life," continues he, "was very miserable and wretched, and sadly covered with clouds. Almost all his children died, some in the flower of their youth, others while yet babes in the lap of their mother, who mourned continually to see them die. During all his life, he never had for himself, wife, and children, more than the bare necessities of life, bread coarse and black, moistened with sweat, and gained with labour. Add to this, all sorts of tribulations and adversities, as well as a thousand temptations; but he was

a good Christian, my father, peaceful and quiet, and submissive to Providence, good and modest towards every body, who died looking towards heaven, and who is in heaven now. His whole life was uniform and grave, interrupted by few worldly joys, solemn and silent. He saw very little of men, because he was not fortunate; nevertheless, as he loved them from the bottom of his heart, he was beloved by them. This dear father paid the greatest attention in his soul and conscience to bring up his children in the fear and glory of God, for that was his greatest ambition — to bring up his family well; for this reason it was that he daily exhorted us to the love of God and our neighbour, after which he taught us to love what is beautiful — art was our second worship. He was partial above all to me, seeing me diligent and full of zeal; he sent me to school by times, and when I had learned to read and write tolerably, bound me an apprentice to a goldsmith. I remained a tolerably long time at that work, but feeling myself in the end more of a painter than a goldsmith, I therefore begged of my father to allow me to become a painter; he at first was very dissatisfied at my request, and had great regret for the time I had lost with my goldsmith. Nevertheless, after some refusal, my father yielded, and on St. Andrew's day, 1483, he placed me in the study of Michael Wolfinult. With Master Michael, God granted me such great application, that I made great progress, according to the word of my master."

Albert Durer was, in fact, from the twentieth year of his age, an able artist. He was far from having lost his time with his goldsmith. He had executed, among other works of exquisite finish, a "Passion of Jesus Christ," in relief, which equalled the best sculptures of the time. It was there also unquestionably that he acquired that fineness and firmness of the modeller, of which he always preserved the traces in his engravings and designs. The engraver and painter reproduced the qualities of the carver. In 1490 Albert commenced the travels which in those days completed the education of an artist. He placed himself in communication with Martin Schœn, Israel de Malines, and other good painters. It does not appear that he was in Italy at this period, as many of his biographers have asserted. On his return to Nuremberg, in 1492, he made, in order to be admitted into the association of painters, a design of "Orpheus torn in pieces by the Bacchanals." The success of this composition determined his marriage with the beautiful Agnes Frey, who was destined to embitter his life by all sorts of domestic troubles, and who caused him to die at the age of fifty-seven years, worn out by her tormenting; — the poor Albert, so quiet and simple, so enthusiastic and meditative, whose poetical visions were so perpetually darkened by the clouds of conjugal reality, the sublime and natural artist, had this fate in common with another great German painter, Hans Holbein, who was forced to fly from his wife, and go and paint his masterpieces at the court of Henry VIII. It is to this lady that we owe the portraits of Sir Thomas More, of our English tyrant and his numerous courtiers and victims; and it is to the wife of Albert Durer, perhaps, that we owe all that deep melancholy impressed upon the greater part of his creations.

Meanwhile Albert's reputation increased, and his engravings on copper and wood spread as far as Italy. It is said that it was in order to obtain reparation from the famous engraver Marc Antonio, who had counterfeited many of his designs, that he undertook, in 1506, a voyage to Venice. Albert was received with the greatest eagerness.

"Would to God that you were here," writes he to his friend Bilibald Pirkheimer; "really there are charming men among the Italians — they came to me almost instantly; and every day attach themselves to me more and more; and this does me much good at heart. They are men well educated, elegant, learned, great players on the lute, full of dignity and wit, very affable and very good towards me. Nevertheless, it must be owned, that if there are so many excellent men in Italy, there is not wanting a great many knaves, infidels, rascals, and liars, who have not their equals under heaven. To see them you would take them for the most amiable folks in the world. They laugh at every thing, even at their own bad reputation. You know well that I was warned in time by my friends to take good care neither to eat nor to drink with these gentry, nor with the painters their friends. Among these painters there are some who have set themselves to tear me to pieces openly, and who conv. with the utmost effrontery, my works in the churches and palaces, all the time crying

out that I ruin art by departing from the antique, which has not prevented Giovanni Bellini from bestowing upon me many praises before a numerous company of gentlemen; still more, he has requested to have something of mine, and came to see me himself, and to beg a design, adding, that he was in the intention to pay me handsomely for it. He is a man beloved, respected, and admired by all — all the world speak of his goodness and genius — although very old, he is still a master who has few equals."

After having painted a "Saint Bartholomew" for the Brotherhood of German Merchants residing at Venice, Albert went to Bologna, and from Bologna returned the same year to his home, where he found his wife, whose absence had cost him few regrets. It appears that in Italy he had seen Raphaël. It was at Nuremberg that he painted from recollection a portrait of Raphael, and sent it to Raphael, who replied by a letter and another portrait.

Albert Durer painted almost all the remarkable men of his time. He made portraits of Philip Melancthon and Erasmus. He also painted the Emperor Maximilian, who summoned him to his court, and granted him one day handsome armorial bearings, after having held the scaffold upon which the great artist had mounted to decorate the ceiling of his palace. He also painted John, Baron of Swartzemberg; Albert, elector of Mayence; Ulrich Varnhuler — a noble head, full of intelligence and sentiment; his friend Bilibald Pirkheimer, senator of Nuremberg — a magnificent countenance, full of fire and dignity, with much resemblance to the aspect of Luther; — finally, he has left his own portrait and that of his wife, in the gallery of Prague. The portrait of Albert is adorned with flowing hair and a long beard which fall capriciously around, as in many of the old masters' heads of the Saviour. Portraits, however, are only rare episodes in the laborious life of Albert. There are reckoned as many as a hundred and six engravings on copper, and three hundred and twelve on wood, executed by himself, or after his designs, without including the great triumphal arch of the Emperor Maximilian. Albert has drawn a great portion of his subjects from the Bible and Christian legends, a portion from Greek mythology, and the greater number from his own imagination. There are histories of the Virgin, histories of Christ, in an infinite number of plates; histories of saints — Adam and Eve — the Apocalypse of St. John — the Martyrdom of St. John the Evangelist — the Holy Trinity — the Last Judgment — the Beheading of St. John the Baptist — St. Christopher walking over the Waves — St. Jerome, St. George, St. Sebastian, varied in a thousand different manners. There is the Judgment of Paris — Apollo and Diana — the Family of the Satyr — the Rape of Amymone — Hercules fighting, and many others. Lastly, there are among the subjects drawn from imagination the magnificent engraving of *Melancholy*: one of its author's masterpieces — the Horse of Death — the Little Horse — the Great Horse — Death presenting his Hourglass to a Soldier — the Column — the Philosopher seated upon a Throne — a Schoolmaster — a Man and a Woman embracing at the foot of a tree — the Siege of a Town — the Offerings of Love — the Three Peasants — the Market Peasant — the Violent Man beating his Wife — the Peasant and his Wife — the Hostess and the Cook — the Sorceress mounted backwards on a He-goat — the Rape of a Young Woman — the Effect of Jealousy, and a crowd of armorial devices and caprices for decorations.

It may be seen from this abridged catalogue of his subjects, that Albert separated himself from the other painters of the north who were his predecessors, — Van Eyck, for example, who drew nothing but religious subjects. Albert drew the people and mythology. The spirit of the restoration began to penetrate the customs of art. But what constitute Albert Durer the

restorer of German art, and the ressembler of Michael Angelo in Italy, of Alonso Berruguete in Spain, and of Jean Cousin in France, are the purity of his style, and the sentiment of physical beauty. Until this time, artists in Germany, as every where else, were very little solicitous about form, and, above all, about variety of form; there were imperfect models, or consecrated types, which were supposed to represent every religious symbol. Albert descended from the heights of mysticism to contemplate the magnificence of nature, and became impassioned before the presence of all those different notes which constitute the sublime harmony. He studied the reality of bodies, sounded the mysteries of science, resembling in this respect all those great artists of the sixteenth century, who, as we have said before, were at once philosophers, naturalists, mechanicians, geometers, and poets. Like Leonardo da Vinci, Albert Durer was almost a universal man. How wonderful seems the spectacle of so many men of poetry, so many meditative artists devoting themselves to the positive sciences, like the mathematics and fortification! Albert has written a "Treatise on the Fortification of Towns," published in German, at Nuremberg, in 1527. He has written four books of the "Elements of Geometry," in which he treats of lines, surfaces, and solids in a very useful and necessary way, not only for mathematicians, but also for painters, artists, workmen in metal and wood, lapidaries, sculptors, — to all, in fine, who wish to render an account of their works by means of certain measures. Lastly, he has composed a "Treatise on the Proportion of the Human Body," in four books, the whole with explanatory plates from designs by the master. Some verses, *Reime*, have also been attributed to him.

In spite of all these prodigious labours accomplished in less than forty years, Albert Durer found time to devote a good deal of leisure to painting. His masterpiece in painting is the famous *Crucifixion*, at Vienna, executed in 1511. The master must have then been in the prime of his talent. His style has the grandeur of the Florentine, with less elegance but more gravity. How great and desolate are his *Mater Dolorosa*! How much his Christs have suffered to redeem the world! Of what a beautiful race, and how full of will, are all his figures! English critics say that the engravings of Durer have spoiled the taste of his modern countrymen, and that the German design would also spoil our precious English school,—poor Albert Durer! but, above all, poor English critics.

On the death of Durer, at Nuremberg, in 1528, his influence lasted to the end of the sixteenth century. The Germanic style was eclipsed by the Flemish and Dutch styles — by Rembrandt. It is only in our own times that it has been revived by Cornelius, Overbeck, and their pupils, whose works adorn the walls of the Pynacothek and Glyptothek of Munich, and whose designs finally reaching England have awakened a feeling of our own inferiority.

Before his death, Albert, in 1520, undertook another great voyage into the Low Countries. The narrative, which he has written of it, is so quaint and curious, and acquaints us so well with the man and his times, that we shall translate a few fragments of it. The whole of his *reise beschreibung* are as entertaining as Benvenuto Cellini's Memoirs.

"I, the poor Albert Durer," says he, (*ich armlich Albrecht Durer*) "departed from Nuremberg at my own cost and expenses *with my wife*. We passed the night in a village of Bavaria, where we spent three pieces of silver, less three deniers. Thence we went to Antwerp. The following Sunday was the festival of St. Oswald: the corporation of painters invited me to a grand gala, with my wife and daughter. Vessels of silver, service of crystal, excellent cheer — nothing was wanting. All the women were dressed in their holiday clothes; and when I was conducted to my place, the people crowded from both

sides of the table, as if to see Mister Celebrity. Many people of quality were there,—princes and dukes, who received me with the best grace, and offered me their services and protection for whatever was useful to me. When I was seated, the *major domo* of Messrs. d'Antorff came up to me, accompanied by two pages, and offered me, on the part of the Messrs. d'Antorff, four pints of wine, which those noble personages prayed me to drink immediately, and accept as a sign of high consideration. I submitted me to this loyal invitation, and protested my devotion to that illustrious family. Afterwards Master Peter, the carpenter of the town, came up to me, and presented me with two pints of wine, and the offer of his services. After having passed joyously the greater part of the night in drinking and singing, all the guests arose and accompanied me with torches to my abode, like a true Roman consul. I took leave of them at my door, after which I went to bed, and slept until a good hour in the morning. I was afterwards at the house of the Master Quentin Matsys. Herr Fishcher has bought of me, on account of the Messrs. d'Antorff, six images of the Passion, for four florins; six others on the same subject, but of smaller size, for three florins, besides twenty other half-sheets of all kinds, pell mell, for one florin. Item: I sold to my host a little image of the Virgin, painted on bad canvas, for two Rhenish florins.

"The day after St. Bartholomew I was brought to Mecklin. The Master Ronsard, and a painter, whose name I forget, invited me to supper. This Master Ronsard is the famous sculptor, who is in the service of Madam Margaret, daughter of Maximilian. On Monday we went to Brussels. I there saw in the council-room four beautiful pictures of the great master Rudiger. I saw also the present brought from Mexico for the king: it is a sun of gold as large as an ell, and a moon of silver equal in size to the sun; and above the sideboard all sorts of vessels, harness, foreign furniture, plates of gold and vermillion, so splendid, that it would be difficult to find the like. All this is so costly, that they are reckoned at a hundred thousand livres of gold. I have never in all my life seen any thing that pleased me so much. I gazed at all those things of gold so finely worked, and was astonished at the ability and subtle genius of men of distant lands. Madam Margaret has ordered me to be told that I would always find a protector in her, with the King Charles. She showed herself entirely devoted to me. I sent her a fine proof of my engraving of the Passion. When I went to the chapel of the house of Nassau I saw the admirable portrait made by the great master Hugo. Master Bernhard, the painter, invited me to dinner. The repast was so magnificent, that I do not think Bernhard could have given it for less than ten pieces of gold. At this repast were present many distinguished persons, whom Master Bernhard had invited to keep me company. Among others, the treasurer of Madam Margaret, whose portrait I have drawn; the king's chamberlain, the city treasurer, to whom I sent a proof of the Passion, engraved on copper, and who, in exchange, sent me a black stool carved in the Spanish style, which is well worth three pieces of gold. I also sent a proof of the Passion to Erasmus of Rotterdam, the secretary of Bonisius. Afterwards I made the portrait of Master Bernhard, Madam Margaret's painter, in charcoal, and I drew once more that of Erasmus. But six persons, whose portraits I made at Brussels, gave me nothing for them. I then went to Aix-la-Chapelle. I there saw the coronation of the emperor Charles V. On Friday I left Aix for Louvain. On Saturday I was at Cologne, where I bought, for five silver deniers, a treatise by the Doctor Luther, and I gave one denier for the book entitled "The Condemnation of the Holy Man Luther." On Sunday I saw the festivals and rejoicings, and assisted at the banquet which was given in honour of the coronation. On Monday I received from the hands of the emperor the diploma of painter to the court. The Saturday after Easter we departed for Bruges, with Hans Lixben of Ulm, and San-Plos, a famous painter born in that town. I saw in a house of the emperor's, the chapel painted by Rudiger, and the pictures of an old master, probably Zemling. At Jacob's I again saw some pictures of great merit by Rudiger, Hugo, and other great masters. I saw the alabaster statue of the Virgin which Michael Angelo carved, as well as the pictures of John Van Eyck, and other painters. Another superb banquet was given to me: the councillors of the city caused twelve pints of wine to be sent to me; and the company, composed of sixty persons, attended me home after the repast. Thence I went Ghent. The deacon of the painters and the notables received me with enthusiasm, and conducted me to the high tower of Saint John. I there saw the famous picture by John Van Eyck, so beautiful, so wonderfully fine, that it is beyond all price. Above all, the Virgin Mary and the Eternal Father are of admirable expression. The painters and their deacon did not leave me for a moment: during all my stay in that town they desired that I should dine and sup with them every day. Lastly, I departed on my return to Antwerp. After passing some time there I returned, with my family, to Mechlin, to Madam Margaret. I showed her the portrait which I had made of the emperor, and which I wished to give her as a present, but she would on no account receive it.

In all that I have done in the Low Countries I have only experienced losses. Nobles as well as citizens — nobody paid me: Madam Margaret no more than the rest. For all the presents which I made her, for all the sketches which I sent her, she has given me nothing. When I was about to depart, I suddenly received a letter from the King of Denmark,

Christiern II., who enjoined me to betake myself to him in all haste, to paint his portrait and that of the lords of his court, and which announced to me that I should be well treated, and that I should eat at the table of the king. Next day I went on board a ship of state, and betook myself to Brussels to the King of Denmark, unto whom I gave what I may call my best pieces of engraving. It was a sight for me to behold the curiosity with which the people of Brussels gazed upon Christiern as he passed. I saw also the emperor, who was there before him, and received him with magnificence. I also again assisted at the splendid banquet which the Emperor Charles and Madam Margaret gave him the day afterwards. The King of Denmark gave a superb banquet in his turn; the emperor and Madam Margaret were both invited to it: I also was among the number of the guests, and I was seated at the table of kings. I painted in oil the portrait of Christiern: he caused thirty pieces of gold to be sent to me. Lastly, I departed from Brussels to return to Nuremberg."

This extract is a curious picture of the lives of great artists in those ages. The curiosity and enthusiasm for art, and the imposing ceremonies of courts, the modesty and justice towards others, the triumphs as well as disappointments and poverty, which Albert Durer here portrays, paint his character completely. We confess that it is a fine and noble life, that of poor *Albert Durer*, in spite of his wife and his adversities, seated with generous fraternity and affable simplicity at the table of kings.

• At Nuremberg, that Thebaid of the middle ages, we find the types both of the form and sentiment of the German school. Nuremberg is the very first of old German cities for the integrity of its decrepitude. It is a perfect hypogee of the fifteenth century. The blackened stone recesses of the street lamps are still engraved by steel halberds with the madrigals of the minnesingers who composed their verses while carving their wooden crucifixes in the sun; for Nuremberg was formerly a manufactory of poetry as well as of clocks. In threading its deserted streets, where the houses seem to sleep, and not a blade of grass rustles, where the winged dragons and the smoked madonnas of the street-corners stretch forth their gaping throats and wooden visages, the tiresome monotony of an abode, where the women knit from morn to eve, is relieved by the masterpieces of painting and sculpture with which it is absolutely encumbered. Every house is embellished with a kind of lantern above the principal entry terminated with a lamp-iron; the profile of this cage commonly represents the half of the perimeter of an octagon, a form which admirably suits the flowers and indentations of the Gothic carving with which it is festooned. Little loopholes garnished with painted glass windows, immemorial armorial bearings, bird cages, flowers and herbs in pots of Japan porcelain, complete the decoration of these strange boudoirs, which are so detached from the architectural system of the house, as to make the inhabitants have the appearance of never being at home, or the passengers of being at home with all the world. And if the dwelling of a citizen must be transparent as glass, Nuremberg is the model of a diaphanous city. From morning to night the women, young and old, married and unmarried, pass their time in these oratories. There are sometimes to be seen and heard in these places certain flowers which are an enigma, certain beats full of mystery, and sometimes in a corner, far from all profane eyes, a little sacred taper, burning for one knows not whom. In one of these places the ancient poet Pfintzing wrote his "*Theuerdank*," the most ancient poem of Germany after the "*Nibelungen*." When placed in the court of Saint Sebald, among the images and carvings in black stone, with the chapel of Saint Maurice, and the street which leads towards the royal burgh, and the choir of Pfintzing in the perspective, it is impossible not to believe yourself a robber of Albert Durer's or an archer of the Emperor Barberossa's. The chapel of Saint Maurice, with its clumsy pillars and monastery of the time of Chilperic, and the Lombard architecture, summons one to knock at its iron-bound doors like a pilgrim of



old, for it is the sanctuary of the ancient German painting. It is no longer a chapel, but a museum; but God still remains the same, for the Catholic faith was the genius of that painting. Like the galleries of Cologne, Dusseldorf, and Munich, the chapel of Saint Maurice represents the two schools of Germany, but with an assortment much superior to that of its rivals. The Byzantine school of the Lower Rhine, the disciples of William of Cologne, the first appearances of the first ages of the really German workmanship — Meckelen, Engelbrechtson, Bless-Homsen, are followed by pupils of more renown, who prepare the way for Albert Durer — the masters of Upper Germany, Cramer of Ulm, Schaufflein of Augsburg, Kulmbach, Wohlgemuth, Schaffner, Zeitbloni, next lead us to the great Holbein. Three portraits strike one above all the rest in this mysterious gallery, the "Ecce Homo" of Durer, the "Paracelsus," and the "Unknown Man," by Grimmer, a spectre which seems to start out of its frame, and fix itself in your memory for ever. The portrait of the handsome Durer naturally brings to mind his fossil-like villa, which solves an historical problem. It is evident that the artists of the fifteenth century, imitating the Greeks, worked in the open air. There is neither light nor space for a workshop in this immortal bird's cage, where the great painter of Nuremberg died.

The castle of Nuremberg is a curious monument of the architecture of the seventh century. In its halls, where the emperors of Germany formerly held audiences and feasted the states, we are transported in imagination into the presence of Mathias, Otho, and Conrad, — we hear their ghosts shudder, and see their armour glare. Nothing has been taken from the halls but the men. Pausing for a moment before the wainscoat, where Holbein has sculptured a monkish ballad or mystic symbol of the passages of the Christian faith, we see religion travelling under the figure of a beautiful young maiden, a favourite allegory of the fifteenth century. You fancy you see Venus and her doves drawn in her shell over the waves. The traveller walks through halls still furnished as if the Empress Cunegonda were waiting for him impatiently in her inmost boudoir — where the great eagle of Franconia spreads gigantically on the ceiling his raven plumage. Holbein, Wohlgemuth, Durer, Kulmbach, Schoen, and Cranach, have royally tapestried with their most curious pages these secular chambers, whose walls scale off in cinders under the finger; and the crevices of which it has been necessary to solder together with cramps of iron, to prolong the dying moments of the monument. The Byzantine masters — those demigods of the fabulous epochs of painting — whose very names are dead, are, however, the principal parties, to do the honours of the Reichsfeste. Nothing can be more melancholy than to wander as through a cemetery, along these jutting timbers where worms are gnawing the figures, where time has eaten the gold from off the backgrounds; where the planks of the wainscoat are furrowed with deep trenches, and peel and split off in leaves, where Confessors may be seen bursting with laughter upon the red-hot grid-iron, madonnas grimacing at the infant Jesus, and angels tumbling topsyturvy in the presence of the Most High.

The Byzantine works at Nuremberg, have retained no more traces of their native expression than the skeleton does of the living man. We cannot, therefore, fairly judge from these remains the intellects which communicated to them their fire, or the pencils which bestowed their form. Opening next the little casements of Queen Cunegonda's room, at the risk of crushing to powder the glasses of Heidegger, which are only retained in their sashes by the laws of equilibrium, looking through those little windows exactly squared, and following with a pious eye the turnings and meander-



ings of the Dolorous Way, from the palace of Caiphas to the mountain of the Two Thieves; for Nuremberg has localised the passion within its walls, and its dead who are borne to its cemetery pass between fantastic emblems of the redemption, the traveller is shown the gigantic print of a horse's foot on the rampart. A beautiful page—so runs the story—forgot that he was with the queen, when the halbardiers of the guard from the tower of the Romans signalled the return of the imperial husband, falcon on hand, to the chamber of the great Eagle of Franconia. The leap which Cherubino's horse, spurred to the quick, took across the rampart under the eyes of Cunegonda impressed his footsteps in the living rock. The page was sadly jolted, but Cunegonda sent him her love. The triumph of Maximilian by Durer, the glasses of Volckamer, the fountain in the market place, the monumental houses, churches, ruins, all the private grandeurs of the Germanic empire, transport us at once to the period when the diets of the fourteenth century drew up the golden bull, which in fourteen years will have completed its fifth century. They would afford study and amusement to an artist for a month, and initiate him at once into the knowledge of the past, so necessary to prevent the anachronisms of our English designers.

It was in the thirteenth century that Europe beheld the return of the sciences with Aristotle, the arts with the Crusades, and the philosophy of Plato in the fifteenth century with the fall of Constantinople, to preside over the face of Christianity. The ideal began to be sought in other things than the love of God, to which the gospel and the fathers were supposed to be confined in the ages of exclusive Monachism. There was the hope of Paradise, and while waiting for Paradise, painting sought to realise upon earth divine forms. They believed in the Celestial Jerusalem, while Leo X. raised his temples and palaces to the skies. The doctrine of the ideal at this period produced its fruits to overflowing. Science and art had received the illumination of baptism. Dante, Petrarch, Michael Angelo, Raphael, — each came in his turn, like runners in the Panathœnaic Games to receive from his precursors, and carry still farther the torch of life.

Inter se vitæ lampada tradunt,

and the spirit of Plato hovering over all, from "the Divine Comedy," to "Paradise Lost," and "Childe Harold," claims as its posterity each sublime monument of art impressed with idealism, and defies the world to produce a work having any elevation of sentiment which does not proceed from the same source. Italian artists of the sixteenth century were fully imbued with the philosophy of their day. Michael Angelo's poetry is pervaded by its spirit, which was derived not from the study or imitation of Petrarch's amatory sonnets, but from the more philosophical ideas and conversation of Ficino, and those whom he met at the table of Lorenzo the Magnificent. The every day form of nature was not that to which his studies aimed, but the ideal to which his soul as to its ultimate end aspired. \*

"Non pure intende al bel ch'agli occhi piace  
Ma perche è troppo debile e fallace  
Trascende in ver la forma universale."

MICHAEL ANGELO'S *Rime*.

It is in religion† that the German artists have sought the fountain of the

\* See also the sonnet "*Per fido esempio alla mia vocazione*," nobly translated by Wordsworth.

† There are some verses by Michael Angelo, in extreme old age, profoundly religious: —

"Oimè oimè che pur pensando."

"Ah, woe is me, when I reflect on all  
My years long past, and muse on life mispent."

ideal, to attain by its means the dignity of our nature and the height of their art. And they are right we take it.

Yes, Plato has said true. We gravitate towards God, attracted to Him who is the Sovereign Beauty, by the instinct of our nature loving and rational. But as bodies placed on the surface of the earth do not gravitate towards the sun, but together, and the attraction of the earth is, so to speak, but the centre of their mutual attraction, in like manner we gravitate spiritually towards God by the intermediate forms of beautiful human nature idealised. Let us gaze on the beautiful St. Catherine, by Raphael, now in the National Gallery, and bow down before the ideal.

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Quod semper acerbum  
Semper honoratum (sic Dii voluistis) habebis,

for, in Art, we owe all to it.

---

Alas! no day of all I reckon mine;  
Idle desires, vain fears, fallacious hopes,  
Wishes and sighs, and grief and pride and love,  
Whate'er the manly heart hath felt — have been  
A part of me — they are all numbered now!  
Alas! how far from good, how far from truth!  
Yet I go step by step towards the grave,  
And the shades deepen round me, and the sun  
Becomes to me as night: soon sink I powerless.  
O, my weak soul! since thus the forfeit years  
Of thy frail body steal on hour by hour;  
Since even now thine ancient weary load  
Stands prompt to fall, and then thou in another,  
Thine own true father-land thyself wilt find.  
Still canst thou all thine ancient impulses,  
In age and weakness, thus infirm of will,  
Stoutly and resist, rebuke — yet still obey? —  
Alas! thou dost — O God, lend me thy strength!  
From thee conceal I nought: dejected, I  
Envy the annihilate deed — so much before me  
Trembles my downcast soul. — Reach thou to me,  
Thou from afar, to me in a far land  
Thy saving arm, and snatch me soon away  
Unto thyself, and make me — what thou wilt!"

## GREEK FUNEREAŁ INSCRIPTIONS.

" *Dis Manibus* ! "

POETRY among every nation of the world may be considered as the first expression of that superfluity of intellectual life which is produced in their being in proportion as the most urgent wants of their physical condition and social instinct are appeased. It is the first cry of man satisfied and happy, when he has had time to penetrate into the wonders of creation, and his imagination has reflected, like a mirror, the sympathies of his heart. It springs up in society like a flower which unfolds its virgin coronal as soon as it has received from the earth and air the necessary elements and conditions of its existence. Thus the birth of poetry among mankind presupposes a certain degree of maturity in the mind and in the language which serves it as an instrument — for before this maturity man only thinks of his appetites, and only pronounces inarticulate sounds; and so long as his sentiments have no other excitement than matter, his reason is incapable of quitting the narrow sphere within which it is confined by the wants of his first necessities:

But when once he has arrived at this state of maturity, he allows himself to be influenced by the concurrence of an infinite number of causes which act immediately upon his body, sentiments, and imagination. Their union operates so important a modification upon poetry, that, from that moment, it assumes a peculiar character, the traces of which are preserved throughout ages, and in despite of vicissitudes and events. Climate, which affects all parts of organisation, and gives more or less elasticity to the vital action — the aspect of the country, which presents perpetually the picture of nature, whether shrouded in the shades of night or clothed in the most dazzling colours, here diversified by mountains and woods, there changing to the monotony of plains — religion, which from our first entry into life takes possession of our ideas and sentiments, and stamps them with a seal whose impression is rendered still deeper by the hope of reward and the fear of punishment — the customs of nations, which lead them into terrible and bloody wars, or keep them in the peaceful occupations of pastoral or agricultural life — such are, in general, the circumstances that determine the prevailing character of poetry. We shall find marks of their influence among all the nations of the globe, if we study their poetical history. Rome will exhibit to us a poetry, rude, harsh, and savage, like the founders of the eternal city; — Arabia, a poetry sweet and pompous, monotonous as the desert, and impregnated with the warmth of the climate, and the perfumes of the East; — the North, a poetry gloomy and melancholy as its atmosphere; — Greece, finally, a poetry changeable as the character of the Hellenes, heroic as the warriors who overturned the walls of Troy, voluptuous as the groves of Paphos, and elevated and sublime as Olympus.

In applying these principles to the elegies and funereal inscriptions of Greece, we find them fully confirmed. The Anthology shows us the spirit of a people who received the inspirations of genius, and were affected by the illusions of imagination in a climate which unites every description of scenery. Mountains affording the most picturesque combinations, the purity of an atmosphere presenting continually a serene sky and stars shining in

all their splendour, vegetation full of vigour and beauty, meadows enamelled with odoriferous flowers; every thing in short that surrounds man in those delightful countries, charms his senses, and excites in his mind that sentiment of welfare, that repose and tranquillity so favourable to meditation and the free exercise of thought.

The oldest compositions that deserve the name of poetry are all the products of these great causes. Such are those celebrated ballads and romances of modern Europe, which are so much admired for the elevation of their thoughts, and the force of their sentiments. Reality has nothing finer, nature and truth are nowhere more faithfully depicted. Like these, we can easily suppose that the contents of the Greek Anthology were not the fruits of a very laborious application. They were inspired not by imaginary divinities, but by vehement passions, by the admiration that great actions are always sure to excite, by love of country, confidence in the Deity, and, in a word, by all that ennobles the heart, elevates the mind, and animates the genius. What distinguishes them is their perfect simplicity, and a style that never departs from the most familiar construction, dictated by the heart. No foreign ornament, no artificial research indicate study. Their subject is the description of a battle, the portrait of a hero, a prayer to a god, or a dedication to the nymphs. On reading them we fancy ourselves transported to the primæval ages: whether they breathe the classic beauties of Homer and Horace, the elegant facility of the poet of Augustus, or, like the verses of Posidippus, reflect the sombre majesty of the prophet-king, or the savage melancholy of Job in the most ancient elegy of the World.

Epitaphs are more important things in the eyes of the church than in those of any other portion of the community. The poor widow who suffered a prosecution on account of a verse from the "Apocrypha," is a warning to those who meddle with heterodox stones and Romish inscriptions. "Pray for the soul of Joseph Woolfrey; it is a good and pious thing to pray for the dead!" is harmless only *out* of a churchyard; but those with which we propose to deal, treat not of dogmas but of affections: and the prayer of our petition is, that all those who have badly translated them heretofore may be brought before the bar of criticism, and not under the jurisdiction of the Arches Court. We desire to unbury the spirit of the Greek funereal inscriptions, like the scholar who disinterred the soul of the licentiate Pedro Garcias. Happy if, in an attempt in which so many have failed, we should invest them with a garb more befitting the taste of the originals than that which they have been made to assume in the smoothly-flowing verses of contemporaries.

This species of writing, which we may call the style lapidary, is a species between prose and poetry, hitherto unknown to our literature, but which has been treated *con amore* by the Italians. Many collections of Italian inscriptions have been printed and a small but precious volume has been selected from them. The inscription is a species not less beautiful than difficult; and among all literatures there are but few that possess it in perfection. Italy gave the world the first example of it in the Roman magnificence, and after eighteen centuries has again renewed it. Morcelli, in regard to the Latin, has reduced into a science this department of study and has written a book of learned elegance, "*De Stylo Inscriptionum.*" The best of these epitaphs speak worthily of the antique household virtues, and in translating these elegiac flowers, the task ought to be done with a full feeling of the transitory and perishable nature of every thing but the affections, such as that with which Goëthe was inspired in the bosom of Rome,

and which he has painted in his first elegy in verses which have acquired European celebrity from the quotation of Madame de Staël : —

“ Eine Welt zwar bist du, O Röm! doch, ohne die Liebe  
Wäre die Welt nicht die Welt : waren das Röm auch nicht Röm ! ”

Tell me ye stones ! O speak high palaces,  
Ye streets now answer, — Genius up and soar !  
Yes, in thy walls all things a soul confess  
Eternal Rome ! and I thy power adore.

Oh, who doth whisper wheresoe'er I gaze  
Of her who still retains her pristine power !  
What voice doth still recall the ancient ways,  
Where I in loving spent each precious hour !

Now dome and church and pillared aisle I scan,  
With worldling look, to win the traveller's prize ;  
Yet soon 't is o'er, and each immortal plan  
Love's airy temple blots out from mine eyes.

With visioned presence wheresoe'er I rove,  
Telling how sweet the haven is of home ;  
O Rome, thou art a world ; but, void of love,  
World were no world, nor Rome herself a Rome !

The sentiment of rhyme and symmetry, whether it be a reflexion of Arabian genius, an indigenous instinct, or both at once, is not found in antiquity. It properly belongs to the language of the Troubadours ; and is totally misplaced in all translations from the classic languages. In the Provençal songs, if the verse be of admirable structure, the form of the strophe is not less exquisite and precise. The strophe is not with them a mere assemblage of verses ; it is a perfect and harmonious whole in itself, as much from the sense as the rhyme — it is a close tissue, of which you cannot change a single thread without destroying all — a group of youthful dancers, carved from the same block and closely entwined, who perform their dance separately and diversely, but in one wonderful unity. And these strophes, limited in number, knitting themselves one to another in the most intimate manner, both by the identical measure of the verses and the constant repetition of the same rhymes, and sometimes by the return of a certain verse, form in their result a work which, in its form, and in the exactness, precision, close contexture, and symmetry of each of its strophes, composes a real crystallisation of thought. We quote one by Charles of Orleans, who flourished in the first part of the fifteenth century.

#### BALLAD.

“ En la forest d'ennuyouse tristesse.”

Far in the forest of wearisome dolo  
One day it happened I found me astray,  
There I met Venus, the queen of my soul,  
Who called me, and gently demanded my way.  
Deftly I answered, of fortune the prey,  
Exiled in that wood I was long time ago ;  
And that, by right, of myself I might say  
I am the lost pilgrim, nor know where to go.

Then smiling benignly, with sweetest control,  
She held me and answered, friend, who are they  
Who have caused this affliction of thine ? with my whole  
Strength, will I aid thee their malice to stay,  
And henceforth thy heart I shall place in the way  
Of all pleasure on earth : none shall rob thee, for oh !  
It grieves my heart sadly to see thee to-day  
Roam like a pilgrim, nor know where to go.

Alas! said I, sovereign princess, my dole  
 Know then in a word; but why sing thee the lay?  
 'Tis death who o'er all his destruction doth roll,  
 Who tore from my arms what I loved so away;  
 What made all the hope that I had in the fray,  
 What guided my steps, both in weal and in woe,  
 So that ne'er while she lived, in the light of her ray,  
 Was I lost like a pilgrim, nor knew where to go.

ENVOY.

Blind am I now! nor know whither to stray,  
 With my staff here and there I go feeling my way;  
 I stumble in fear, and walk painful and slow:  
 What pity it is, that it suits me to say,  
 I am the lost pilgrim, nor know where to go!

These are the qualities which distinguish a modern poem or elegy from an ancient one. The beauties of the Greek, varying as the music of their sonorous language in each sentence, depend less upon the musical element than upon the Attic delicacy and precision of the phrase, its relative propriety to the subject, and the *σωφροσύνη*, or sobriety, which is the highest excellence of perfect taste. Many fragments from the garlands of Meleager, Phillippus, and Agathias, as well as from Sappho, Erinna, and Nossis, have been beautifully translated by various poets in "Blackwood's" and in the "New Monthly" Magazines: but Herder is the prince of translators; and in his specimens, which, like those of our own Shelley, give the spirit as well as the form of antiquity, we have the hexameter and pentameter lines of the original carefully preserved. Many of the pieces in the Anthology have the air of Poussin's landscapes, —

"Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,  
 Brought from a happy, though a pensive place."

WORDSWORTH.

The greater part of those of a longer limit have already been translated by countless hands, especially into elegant Latin by Grotius. Those which follow are a few of those which, from their insignificance, have hitherto escaped those honours. Herder, in his "*Blumenlesen aus dem Griechischen Anthologie*," has collected most of them, and united them to his comprehensive work, "*The Voices of the People in Song*," which first gave the spur in Germany to the romantic school, and the profound study of national literature. The German language is so very flexible that scarcely any form is unfit to be comprehended in it, from the Spanish *asonante* verses to the intricacies of the Troubadours. We shall make a feeble attempt to render them into their native measures, although aware that the hexameter is almost inadmissible in the English language; but Southey and Sir Philip Sydney have tried them, and we know the Grecian epigram, —

"Fair art thou, Aglaia, amid beauties all beauty surpassing;  
 Fair in each garment, but, naked, thou art perfection itself!"

THE OFFERING OF YOUTH.

These the locks of his springtime, and this an early Cicada,  
 To you, ye shining Hours, Kallisthenes devotes;  
 Fresh as the morning glows the stripling. Beautiful Powers!  
 As youth is now to him, let age be also sweet!

THE HOURS.

Be ye propitious to me, who round Jupiter's throne eternal  
 Happiest Hours! ay dance. O! ever be gracious and kind!  
 Over me float, now grave, now gay; and the joyful nymph  
 That saw me born to the world softly entomb me in bliss!

*Greek Funereal Inscriptions.*

## DEATH OF AJAX.

Wanderer ! this is the grave of Telamonian Ajax,  
 He who, with his own sword, himself of life deprived :  
 For, when arrived the hour the Fates to him decreed,  
 Among the Fates was found for him no conquering hand.

## THE OBELISK ON THE GRAVE.

Behold Nicœa, yon grave with starry splendours all beaming  
 Over its pillars, — it shows who the entombed ones are ;  
 He, Saccros, and she, his Severa ; — they had to the stars  
 Nigher ascended than here this overshadowing spire.

## EPITAPH ON A SHEPHERD.

Slowly the timorous herd, all powdered with wintry snows,  
 Wind from the mountains ; the herd follows the shepherd no more.  
 Ah ! Therimachus sleeps below his eternal slumber,  
 Under the forests where fire from heaven consumed his life !

## THE CHARITIES OF DEATH.

Ye who upon the mountains now stray, O wandering shepherds !  
 Hear Clitagora's wish — the wish of your comrade entombed ;  
 Here let the white flocks bleat : here let them wander, — the shepherd  
 Sit upon yonder stone, and play his most delicate song ;  
 And garland my grave with crowns of the first-born children of spring ;  
 And quicken my dust with libations of sweet refreshing milk.  
 Do this, ye swains, to a swain : also midst the departed dwell  
 Graces — and also here love they reward with thanks.

## ACHILLES' GRAVE.

This is Achilles' grave ! for terror of future Troys  
 The Grecians placed it here upon the Trojan strand.  
 Son of the ocean goddess, thou liest entombed on the shore,  
 That ocean's billows to thee may sound thine eternal praise.

## ON THE PICTURE OF MEDEA, BY TIMOMACHUS.

When Timomachus' hand, O cruel Medea, traced  
 Thy picture here, how Art has fought thy passionate fight !  
 Then hath wisely ended. In sparkling furious eyes  
 Hang the tears where rage melts in maternal love :  
 Farther he painted not. " Her children's blood to shed,"  
 Said the artist then, " becomes Medea alone."

## ON A BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE.

Shepherd, O speak, unto whom are those beautiful trees ? The olive  
 Is Athenaia's ; the vine winds around Bacchus her arms ;  
 To Ceres the corn ; and these flowers, so fragrant and bright, unto Juno,  
 And Cypri, — fragrant and sweet, bearing such beautiful gems.  
 O friend Pan, now warble, take not from thy lips thy pipe ;  
 Here, in the rosy vale, the echo thou surest wilt find.

## WOMAN'S LOVE.

Alas, poor woman ! the youth they love not as we women love :  
 For, when strong passion affects them, each, grief to another imparts  
 In friendship, trusting to friend ; they soothe the griefs of the soul :  
 Seek dissipation, and see nature, and mankind, and art ;  
 But we, poor prisoners, we, desponding and pining in soul,  
 Loving and longing in solitude draw to the grave.

## THE SWEET SECRET.

Naught is sweeter than love — of all the fairest on earth  
 It is the sweetest bliss, — honey to it is gall.  
 This, says Nossis, but only to those whom the goddess hath loved, —  
 What in the rose doth bloom, lovers only can tell.

THE PENCIL.

Fairest Leontium, take, O take this pencil of silver,  
Within thine accomplished hand golden will it become :  
For to thee the Gods have given what they on so few bestow,  
Cypris, the fairest form — Pallas, the wisest art.

THE COQUETTE BEFORE HER MIRROR.

No, Cleopatra, no ! thy mirror, trust me, deceives thee ;  
See thyself as thou art ! Sawest thou ever within ?

LAIS HANGS UP HER MIRROR IN THE TEMPLE OF VENUS.

Dione ! to thee who for ever art fair,  
This mirror I give ; and deplore,  
That no longer, alas ! I can look and compare  
The Laïs that is with the Laïs of yore.

Ever-blooming Dione ! thy Laïs grown old,  
This mirror divine now surrenders to thee ;  
Alas ! I no longer would wish to behold  
What I have been, or what I may be !

THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES.

This shield by Achilles of yore empurpled with Hector's blood  
Ulysses stole ; but in vain. Ithaca ne'er shall it see.  
Round him the waves in tempest arose, and to Ajax's grave  
Bore it afar ; the grave clanged with the billows, and spoke, —  
" Sleepest thou, Telamon's son ? Here is the shield of Pelides !  
That which the Grecian had robbed, Poseidon gives thee again."

LEONIDAS.

As the mighty Leonidas, now a generous victim  
Under the corpses buried, Persia's monarch beheld,  
O'er him in haste he threw his purple mantle, — the Grecian  
Murmuring, started and spoke, — " Fly and dishonour me not  
With the glory of traitors ! — This shield shall adorn me alone  
Among the shadows — I go now like a Spartan to death."

PSYCHE SAILING WITH TWO DOLPHINS.

Whither steerest thou, Psyche, on thy two sea-dolphins borne ?  
Over life's stream I glide, O wanderer, away !  
Thrice fortunate o'er it are muse-loving guides to me  
Who towards ports secure their oars and rudder lend.

APOLLO.

Alas ! that Apollo, the shepherd, no more upon lovely Peneus  
Dwelld ! alas ! that earth has lost the echo divine !  
" Believe, he forsakes it not ; he shepherds the flocks of men ;  
But a barbarian ear hears not the song of the God."

IMMORTALITY.

Pillars of marble and brass, and statues and tablets of fame,  
Give to the living, while here, pleasure both lasting and high, —  
But only so long as he lives. Into region of shadows when glided,  
For him no statue will rise — no writing recording his praise.  
Virtue alone, and the graces of wisdom will follow us there  
Undivided, and here leave us the blooming fruit.  
So lived Plato — so Homer lived : they took of bright wisdom with them  
The fountains away, and to us bequeathed the quickening stream.

THE DAUGHTER'S GRAVE.

Oft lies over the grave of the daughter the weeping mother,  
And mourns and invokes the shade of her Philanis to rise.  
" My daughter ! hast thou departed so soon, ere thy nuptial bed  
I had adorned, by the stream under the shadows to dwell ?"



*Greek Funereal Inscriptions.*

## THE WAY TO ORCUS.

Every where leads the path to the region of shadows alike ;  
 Alike, whether thou from Athens, or thou from Meroe come.  
 Also grieve thyself not, when thou to far lands must stray,  
 There, amid foreigners too, straightway to Orcus it goes.

## ON A BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE WHERE PARIS'S IMAGE STOOD.

Silence ! thou forest of oaks ! ye fountains under the rocks,  
 Murmur lighter, and ye bright flocks and herds too cease,  
 Before the dwelling of Pan, whom here the delicate flutes  
 With sweetest songs delight, and soothe to slumber soft :  
 And round in rings, ye Nymphs and Hamadryades float,  
 And the Naiades choir in their exulting dance !

## VARIOUS FATE OF LOVE.

Ah me ! the various fortune of lovers' destinies : — one,  
 Whom soft persuasion befriends, slumbers in Venus's lap ;  
 Another unwinds himself scarce from needy poverty's gripe ;  
 And this one locks on himself a melancholy jail.  
 And yet mankind still deceive themselves with insatiate hopes,  
 That, where Amor appears, there, an Elysium blooms.

## TO A NIGHTINGALE BEARING OFF A CICADA.

Attic songstress ! why, Philomela, thou honey-fed queen,  
 Dost thou to thy young ones in nest poor little grasshopper bear ?  
 Rob the adorned-with-wings, the harbinger singing of spring,  
 The voice that, a bough beyond, with thee all summer tune sang ?  
 Nightingale, leave her forlorn — she is a stranger as thou art ;  
 For no child of Apollo's the death of another becomes.

## THE BOND OF FRIENDSHIP.

Of our friendship, Orestes, our deep eternal friendship,  
 A slight memorial is, this slight recording stone :  
 Ever will I seek thee ; and thou too, under the shades,  
 Drink thou o'er me never the Lethean wave !

## WHAT SMARTS.

That I to thee did trust ; that thee, as a friend, I selected,  
 Believe me, pains me more than does the secret itself,  
 Which to the world was blabbed. A secret deeper, thou tellest,  
 Mine understanding's fault in choosing thee my friend.

## THE DRIED-UP FOUNTAIN.

Wanderer ! thou who whilome my sweetly-refreshing waters  
 Didst know, thou seekest in vain a flowing fountain in me :  
 Since once a murderer, here resting, his terrible hand  
 Washed, and my gentle sides spattered with hideous blood ;  
 Since then, the light of day, my nymphs all fled : unto Bacchus  
 Only they spoke,—"Ourselves we mix not with blood-reeking Mars."

## THE AGED VICTOR.

I who, at Alphcus once, and once at Castalia's fountain,  
 A victor doubly hailed, two glorious crowns have graced :  
 And in Nemea, too, and on the resounding Isthmus,  
 Faster than wind have passed the all-envied goal :  
 Aged and time-worn, now to heavy labour condemned,—  
 Work in the mill : to you, Greeks, an eternal reproach !

## THE CICADA.

Wherefore follow you me, ye race unjust, and envy  
 To your Cicada possession of one dewy twig ?  
 She the hermit, the songstress — she, who ever the way,  
 During the noontide heat, points to the fountain for you.  
 Seize on another foe, who pilfers you of your seed ;  
 Me, the innoxious, please the green leaves and the dew.

THE REVENGE OF JUNO.

Through royal Juno's soul the thorns of jealousy pierced  
When shining Gajymede, first, before great Jupiter stood :  
And she spake to herself, " Because, O Troy, thou sendest  
To me a flame, whose glow within mine entrails burns,  
Therefore will I to thee a flame dispatch, — young Paris !  
A vulture visits thee next, instead of a ravishing eagle."

ASTACIDES.

The Cretan shepherd Astacides have we, the gentle Nymphs,  
From this mountain borne away? Divine Astacides ! now,  
Thou herdest under the oaks within Jove's forest. Ye shepherds,  
Sing your Daphnis no more ; sing now Astacides' praise !

THE FOP.

Thou, who the Stygian pool dost ferry with oaring arms,  
Sable Charon ! O take gently my Ciniras up !  
Reach forth thy hand to him when, from the boat of shadows, he slowly  
Steps out, so by thine aid he spare his beautiful foot ;  
Which still, when living, with corns, the prettiest shoe distressed.  
" Ai ! ai ! " he limping cries, soon as the shore he treads.

THANKS TO THE NYMPHS.

Ye Nymphs, ambrosial daughters of fountains — ye Hamadryads,  
Who, on your rosy feet, over these waters do float,  
Fare ye well ! and keep sound Kleonymus, who to you  
This picture, with his thanks, amid your pines doth place.

THE VALIANT PHYSICIAN.

Wanderer ! see where lie, within one grave entombed,  
Seven dead men : And who seven hath laid so low ?  
Askest thou ? — Knowest thou not the wand of mightiest Hermes,  
Which, in physician's hand, marshals mankind to the shades.

LAND AND SEA LIFE.

As good Archippus, a forester, under the earth departed.  
His last farewell he took, and called his son to his side ;  
Then said, — " Dear son ! now take the plough and the harrow I leave,  
And, as you love me, love, as I have loved, the land ;  
Trust not the stormy ocean, nor its deceitful calm ;  
Nor yet the gain, for whose sake its waters tempt you away.  
How much sweeter to children, their own beloved mother,  
Than every stranger, is — is land before sea to me ! "

LE MALHEUR D'ETRE.

Of life, which life ? for, in the forum, law  
With strife and envy rage ; and in the town  
Are cares ; the country, labours ; fear and awe  
At sea ; in travel, risk, if aught you own ;  
Want, too, brings pain ; a wife, distress. Alone  
Hast thou existed, thy survivors saw  
Thy solitude ; yet children ne'er atone  
For ease : and childless who life's chain would draw ?  
And, midst the heavings of this changeful ocean,  
With youth still foolish, and old age forlorn,  
The sea of life leaves all its fountains dry.  
Once more commencing its alternate motion.  
Therefore, of these, choose thou : — or, to be born —  
Never ; or, born — immediately to die.

POSIDIPPUS.

## OUR EASTERN RELATIONS.

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### *Convention between Turkey and Great Britain.*

*Non ita certandi cupidus quam propter amorem.*

THE few reflections we propose to offer upon the policy adopted towards the countries whose affairs now prominently occupy public attention, are dictated less by a desire to cavil at such measures as the wisdom of our Government may have thought fit to adopt, than by an anxious wish for their examination by the public. With this view, we shall divide them into two separate heads: Turkey and India. On the one hand, we perceive that Russia, fatally forced by the necessities of her population to command the Black Sea, into which all the great rivers that traverse her Asiatic dominions debouch, and to prevent any foreign power from sealing her fate by taking possession of Constantinople and the Dardanelles, on all occasions shows symptoms of restlessness when the two most potent sons of Mahomet threaten to come into collision. On the other hand, Persia and the powers of Afghanistan, deserted in their hour of need by English policy, have been cast by the inevitable force of events into the arms of Russia, whose schemes of conquest in India they have become the instruments of forwarding, and which, on our part, it were now insanity to doubt.

It cannot be denied, that the English nation feel great apathy upon this momentous question. They may be hostile to the Russians, but do not sympathise with the Turks. Political reasons are not powerful against Christian feelings; and the power which for centuries has been regarded by Christendom as the scourge of humanity, does not, all at once, change its nature, or vindicate its claims to civilisation in the eyes of the people, by sending out a few ambassadors, who may more properly be termed the heralds of its fall. It is now some time since the daily press, aided by the indefatigable Mr. Urquhart, has laboured to raise the Russo-phobia to its periodical height in this country, and many grounds have been found for an attack upon Lord Palmerston's policy and that of our ambassador at Constantinople; but a *mezzo termine* between hostility to Russia and support to Turkey may be suggested, which, perhaps, will not seem improbable to those who will give themselves the trouble to examine the state of the case.

We hold it to be sheer folly in any statesman of the present day to think of supporting, by force of arms, the doctrines of the "*Mare clausum*" of Selden. That the maritime *statu quo* can be preserved for ever is a pure delusion.

Civilisation must advance, and the warm shores of the Euxine and the delicious recesses of the Taurida yield their forests of oak to the navy of their possessors; but for the safety of England those possessions must not be Russian, and need not be, because the elements of another power exist in abundance on the spot in the indigenous population in whose favour all European feelings are warmly interested. Russia is the great bugbear of modern times, as the power of France was during the reign of Louis XIV.; and, although history has proved that the attempt to preserve the balance of

power which united Europe of old was a chimerical scheme, there are many in this country who still conceive it a good ground for a crusade against Russia. If we are to have a war, let not the sword of England be drawn for the vain and useless purpose of supporting such a worm-eaten throne and crumbling despotism as Turkey.

Nations as well as individuals have their term of maturity, and decay. Even during the height of their power, the Turks concealed within their bosom the germs of a decay as rapid and premature as their prosperity was precocious. United and invincible, they experienced for the first time a check under Bajazet, from the Tartar conqueror Tamerlane and his horde of shaggy demons. A short half century re-invigorated the irresistible scourge, and the tide of their conquest again swept all before it. Alarmed at their formidable progress under the warlike Mahomet the Second, Europe beheld them with dismay, advance from the deserts of Arabia, roll like a torrent over Syria to the borders of the Euxine, and finally end with the capture of Constantinople itself. Their religious enthusiasm aided by the distractions of the neighbouring countries of Christendom, continued to swell the tide of their triumphs, until in the middle of the seventeenth century, a victorious army of 200,000 fierce fanatics penetrated into the heart of Germany, and encamped before the walls of Vienna. All of a sudden appeared that "man sent by God, whose name was John;" and before the sword of Sobieski the terrible flood was stayed. From that moment the star of Mahometanism has waxed dim, and Europe, recovered from her fright, has had leisure to examine into the causes of a decay so singular in the history of nations. No glimpse of prosperity since that time has ever shone upon the receding fortunes of the Osmanlis; Prince Eugene following up the successes of the heroic Poles, weakened still more that prestige of victory which was wont to inspirit them in their battles with the Giaours. They have not been permitted to remain stationary in their course, but have been forced by successive defeats into a retrograde path which has ended in the total demoralisation of the chief officers of the empire, and the universal prevalence of bribery and corruption in all the offices of the state, until at length we have seen a rebel pacha, wresting from the Sultan the vast and fertile province of Egypt, his son Ibrahim advancing in triumph from the plains of Koniah and threatening the walls of Stamboul, and lastly a Russian army, passing the Balkhan, occupying Varna and Adrianople, and only staying its victorious march at the command of the potent voice of the lion of the seas.

At the same time that these disastrous events occurred, the Sultan destroyed the species of feudal organisation which gave to his immediate vassals a sort of liberty recognised and confirmed by the most ancient laws and customs of the empire, and the sweeping destruction of the Janissaries, who composed the flower of their military force, and the nucleus of all the fanaticism of the people, completed the overthrow of their institutions. The Ulemas, who still remain, and who compose the dignitaries of the religion of the true believers, are the inveterate opposers of all reform; and Sultan Mahmoud cannot be said to have done more than commenced his reform so long as a vestige of that all-powerful body remains. As all despotisms are said to be tempered by assassination, the chief of the Osmanlis and his new European system hangs upon the breath of the Ulemas, for he dare not, though he well knows his predicament, venture upon their destruction, but waits in patience, until his spring, like the tiger's, shall be once and for ever.

From the peculiarities of their faith, the Ottomans have exhibited this

difference from other nations of conquerors, that from the first moment of their occupation they have never either mixed with, or conciliated the native populations. The Turks have never been more than encamped in Europe; three millions of them at the present day hold the whole population in subjection, living in idleness as lords of the soil. The original inhabitants of it still form a race apart, divided by the most mortal hatred, from the Armenian and Christian Ryahs of Turkey in Europe, to the Copts of the Nile. These Christian populations every where begin to raise their heads, and to perceive the vast superiority of their numbers, compared with those of their haughty oppressors: and, in a word, the iron net is broken. These are the people to raise up into a nation: five hundred years have amply proved that the Turks, as a nation, do not contain within themselves the elements of civilisation. No voice has been heard, no hand has been raised to form them into a fit brotherhood of the great European family, and the attempt made at present by a great man, worthy of a better fate

“The last star of the night  
If better it belongs not to the dawn,”

is a foreign and extrinsic plant, which so far from taking root, must perish when the fostering hand which at present protects it is withdrawn. It is the population of Ryahs which alone has the capacity of improvement, and to his sagacity in discovering this fact is the success of Ali Pacha in Egypt to be attributed. But the pride of the lordly Turk would not in European Turkey permit the hated Greek, the abhorred Jew, the despised Armenian, or the schismatic Arab, to possess those rights and privileges essential for the unfolding of their capacity. Rather than this, he will cry, “Bismilla! it is the will of God.”

Such is the crumbling despotism which many would support by involving England in a war with Russia, — a country which we have seen advancing from a state of barbarism scarcely one century ago, to a foremost rank among European powers.

The Slavonic races, in their rapid career, have exhibited that docility and aptitude for improvement which is so much wanting in their ancient enemies. As fast as Turkey has declined, Russia has advanced, until at length we have seen a power which a century ago was hemmed in and overshadowed by Sweden, dilated into a Colossus, making war against Napoleon with one hand and the emperor of China with the other.

The inventions of steam and gunpowder have put an end for ever to the fear of having to fight a second Marathon and Salamis for the liberties of mankind; but above all, the habits and tastes of the millions of barbarians organised by the genius of Peter the Great, which form a security for an increased demand of European manufactures which would not be affected by the inevitable fall of the Turkish empire, to the prejudice of English merchants, in any material degree.

The Ryahs are the people whom England and France ought to raise to the dignity of a nation, as a barrier against Russia; but we own with Voltaire, that we never could feel any sympathy for those villainous Turks who shut up their women, and do not cultivate the fine arts.

It is with a higher order of truths than those of detail that statesmen on great occasions have to deal. It is only in its infancy that history deals with the battles, treaties, and commerce of nations; but men a little later begin to discover that these are only consequences of other causes; and then it is in their institutions that we seek the reasons of the decline of one and the prosperity of another. Guided by these views, we have traced a

little sketch of the relative situation of Turkey and Russia, which may not be courteously received by the critics of tariffs. We have neither touched "barbaric pearl nor gold" for the pleading, nor advocated the cause of the autocrat Nicholas. It is not intended that our remarks should contain an ungenerous or illiberal allusion — for it is impossible not to extend one's sympathy to the chief who now fills the throne of Othman, or behold the spectacle of a brave man —

"Greatly falling with a falling state,"

without admiration and enthusiasm. It is a false opinion that this empire has nothing to do with the rest of Europe, and that it ought to be a matter of indifference whether Carlos or Christina rules in Spain, or Mahmoud or Nicholas at Constantinople. Putting aside the question of commercial interest, England will always extend the hand of fraternity to every nation struggling through misery and ignorance for the high prize of freedom, sometimes even at the cost of her own interest; for a great nation, as La Bruyère says of a great soul, would be invulnerable if it did not feel compassion. But what is to be taken into consideration in examining this immense question is whether the genius of Mahometanism be or be not compatible with a high degree of civilisation? Without deciding, like the ancient Greeks, that all other nations are barbarians, we submit that it is very doubtful if the precepts of the Koran be capable of amalgamating with those of other nations; at all events, if a contest between civilisation and the Mussulman dogmas should arise in Turkey, it is not by throwing his sword into the scale that Mahmoud will decide it. Peter the Great made men of his serfs, but he did not change their religion. Of all the Mahomedan kingdoms which history has recorded, the Moorish power in Granada is said to have made greatest advances in civilisation; and yet it could not go beyond a certain point, nor keep pace with the progress of the Spaniards. The insuperable obstacles are polygamy and fatalism.

In whatever climate of the globe a registry of the population has been kept the result has almost always exhibited an equality of male and female births; and this remarkable law of nature is a stubborn argument against the defenders of Turkey — laying out of mind the moral degradation of one half of the human race, (videlicet the females) which must result from this barbarous institution. Monogamy then is the law of nature and the condition of civilisation; and what civilisation has in view is not the man alone but the family; for the individual dies, but the race is perpetual. Marriage is thus the basis of society, and that too, it appears, upon philosophical principles — for we have not desired to couple with the argument any religious prejudices; although the Christian dogma of the equality of all in the sight of God has perhaps proved the foundation of European superiority. Voltaire's saying has not only wit but philosophy to recommend it.

The policy suggested has however other grounds to rest upon. Whatever reforms may have been introduced by the Sultan are wholly dependent upon the accident of his life for their duration. They have no root in the feelings of his people, notwithstanding we have heard from Mr. Urquhart that the powerful influence of the Ulemas in the state and their fanaticism are at an end, and that those reforms upon which civilisation is based are marching steadily and rapidly on; that schools are everywhere established, useful public works, roads, bridges and canals in progress; that the powers of the pachas are greatly limited, the venality of office nearly destroyed, admirable and beneficial commercial arrangements been formed for all classes of

subjects, and their lives and properties been secured, for arbitrary punishments by death and confiscation are no more ; that national prejudices have been to a great degree overcome ; the costume of all functionaries assumed a more European character, an improved military system been adopted, and ambassadors now seen in all the courts of Europe, and many promising and intelligent young men been sent to England, as well as to other countries, to acquire military and scientific knowledge.

We confess that all this shows the prudence, wisdom, and patriotism, of the greatest potentate that for centuries has wielded the Ottoman sceptre : but whatever possibility existed of interfering with propriety between Russia and Turkey, it was at the time when another administration lost sight of the golden opportunity. Fifty ships of the line would not now effect what might have been done by a few frigates during the siege of Varna. Whatever desire we might have to assist Turkey, it is perfectly useless, because we are so remote from the scene of operations, that an army of 50,000 Russians might be in possession of the country ere we received notice of their march ; and all the armies and fleets of England and France could not dislodge them from Constantinople, assisted as they would be by the whole Ryah population. Our opponents have admitted the truth of the assertion that the Ryah or Christian population of Turkey in Europe feeling the iron net broken, begin to lift their heads ; but they contend that it is for the purpose of blessing the beneficent rule of the Turk, and of contrasting their felicitous condition with that of the subjects of Russia. For the correctness of our view of the subject we may cite as an authority the current rumour that there is or was throughout all Turkey an immensely extended conspiracy of the Christian population similar to the Greek Hetairia to overthrow the dominion of the Sultan, and to substitute a Christian prince at Constantinople. Whatever be the fact, we believe that the great mass of the indigenous inhabitants of the soil are more bound to the religion of Russia than to the civil reforms of Mahmoud.

We think that the policy of neutrality is sound, because as the inhabitants of the Crimea, Wallachia and Moldavia, hailed with joy the stipulations of Ackerman and Adrianople, and have improved under Russian government ; it is reasonable to suppose that her further influence would be beneficial in like manner to all those vast countries now withering under the sceptre of the Sultan, and nothing by which civilisation is advanced can in any manner hurt the interests of England ; because whatever advance Russia may make in conquest, England in the increasing prosperity of her arts and commerce, will always at any given time be more than a match for her : the two countries progressing in lines parallel though different ; because on like grounds. England has forcibly seized during the last century three square leagues for every one taken by Russia ; because Russia has a great desire to excel in the arts and commerce which is even demonstrated by her tariff and her excessive wish to emulate England in her manufactures ; and England is in no dread of such competition, but, on the contrary, finds her interest in the increasing taste and demands of the Czar's subjects for the comforts of civilised life ; because the trade of England with Russia amounts to more than two millions annually ; whilst that of England with Turkey and continental Greece amounts to one million and a half only ; lastly, because Turkey is in a dying state, brought about by the force of events long foreseen and predicted.

We who have read of the massacres of Ipsara and Scio — of the nightly sackings of their women — of the Golden City with its horrible slave market — of its streets encumbered with the bodies of slaughtered wretches, and the

palaces of their abominations set round with the heads of their Christian victims, may be allowed to have some feelings of incredulity. We believe nothing of their alleged civilisation ; we who have read of the fairest portion of Europe made for centuries the proverbial abode of poverty, slavery, idleness, polygamy, and the plague, may also be allowed to express a hope that the Byzantine empire will one day arise from its long sleep of death a worthy daughter of the great European league. But whatever may be the inherent vices of this people, and however much Christian sentiment may revolt at their existence in the heart of Europe, in the calculations of political necessity it is far otherwise.

The integrity of the Ottoman empire is considered at the present moment as a fixed element of all sound political calculations, as a condition incontestable by all who do not admit that the balance of power can be permitted with safety to be deranged by any one party to the detriment of the others. The stability of the throne of Otluman is thus of paramount importance to civilised Europe, for the identity of their interests is complete. Whatever therefore tends to consolidate its strength, and place its institutions beyond the attempts of hostile nations, whether concealed or overt, is viewed with favour by Great Britain, whose interests are so intimately associated with its welfare. The present convention of commerce and navigation between her Britannic majesty and the Sultan, together with the additional articles, must be hailed as the germ of incalculable benefits to Turkey—as an instrument of good capable of indefinite expansion, provided those means be adopted to insure its development, without which it must become a dead letter, or, at most, a trivial improvement. We learn that an outcry has been made against this treaty, and that Mr. Urquhart has denied that it is his treaty, or that he had any hand or part in it at all. Another opponent of the measure who has great influence with the merchants at Constantinople, prophesies its complete failure, and even goes the length of accusing Lord Ponsonby of being overreached in the business. But, if we mistake not, the very same party were so blindly ignorant, not only of their own interests but also of the common principles of commerce and exchange, as to propose to the Porte an additional duty of 3 per cent. on all goods imported into its dominions, provided the former would undertake to keep the exchange always at one fixed rate ! It is incredible that such ignorance should have nearly succeeded in this piece of quackery, of which it is needless to say the effect could only have been to fasten perpetually an additional duty upon trade, without obtaining—what indeed it was impossible for the Porte to effect—an invariable rate of exchange. As a civilising and restoring means, we deem this convention so highly important that a few observations may not be misplaced.

To develop the vast physical resources of Turkey, to vivify the latent spirit of commerce, to bring her means into contact with European markets, and to enable her to exchange her rich productions for the manufactures of Europe with profit to her subjects and augmented resources to her treasury, such are the ends which it is proposed to attain through a skilful administration of her financial department.

One fundamental reform is yet required to crown the Sultan's labours, and to insure to the nation the benefits he has sought to confer upon it—that is, a reform of its money. Unfortunately, a succession of impolitic errors has reduced the coinage of the empire to a state of depreciation which has rendered it useless as an implement of external commerce and unjust as one of internal valuation. In Turkey there is no standard of



value — no common measure by which property can be estimated. If one was fixed yesterday, it has been changed to-day by successive adulterations, the consequences of which were, not to give it an increased value in the eyes of foreigners, nor to cause it to pass for more than its intrinsic value with its own subjects, (for among them the prices of commodities invariably rose to the extent that the coin fell, simply because it was impossible for copper to be changed into silver, and silver into gold by an imperial decree,) but to occasion by these disordered movements sudden deficiencies, which, exorbitantly raising prices, were the scourges of the lower orders, by unsettling their habits, and inflicting grievous privations upon them; so that their operation may be compared to that of devouring ebbs and tides, sweeping away in a day the gains of years from the Turk, and converting commerce into a career of alarms and perpetual dangers for the foreigner, by the disastrous and sudden rise and fall of the exchanges during the period that he held any commodity. The necessities of the Porte have driven it in a circle where every measure in its own favour has acted immediately in an inverse sense on the interests of all its subjects. A true equilibrium of all interests can be established only upon the basis of a sound standard of value.

This being assumed as the result of experience, it will be seen upon examination, that the monetary system of Turkey, though doubtless encompassed with difficulties, nevertheless appears susceptible of arrangement. Placed in a critical position, when compared with other countries Turkey may even be said to have some features in its favour, inasmuch as it has merely to construct, without having previously to destroy, to erect, its financial fabric, according to the lights of European experience, without having to retrace any false steps of the past, in this order of things at least, or to compromise any existing factitious interests. It has no redundant paper currency to correct, no representative of national debt to make good, and is simply confined to the task of creating a circulating medium, representative of commercial credit, or the *bond fide* bargains and exchanges of its community. To give the case its most general expression, the object of all monetary systems is to form a representative, exactly corresponding to the bargains of a country,—neither more nor less: Turkey is so far fortunate that she has a *tabula rasa* to begin upon. On the other hand, she will have to contend with the difficulty of obtaining the money necessary to commence, with the defects of the existing laws of debtor and creditor, and with the habits and prejudices of a people, unaccustomed to paper money, and suspicious of every transaction which does not resolve itself into one of mere barter.

The par of exchange between any two countries depends on the intrinsic value of the standard coin of each, estimated by the quantity of silver in each, which is the common standard of value throughout Europe. Thus the piastre being the standard coin of Turkey, and the pound sterling that of England; and the pound, containing 113 grains of pure gold, which, at the market price of 78s. per oz., is equivalent to 1782 grains silver — if the piastre contain 17 grains silver, the par of exchange will be at its present rate of 108. If the piastre contain more silver, the par will be below 108 — if less, above it. Such being the par of exchange, all fluctuations in the rate of exchange between two countries depend on two causes,—

First — The balance of payments between them.

Second — Any alteration in the quantity of silver contained in their standard coin.

With regard to the first, if the debts due from one country to another, as for instance, from Turkey to England, exceed the debts due from England to Turkey, there will be more merchants at Constantinople, who have payments to make in London, than merchants in London who have payments to make in Constantinople. Consequently the demand for bills, which are the most common and convenient mode of remittance, will be greater at Constantinople than the supply, and they will bear a premium, — in other words, the exchange will rise or become unfavourable for Turkey.

This action generally takes place from the balance of trade being for the time against Turkey, that is, the value of the imports into Turkey exceeding that of the exports: but it may arise from any other cause by which Turkey is obliged to pay money to another country, as for instance by the debt to Russia, incurred by the treaty of Adrianople. But from whatever cause this fluctuation may arise, it cannot exceed a certain limited amount; viz., the expense, including interest and profit, of transporting the precious metals from one country to the other.

This fluctuation must also always right itself if the standard be preserved unaltered (for no country can go on permanently importing more than it exports), and cannot materially affect the interests of commerce, being in fact the natural means by which commerce adjusts itself.

But the case is different with respect to the other fluctuation in the exchanges, which is caused by a depreciation of the standard coin of one country. So long as the quantity of pure silver in the piastre is not ascertained and is continually varying, it is impossible to keep the exchanges steady. If the Turkish government, to meet the necessity of the moment, diminishes the quantity of silver in the piastre, a higher rate of exchange must be the consequence, for a greater number of piastres must be given as an equivalent for the pound sterling. Thus if the quantity of silver in the piastre was reduced to  $8\frac{1}{2}$  grains of silver, the real par would be 216 instead of 108; and the nominal par remaining at 108, the rate of exchange, supposing the balance of payments even, would be 108 against Turkey.

The provisions of the treaty of Adrianople having caused a great exportation of the metals from Turkey, which was not supplied by a favourable balance of trade, caused the exchange to turn against her; but this rise could not, as we have shown, have exceeded a certain very limited amount, had the value of the piastre remained fixed. The great rise and fluctuations which have taken place, and which have caused much inconvenience to commerce, prove that the real value of the piastre must have been diminished. In order to restore the exchange and to fix it, a sapient plan was proposed by the very parties now opposing the convention of Lord Ponsonby, of levying an additional duty of 3 per cent. on imports, and thus creating a fund by means of which the Turkish government was to operate on the exchanges and keep them steady.

The duty on imports being fixed by treaty could not have been altered except by consent of the parties; and it is evident this could never have been obtained. It is idle to think that all parties importing goods into Turkey would voluntarily consent to pay an extra duty of 3 per cent. But even supposing that the additional duty could be levied, or that the Turkish government were to set aside part of the existing duty to form a fund for the purpose of regulating the exchanges, it is clear, from the principles above laid down, that such an attempt would be totally ineffectual.\*

In the first place in order to produce any action whatever on the ex-

\* We are indebted to one of our most eminent mercantile authorities for these hints.

changes, it would be necessary for the Turkish government to place a fund at London, Paris, and perhaps even other great commercial towns, on which to draw in order to be able to bring bills at pleasure into the Constantinople market,—in other words to carry on banking operations, which is a separate business, in which no government ever did or ever can succeed. But in the second place, even if this difficulty could be obviated, no sacrifice on the part of government could keep the exchanges steady so long as the value of the piastre is uncertain and liable to fluctuations. The first step which the Turkish government should take is to ascertain the exact value of the piastre, that is, the exact quantity of silver which it contains when compared with the Spanish dollar which it purports to represent. This proportion having been ascertained, a proclamation should then be issued from the mint that in currency so many Turkish piastres for so many Spanish dollars should be a legal tender for payments between individuals, and be taken by government in all payments made to it.

Such has been the course adopted by Russia and Austria. The paper rouble of Russia is convertible by law into the silver rouble at a certain fixed rate, and the Austrian paper florin into the metallic florin in like manner.

The real value of the piastre, and consequently the real par of exchange, being thus fixed, the Porte, in order to keep the fluctuations of the exchanges within certain moderate limits, has only to keep its circulation at this value, and to abstain from any attempt at debasing the piastre. This it is imperatively called upon to do, both by the regard it owes to foreign commerce and the good faith it ought to observe with merchants, as well as by its own interests. If it adopts this course it will be quite unnecessary to revert to any other scheme for regulating the exchanges, which, as the whole history of commerce shows, will regulate themselves, and oscillate within fixed and moderate limits. If it does not accomplish this duty, every attempt to regulate the exchanges by other methods will be a complete failure, and can only cause great embarrassment to commerce, and end in utter disappointment.

The necessity of this reform has already been explained to the intelligent Redschid Pasha. To call in the circulating medium of Turkey and re-issue a new and pure coinage would, however, require a loan to the state, of perhaps five millions sterling,—a sum which the Turks are not likely to borrow from capitalists. A bank might be instituted with British capital, a portion of which might be lent to the Porte, upon condition of receiving the necessary privileges; and as such an institution might have a charter from the British crown, it would be a more secure depository of Turkish, Greek, or Armenian money, than any bank purely Turkish, as it would have the shield of British protection over its operations—a shield which in the instance of other institutions of the same character in foreign countries has been found most efficient in creating confidence. It is understood that Mr. N. Rothschild, in the year 1834, secretly visited the Sultan, by whom he was well received, for the purpose of proposing a loan to the Porte to put their circulating medium in order. He did not succeed, however, owing to the religious scruples of the Turks whose creed forbids the payment of interest upon loans. It may be doubted also if paper money, without which a bank could not live, would ever be received or understood by the Turks.

It appears, therefore, that until the monetary system of Turkey is reformed the recent commercial treaty by which all internal duties are abolished upon imported goods, and one fixed duty substituted in their place, will be inoperative.

## STUDIES OF UNDEVELOPED CHARACTERS IN SHAKSPEARE;

FROM SKETCHES AND SUGGESTIONS IN HIS PLAYS.

### No. VI. — *Measure for Measure.*

THE first of these characters with whom we propose to make acquaintance in the present play, is the "Sanctimonious Pirate." This very conscientious individual, as we are informed by Shakspeare, "went to sea with the ten commandments," painted, or carved, it would appear, upon good stout board; but after having had the ten fairly written, so as to establish the fact, he then scraped one of them out from the tables. By this ingenious device he most religiously went to sea with the sacred ordinances, wherein there was no command to be found tending to prohibit the exercise of his calling. But the philosophic and moral satire widens in the dialogue which ensues: —

"*Second Gent.* Thou shalt not steal?

"*Lucio.* Ay, that he razed.

"*First Gent.* Why, 't was a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; — they put forth to steal! There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well, that prays for peace."

ACT I. SC. II.

The sanctimonious pirate is, therefore, a class. It is a tolerably wide one, and includes all those individuals who assume an extra degree of outward observance in conventional virtues, the better to cover the one point of exception which they make in favour of their peculiar passions, interests, habitual prejudices, appetites, and tastes. He who prays for a forbidden thing, is very apt to consider himself an exemplary man, because he never swears oaths; and he who goes thrice to church or chapel on Sundays, often thinks the "tradings" of the other six days cannot be otherwise than full of truthfulness and virtue; while the greedy fellow, who covets every thing belonging to his neighbour, except his wife (to whom he happens to have a natural antipathy), is fully satisfied that the sanctimonious distance with which he always regards her, renders his whole state of feeling and sentiment towards his neighbour a most unexceptionable condition of moral, — nay more, of highly respectable existence.

We next come to the scene in which Elbow, Froth, Clown, and Officers, first make their appearance. A long scene occurs, which has no more to do with the movement, illustration, or elucidation of the plot of "*Measure for Measure*," than any discussion which may take place at any time before a London magistrate: it is, however, an amusingly ridiculous specimen, in itself, of that absolute inability to make an intelligible statement of the grievance, or defence of the innocence, which sometimes characterises the plaintiffs and defendants among the uneducated classes, while at the same time they are confident in the feeling that they are explaining and proving the whole truth with the most clear and conclusive breadth and precision. The impossible attempt which distinguishes the present instance, is that of the plaintiff and the defendant's witness, who would state their respective cases in the matter of certain alleged insults offered to Elbow's wife. Whether the case might have assumed a more definitive shape by the

appearance of Mrs. Elbow, we cannot determine ; but as the affair stands, nothing can be made of it.

" *Elbow.* My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour.

" *Escal.* How ! thy wife ?

" *Elb.* Ay, sir, whom I thank heaven is an honest woman.

" *Escal.* Dost thou detest her therefore ?

" *Elb.* I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

" *Escal.* How dost thou know that, constable ?

" *Elb.* Marry, sir, by my wife ; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

" *Escal.* By the woman's means ?

" *Elb.* Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means : but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

" *Clown.* Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

" *Elb.* Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it !

" *Escal.* [*To Angelo*]. Do you hear how he misplaces ?

" *Clown.* Sir, she came in, great with child, and longing (saving your honour's reverence) for stewed prunes. Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, *as it were*, in a fruit-dish—a dish of some three-pence : your honours have seen such dishes ; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

" *Escal.* Go to, go to : no matter for the dish, sir.

" *Clown.* No, indeed, sir, not of a pin ; *you are therein in the right* : but to the point :—as I say, this Mistress Elbow being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes, and having but two in the dish, as I said,—Master Froth, here, *this very man*, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly ; for, *as you know*, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again ?

" *Froth.* No, indeed.

" *Clown.* *Very well* : you being, then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the *aforesaid prunes*.

" *Froth.* Ay, so I did, indeed.

" *Clown.* Why, very well : I telling you, then, if you be remembered, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you ?

" *Froth.* All this is true.

" *Clown.* Why, *very well then* !

" *Escal.* Come, you are a tedious fool : to the purpose ;—what was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of ? Come me to what was done to her.

" *Clown.* Sir, your honour cannot come to this yet.

" *Escal.* No, sir, nor I mean not.

" *Clown.* Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave : and, I beseech you, look into Master Froth, here, sir ; a man of fourscore pound a year, — *whose father* died at Hollowmas : — *Was 't not at Hollowmas*, Master Froth ?

" *Froth.* All-holland eve.

" *Clown.* Why, very well : *I hope here be truths* ? He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir, — 't was in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit — have you not ?

" *Froth.* I have so, because it is an open room, and good for winter.

" *Clown.* Why, very well, then : *I hope here be truths* !

" *Angelo.* This will last out a night in Russia,

When nights are longest there : I'll take my leave,

And leave you to the hearing of the cause ;

Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

" *Escal.* I think no less : good morrow to your lordship.

[*Exit Angelo.*]

Now, sir, come on : what was done to Elbow's wife, once more ?

" *Clown.* Once, sir, there was nothing done to her once.

" *Elbow.* I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife ?"

ACT II. SC. I.

We never get any further in the progress of this arduous case, as to the statement of the charge, which is hopelessly entangled in the mass of irrelevant facts and deductions of Froth's witness. We undertake to say that nothing was done to Mrs. Elbow. She had merely been to the house of Mrs. Overdone, with a view to engage her official husband in a job, which should redound to his credit in the exercise of his function, if it did not ex-

toft money from Master Froth; and in all cases her own virtue and general value was to be exhibited. In the course of the trial, a touch of the pen introduces us, by a masterly *non-sequitur* of the loquacious witness, to the father of Master Froth (who died on All-holland eve) and to Mistress Overdone's nine husbands. She derived her present name from the last; but the respected Mr. Overdone has followed his loving predecessors, for she is stated to be a widow during the arduous investigation of the "nothing" that was perpetrated upon the immaculate Mrs. Constable Elbow.

Lord Angelo, persisting in his determination to have the full force of deadly law carried into execution upon Claudio, declares that he would not act otherwise had it been his brother, or his son. The brother never appears, however, and perhaps, as Angelo was a bachelor, the son was only coined by a figure of speech. Isabella also mentions her father and mother, the fact of whose existence transpires in a way which is very characteristic of our procreant bard. She exclaims, "Heaven shield, my mother played my father fair!" We hear no more about either of them. Shakspeare's opinion of the ladies of his time is far from complimentary to them, as we have before had occasion to remark. Mariana's brother Frederick is spoken of as an important personage, being designated as "Frederick, the great soldier." There is good cause, however, for his never presenting himself on the stage, as it would appear that, by this time, the gallant and unfortunate gentleman was (if any where), at the bottom of the sea.

"*Duke.* Her should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry."—Act III. Sc. II.

We learn from Mistress Overdone, who must be an excellent authority on the point, that Lucio has a son by one Mistress Kate Keep-down, whom he had promised to marry; and that the said young gentleman will be "a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob." We presume that the very sanctified and most catholic Mistress Overdone alludes to the saints, Philip and James, preferring with familiar latinity to understand the latter as Jacobus: whence it is clearly deducible that the son afore-mentioned was born between the first and second days of May, fifteen months since the date of this declaration.

There is a rich nest of these non-apparent folks in the following speech of the Clown, who has just been ushered into prison.

"*Clown.* I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine score and seventeen pounds, of which he made five marks ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then, is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile, the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then, have we here young Dizzy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey, the rapier and dagger man; and young Drop-heir, that killed lusty Pudding; and Master Forthright, the tilter; and brave Master Shoe-tie, the great traveller; and wild Half-can that stabb'd Potts; and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, — and are now for the Lord's sake!"

Act IV. Sc. III.

Every one of the foregoing batch is identified by a touch that renders his character apparent, either instantly, or by a moment's synthetical reflection. A simple process of imagination places their ruling features and qualities into the given or suggested condition of action, and forth step the

rogues in all their luckless vain glory. What shall we think of Master Rash, but that he was an equally humorous and unprincipled swindler? Go to! Master Rash: what! upwards of one hundred and eighty pounds of lawful Elizabeths, when money was worth so much more than at present, and all incurred for a precarious speculation on the necessary economy of antiquated stomachs in a variable cold climate! — fye, and go to Master Rash! avoid thee, most rumble-witted, belly-trading thief! Touching young Master Caper, we see at a glance that he was a most luxurious dog; and that Master Threepile must have been a weak foolish man, whose whole soul was in his trade (an expression generally used as a compliment in certain shop-keeping countries), or he would never have trusted such a soft-handed, glib-tongued, high-scented, dancing-off customer, as this same Caper, with *some* four suits, half a dozen or more, of peach-coloured satin, one after the other, and without ever seeing the colour of the money that was to pay for them. He gazed lovingly on the costly article through his black tortoise-shell glasses, while it lay enrolled in his dainty warehouse; he gazed upon it with critical acumen, when its several portions became “suits,” before he sent them forth; he gazed profoundly into his books, where the debt reposed in security. His whole soul was in his trade: wherefore he was a prey to the swindler; verily to the rich glossy man who purchaseth in profusion and patronage, but who payeth never. Of young Dizzy there seems little to say, except that he would have been an incurable idiot, but for the fiz-brained activity which prevented his standing still long enough. He had not the least idea he was spinning himself into this scrape, nor knew at whose especial suit he was imprisoned. Young Master Deep-vow, we have reason to believe, was a sentimental tallow-face, with a cast of the morbid hypocrite: he was an ever-injured piece of fancied sensibility, half-conscious of his want of sincerity. He made a good associate for the bold imbecility, and bare-faced manners and doings of the impudently worthless Master Copper-spur, and they were attached to each other, in a sort, from the pleasure of a contrast, by which each fancied himself set off to advantage. Master Starve-lackey, the rapier and dagger man; the scedy swell about town; half fencing-master, half bully; the fomenter and elbow-nudger of duels, and the interpreter and go-between, either to show off a fool’s superfluous valour, or to screen (for a consideration) the cowardice of those fools who burn to have the credit of superfluous valour, is a class of character very well known, and “as fresh as the day.” You shall see such a fellow any time, at all the disreputable places of fashion and resort. Of young Drop-heir, we are verily at liberty to entertain what populous conceits shall pleasure us, and to imagine him ambling through a lane of stentorian brats, to whose sweet quire for provender he turneth an indurated deaf ear (since they were not heirs at law), till his onward eye encountereth the fierce glance of lusty Pudding, the uncle of one of the deceived maternal maidens; whereof came the lunges of rapiers, and the subsequent death of the sore-wounded Pudding. The reason of honest Master Forthright, the tilter, finding himself in prison, was that he had won so many matches by his prowess, he could not conceive there was the least necessity for him to consider any further about the dull material of sober existence: in short, he mistook a part for the whole, as we but too often see done; and in the poetry or bright spots of his existence, was merged all other considerations of providing for the levelling and everlasting monotony of eating and drinking. For brave Master Shoe-tie, the great traveller, and inexhaustible middle-aged pedestrian; he, whom the sun in all his gradations of ascent and decline, hath so often gazed upon when he was empha-

tically a man of "dust" — *rejoicing* in his dust, we had more worthily said, —for him we feel the same commiseration as for the preceding unfortunate. His mind had been led astray by just the same error. He had seen so many romantic spots, that he at last fancied he could live by the recollection. For, in sooth, the habituated admeasurement of pleasant lands with the feet, had gradually given him the sense of a certain sort of possession at the time,—and was all this "to go" for nothing? When his landlady came with a high voice to demand payment for the one, small, dingy, back parlour in which he sojourned, he actually laughed in her face. He became incredulous; thence perplexed; thence confounded; thence boastful of his miles and eye-sight; thence hurt in his feelings; thence contumacious and indignant. Wherefore was the brave Master Shoe-tie, in full strength of leg, though he had become somewhat thin of late, and sprinkled with a fresh fall of grey in his hair, sent to the flag-paved prison; therein, bereft of all transition of light and shade over highways wide and pastures of green tone, to tie and untie his dust-embrowned and sun-baked shoe, and meditate on the rich valleys and long clear uplands, through which, "in glory and in pride," his forked prowess wended in the better days he had known.

As to wild Half-can and Potts, whom the besotted young animal stabbed (and there would have been no loss to society if he had been hanged for killing him), we are not disposed to offer any remark upon them, nor upon the "forty more" who are all in "for the Lord's sake." In like manner we shall pass over the pirate Ragozine, whose head was cut off in prison, and being then shaved, was substituted for the condemned head of Claudio. Flavius, a favoured noble of the duke's court, together with the other lords, Valentinus, Rowland, and Crassus, are also merely nominal characters. Those deserving of mention in our list are the following :—

The Sanctimonious Pirate.  
Elbow's Wife.  
Mariana's Brother Frederick.  
Kate Keep-down, and Son.  
Master Rash.  
Master Capcr.  
Master Three-pile.

Young Dizzy.  
Young Master Deep-vow.  
Master Copper-spur.  
Master Starve-lackey.  
Young Drop-heir.  
Master Forthright.  
Master Shoe-tie, &c.

## HINTS TO COMMENTATORS.

THERE are few things more amusing to a quiet observer of the various bootless contentions of the world, than to see two men quarrelling over the truth. Where there is error on one side, and correct reasoning on the other, we must suffer many painful emotions during the discussion, especially if it terminate in something more corporeal than philosophic blows. In the latter case, he who has the sound argument not unfrequently gains his conclusion accompanied by a sound "settlement" of the grosser kind, because those who persist to the last in a vulgar error are generally men of strong animal will, and have become used to these "illustrations" of their cause, from an old habit of being always wrong. Where there is no enduring reason on either side, and *both* the disputants are wrong, we can only recommend their heads to be set *ram-wise* to a brick wall, with earnest



exhortation that they should remain there in full enjoyment of their "damnable iteration." But where two men enter into violent altercation about a question in which they are both right, without knowing it, few things can be more ridiculous to the understanding, or more ludicrous to the titillant humours.

Shall we give an example of this? The following story was told by a Dervis in the market-place of Adrianople.

"A young man who had passed all his life in business, being suddenly left a considerable property, retired from all his occupations, and went to live with an uncle some leagues distant from the city. His uncle had a niece of considerable personal attractions; but, the young man being of a phlegmatic temperament, it was several years before he became sensible of her merits. At the end of this period he became desirous of possessing her, and proposed to her father to marry her; when, the girl being equally anxious, a day was fixed for their union.

"It so happened, about this time, that a youth living hard by who had been blind from six years of age, and about whom many hundred pieces of gold had been expended, in consulting all the great physicians of Turkey and Persia, (from each of whom a different account of the causes of the blindness was obtained, till his parents were quite tired of paying for theories,) gradually recovered his sight by an effort of nature. He was in company with the young girl only a few days, and was so struck with the beauty of her person that he fell desperately in love with her. She had scarcely bestowed a second look upon him during this time, and *before* the appointed morn she was married to the other; for, though quite indifferent to him the first two years of their intimacy, she could not now bear the delay of as many days.

"The youth was so miserable at thus losing the object of his affections, that, after wandering about several days, he went into a wood, intending to put an end to his life. He took off his sash, and stood dejectedly trailing it about on the ground. At this moment, the young widow of an ancient bashaw, to whom the wood belonged, chanced to pass that way; and, seeing him thus standing like one on the brink of the grave, inquired into the cause of his misfortune. He told her his brief story. After some conversation, and the kindest advice, she dissuaded him from his intention of destroying himself. These conversations were renewed next day, and the day after also. They continued thus; the youth gradually discovering more in her to love at every fresh meeting, although she had none of the personal attractions of the woman who had been the first object of his attachment, and eventually he married her. They were happy, and continued so.

"The other woman, whose impatience could not brook the delay of a few days in an event that was to influence her whole life, had not been married six moons ere she became suddenly and deeply enamoured of an officer of the imperial guard. He was of a fine person, and had a high and commanding air. To her passion for this man she made no scruple of sacrificing herself and her husband at the first opportunity, and would have sacrificed all the world, had it been placed in the scale.

"The officer, however, regarding the whole affair as a mere commonplace intrigue, and a part of the meed of admiration which he considered due at all times to his handsome person, departed shortly after, without even bidding her farewell. Finding he was gone, and for ever, she poisoned herself.

"Her husband, being informed of the occurrence as he was taking his

siesta, in an alcove at the bottom of the garden, would not come till he had finished his nap."

The Dervis remained silent; and his audience, finding he had concluded the story, began to express their opinions on the subject. There was great diversity among these; the prevailing tone, however, was that of disapprobation. "The Dervis," they said, "having promised to relate true stories to them; whereas, this one *must be false*, because the circumstances were *unnatural*."

Now there chanced to be present two learned men from Bassora, who considering that there was a want of proper respect and deference towards them, in the freedom with which these opinions were expressed in their hearing, immediately took the opposite side of the question. At the sound of their voices everybody became utterly silent.

"Good folks," said one of them, "ye are all talking at random; and this must ever be the case where people will speak upon subjects that they do not comprehend. The story is natural enough, though you cannot understand it, because it is not to be found in every highway."

"Natural!" echoed the other, "to be sure it is; I remember half-a-dozen such!"

"When men's passions," proceeded the first, "have lain dormant a long while, they frequently break forth with yet greater strength, gathered from repose. This was the case with the young merchant, whose life having been passed in the constant hurry of mercantile employments, his feelings had no time to find vent, until the sequestration in his uncle's house gradually threw him upon his nature, and passion became the necessary result."

"The *necessary* result, certainly!" exclaimed the other; "and the same rule may be applied to the youth that was blind so many years, who very naturally fell in love with the first woman he saw. But, as the optic nerves could not at once arrive at any correct action after so long an inactivity, it was equally natural for him to get rid of the first impression — a circumscribed or imperfect one, no doubt — and fall in love a second time."

"Justly so," said the first; "I was about to say all this. He might have fallen in love as quickly a third or fourth time, upon the same principle."

"And again," interrupted the other, speaking rapidly, "the same rule will also account for the girl who had lived so long in retirement suddenly falling in love with the officer of the guard. The story is as natural as can be."

"No, it will *not* account for this; because she was very slow in falling in love the first time — that is, with the young merchant; whereas nothing could be more instantaneous than the commencement of her passion the second time. The same rule will *not* account for this."

"Oh! that difference in the second time might be occasioned by constitutional temperament at the moment, or —"

"*Might* be occasioned! ay, but *was* it?"

"You show a small wisdom in requiring me to speak positively to a thing I neither witnessed nor have read proof of: would you have me swear to an abstract theory?"

"Certainly, provided it were a true one: but he who cannot analyse justly and distinguish justly must mutilate and confound; he who confounds can have no clear ideas of the parts of his subject; and not to understand well the parts of a subject argues an incompetency to cope with the whole; and he who cannot cope with the whole of a thing is not

capable of mastering the given question, and can therefore form no abstract theories upon it."

"And what has this — what has this, I say — supposing the alleged incompetency applied to either of *us* — what has this to do with the *swearing* to an abstract theory?"

"Why, simply, that he who cannot form one cannot swear to it."

"But are you then so unenlightened as not to know that many of our theories are involuntary, and that men are commonly more positive in these than in any others?"

"Yes, ordinary men; but, with philosophers, reasoning supposes volition. As, however, you have chosen to class yourself with the former — and the admission, no doubt, was involuntary — I must beg you will not interrupt me again in my expositions and demonstration to these good people, who are all waiting impatiently till you shall suffer me to proceed unmolested — and unechoed."

"To confound you at once, then," exclaimed the other, "know that the discovery of our most positive theories being involuntary is not mine, but I got it from the writings of the great Mirza Basha 'Taleb, with whose profound volumes you can have no acquaintance, or you would not have committed yourself to such an extent. Again, does not the learned Ibrahim say" — here he quoted a passage of considerable length — "and does not Ferdousi say" — here he quoted another — "and is it not written in the sublime books of Shemzeddin Mahomed" — here he began to lose his breath — "all, all of which proves you a fool!"

But his opponent was not to be silenced in this way; and he immediately fell to quoting author after author, in such a manner, and with such applications, that it was well for him none of them were alive to hear him.

The other, being now put upon his mettle, set to work in a style that made all the bystanders quake with admiration. He recited passages from all the Turkish, Persian, and Arabian authors, and quoted the names of more books than his antagonist had ever thought of, even in a dream; and concluded his peroration by calling him "a dog."

"And you are a dog, too!" vociferated the first; "and your father and mother were *both* dogs! and when you die your works will go back to the moon, and nothing will be remembered of you on earth but the ears and tail!"

"And when *you* die," retorted the other, with cold bitterness, and looking like a spiteful goul, — "when *you* die, the moths and grubs will come to your grave, and whisper, 'Baibourdi! — Baibourdi! we've finished all your books!'"

The learned critics having thus introduced each other to posterity, we are not bold to say whether they could have proceeded to any further extremities, when the Dervis, advancing slowly between them, addressed them, with an air of great modesty, to the following effect: —

"That an unpretending individual like myself should have been even the indirect cause of a violent dissension between the two greatest sages of the time is a thing to be surprised and grieved at beyond measure; yet, if you will permit me a few words, I think I can set the matter at rest, and chiefly, inasmuch as I hope to show that you are disputing about that in which, fundamentally, you both agree. I believe, also, it may not be impossible to convince some of my host of disapproving listeners, who stand round, that they have not seen the story in a proper light."

The crowd expressed readiness to hear the Dervis, and promised not to interrupt him while speaking, or abuse him when he had finished.

“The youth who had been blind and fell in love so suddenly, in the first instance,” pursued the Dervis, “did so from a quick sensibility which had remained hitherto unexercised, except to a limited extent, and also from a sense of beauty in his mind, which he transferred to the first beautiful object that met his sight, not having had experience to know that the beauty of external form or outline is by no means necessarily associated with a corresponding beauty within, (the contrary being far more common,) while his brief communion with the woman did not enable him to discover her deficiency by other means. The optic nerve and *anatomy* of the eye has nothing to do with the question, as I should think. The organs of passion are not the elementary principles. But to take it upon your own grounds: the senses may convey to the mind a wrong translation or impression of the outward object, yet the passion resulting from it may be as positive as if it were a true one. This, however, in the present instance, being evanescent, from having only struck upon a disproportionate part of the youth’s feelings, was, of course, superseded when he became tangibly aware of what *his nature most affected*; and the reason his love for the young widow *continued* was because he found in her a sensibility and sentiment which the other woman did not possess; and, even if she *had* possessed it, he had not discovered or felt it. The latter woman married the young merchant, after two or three years’ continual intercourse, in the absence of another more fitting object, and also from a degree of desperation at this circumstance, aided by an ardent temperament, when once she had resolved upon taking the step. Nature will generally give way to habit, but it will almost always assert its primitive feelings upon great occasions: hence, she fell in love with the officer the moment she saw him; for her strongest bias of nature was towards such a man: hence, the results. Her husband’s conduct all through the story shows that he was of a cold phlegmatic disposition, with scarce any passions at all. I pray you then, gentlemen, to cease this violent altercation; for you were both right in stating at the outset that the story was consistent with nature. Retain this simple fact, and strike off all your *commentaries*. There really need be no dispute on either side: the thing is as plain as the first three letters of the alphabet.”

At this speech, which was delivered in the most inoffensive and conciliatory tone, the two sages looked furiously at each other, then with one accord made at the Dervis, intending to beat him severely; but the Dervis had a steady eye, and easily evaded them, so that their foreheads came violently in contact, and they both fell to the ground.

“I shouldn’t at all wonder,” said an old water carrier, who had witnessed the whole affair very attentively, “but that there are thousands of learned men who can pour forth abundance of arguments, when they are in the wrong, for one man who can give a single good reason when he is in the right.”

## PAST STRUGGLES.

“ Being humane, 'tis reason'd will, alone,  
That makes man great, with high security.”

*Cosmo de' Medici.*

At eventide of life,  
Man stands, without more strife,  
Upon the clear, cold upland, gazing round ;  
His melancholy soul  
Hath miss'd its loftiest goal,  
And can no longer tow'rds the future bound :  
His fancy's bark with fire-winged sails  
Is wracked ; but, stranded high, fears not the brawling gales.

No glory can illumine  
The depths of evil doom,  
Because the heart joy's light reflects no more ;  
In vain the Pleiadēs  
Should glitter o'er the seas,  
If they were black and stagnant as death's shore :  
Gorgeous the clouds may sail through heaven ;  
Yet what imports the scene to those by tempest riven ?

Into the womby hall,  
Where folding shadows pall  
The buried hopes whose wings were burnt to dust,  
We gaze, and see tall urns  
Stand, like decaying ferns,  
When breathless midnight breeds on fear, distrust ;  
While, in a soul-bewilder'd maze,  
Old memory wanders round the tombs of other days.

There ! there ! the mighty dreams  
Which moulded solar beams,  
And then ascended — but ~~to~~ melt in dew ! —  
There ! there ! lost passion sees  
Ardours and agonies,  
Bereft of all that once was more than true ;  
And, tow'rd annihilation's maw,  
Deems that the iron-lipp'd fate, all acts shall drive and draw !

Through sad and solemn vale,  
Hallow'd by moonlight pale,  
Or gloomy lane, chequer'd with moveless shades  
Of tall black trunks and boughs,  
Through which some hoar cloud flows,  
Spreading across the dim and silent glades;  
The spirit of the ruin'd heart  
Wanders in vain — it ne'er can from itself depart.

Its home is not within,  
Nor in the coarse crowd's din;  
Nor midst the splendour of the festive halls:  
Its home was in its hope;  
But dreams have had their scope,  
And into life's blank field the eagle falls!  
Yet not from this let weakness crave  
To rule the soul of him whose trust burns through the grave.

Oh! once I trod the fields  
Like one to whom time yields,  
And felt immortal as the morning star!  
Still, though my heart be torn,  
The spirit ne'er undone,  
Shall wrestle on, despising every scar.  
The limbs and veins must waste away,  
But man shall never quell fate's lionour'd enemy.

Then loose, ye dryads fair,  
Your rich and beaming hair;  
Toss high your arms, the glittering timbrel whirling!  
Come forth, ye wood-gods old,  
Let destiny be told,  
Her evil yarn is vain as vapour curling:  
Blow deep the full-ton'd thick-set reeds,  
And wake the silk-hair'd fawns, to dance upon the meads.

I would not that the song  
Of revelry held long,  
Deriding echo on the breezes soaring:  
My grief-refinèd brain  
Would rather court the strain  
Of Lydian flutes, their sweet-breath'd measures pouring:  
For though resolve withstand the ill,  
The shout of mirth afflicts — the nerves are human still.

## THE BOOKS OF THE SEASON.

"It appears," says Mr. Beale, in his "Natural History of the Fishery of the Sperm Whale," "it appears from all the observations I have been enabled to make, that when this whale is inclined to feed, he descends a certain depth below the surface of the ocean, and there remains in as quiet a state as possible, opening his narrow elongated mouth until the lower jaw hangs down perpendicularly or at right angles with the body. The roof of his mouth, the tongue, and especially the teeth, being of a bright glistening white colour, must of course present a remarkable appearance, which seems to be the incitement by which his prey are attracted, *and when a sufficient number, I am strongly led to suppose, are within the mouth, he rapidly closes his jaws, and swallows the contents.*"

Now we are at this moment very much in the situation of this ratiocinative but most gluttonous sperm whale. Whether we present a remarkable appearance we will not pretend to determine, but certain it is, that during the last few months, with "premeditation dire," we have descended below the surface of the great book current, and remaining there in as quiet a state as possible, have suffered the lower jaw to hang at right angles, until such a shoal of volumes has rushed in, that, believing the mouth to be full almost to choking, we are about, in the manner of the oily leviathan, to swallow the contents.

But it must not be supposed that we intend to give a detailed account of this promiscuous fry; such an elaborate undertaking would be neither profitable nor entertaining. A sort of panoramic view of this critical passage of the Books of the Season, will be as much as the reader is likely to desire, or, in this age of activity, can be expected to have leisure enough to enjoy. If our notices are short, however, they shall be to the purpose, expressing the spirit of our current literature with brevity and truth, and reducing into a succinct form the final impressions left by a careful examination of each work. We believe, after all, that this kind of criticism, as applied at least to the bulk of the productions of the day, is more useful in its results than that minute and exhausting process which, in such instances, exhibits a wasteful expenditure of time and power, the consequence of haste rather than deliberation.

Dividing the publications before us into such general departments as may assist us to a simple arrangement for classification and reference, we will begin with the works that come under the denomination of FICTION.

This department is, as usual, crowded. The appearance of Miss Martineau as a novelist is perhaps the most remarkable incident it presents. In her "Illustrations of Political Economy," Miss Martineau exhibited so much facility in depicting natural characters and domestic traits, that her success in a more extended field of social interest might have been reasonably anticipated; nor does the novel of "Deerbrook"<sup>1</sup> disappoint the prediction of her early labours. It is marked by the same quiet truth and homely pathos, is full of little touches of practical sagacity and every-day experience, and develops with singular felicity that inward life and struggle of the affections, which it is the especial province of women to note and illustrate. Its scene is a country town, the principal actors belong to the

<sup>1</sup> *Deerbrook: a Novel.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU. Three Vols. London: Edward Moxon, 1839.

middle class, and the plot is a household trouble, perplexed by village gossip, tattling rivalry, and vulgar jealousies. The medical practitioner of Deerbrook is captivated by a beauty, who, like most beauties, is not very intellectual, and when he has committed himself to a proposal, discovers that he is really in love with her sister, who is a being of a higher order. It is too late however to retract, and so he marries with the consciousness of loving his sister-in-law, who, by the adversity of circumstances, becomes a member of his family. From such a state of things, the worst results are to be anticipated, but fortunately the lady is ignorant of his attachment, and she is too purely-minded to suspect it. Country towns, however, are proverbially scandalous, and rumours get abroad, which gradually alienate from the lady her real lover to whom she is betrothed, and in the long run the physician loses his practice. Matters are now reduced to an extremity, when an epidemic breaks out, which opens a fortunate opportunity to the medical man to regain his professional reputation. The lover, still anxious about his mistress, returns, explanations are given at both sides, and the *imbroglio* is ultimately cleared up to the satisfaction of all parties. The morality of the issue is doubtful; the reader naturally asks, could such circumstances have taken place in real life? Could the sister-in-law have continued to the end in ignorance of the reprehensible attachment of her sister's husband? Her purity is not a sufficient solution of this strange problem. Her woman's wit, her woman's penetration, must have detected a sentiment which the art of the other sex is so rarely capable of concealing. But however this may be, there is a triumph of virtue in the sequel, that offers some compensation for the improbability of the events through which it is produced. The details of this story are painted with the utmost fidelity and delicacy; the passions of the scene are delineated with a softness of colouring, deficient, perhaps, in strength and boldness, but very truthful; the characters, especially that of the sister, which is profoundly beautiful, are drawn with great distinctness and refined feeling, and the general effect is that of a history of emotions, related with all the sensibility and close judgment of a woman: Had the narrative been written by a man, the agony of the trial would have been more fierce, and the catastrophe more impressive.

Under the appropriate title of "*Trials of the Heart*," Mrs. Bray has published a series of tales, the main design of which is to exhibit, under various circumstances, some of those conflicts and troubles to which the affections are exposed in the agitated passages of life. The task was a responsible one, but Mrs. Bray has executed it with considerable ability. Her little stories have such an air of truth, that they may be almost accepted as transcripts from real life, — as brief chronicles of actual occurrences, rather than creations of imitative fiction. The charm of such vignette tales consists in the miniature beauty of their details, the fineness and accuracy of the filling up, and the success with which comprehensive images of nature are dwarfed into their circumscribed limits. They must combine the vivid graces of enamel painting with the power of historical portraiture; and, as far as the moral scope of their purpose extends, they must be as complete as if they were wrought upon a more expanded surface. Mrs. Bray's stories fulfil these conditions; there is nothing wanted to render each narrative perfect in its kind. They are highly suggestive, natural, and pathetic, and their domestic interest is heightened all throughout by a wise spirit of Christian philanthropy.

Mr. James has given two novels to the libraries during the period over

\* *Trials of the Heart.* By MRS. BRAY. Three Vols. London: Longman & Co. 1839.  
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which our retrospect extends — “Charles Tyrell<sup>3</sup>,” and “The Gentleman of the Old School.”<sup>4</sup> These works are precisely of the same stamp: the same set of family features are transmitted through both — English scenery, English characters, rustic lovers, manor houses, murders, duels, false accusations, trial by jury, the vindication of the innocent, and the restitution to heroes and heroines of their rightful possessions in lands and hearts. It is not a little curious that the stories should so closely resemble each other, and that the paramount interest of each should turn upon a murder (committed, however, under different circumstances), and that the suspense in each should be created by the doubtful issue of the trial. The most striking parts of both are those in which our native customs and provincial character are delineated — for example, the rural groups and cottages of the peasantry, and the portrait especially of Sir Andrew Stalbrooke, who, although he is a little overlaid with moral sentiment, is a fair specimen of the courteous and humane gentleman of the last century. The great faults of both are the rapid and somewhat confusing accumulation of incidents, and the occasional negligence of style. The fertility of Mr. James’s labours may, probably, account for these defects.

“Births, Deaths, and Marriages<sup>5</sup>,” by Mr. Theodore Hook, belongs to that class of satirical and humorous novels in which personal eccentricities and vulgar peculiarities form the staple material. In this novel we miss that power of generalization by which, in former fiction, Mr. Hook discovered so happy a talent for painting the salient characteristics of the different classes of society; and we have in lieu of it a motley picture of individual nature, one moiety of which is recommended by its ludicrous extravagance, while the other revolts us by its improbability and superfluous coarseness. The *parvenu* of the story is drawn to the life; the eternal fidget, the low and uneasy ambition, and the starched affectation of the official are touched with an illuminating pencil, that shows us the recesses of that order of meanness in their remotest depths. Of equal excellence is the portrait of the blunt city merchant, coiled up in his own notions of comfort and independence, and intensely despising the arts and surface refinements of fashionable life. But when we pass from this part of the story to the subsequent fortunes of a young lady who is married to a *roué*, the narrative sinks into a series of stage horrors only fit for the galleries. A modern Blue Beard steps in and turns the humour into frightful convulsions — just as a roll of thunder may turn some cask of fine rich old ale sour all of a sudden.

The popularity of the Irish novel has latterly been rapidly declining; or, perhaps, it would be more accurate to say that very few specimens worthy of popularity have latterly appeared. As it has happened in other forms of fiction, the successful novels of Lady Morgan, Miss Edgeworth, and Mr. Banim generated so many indifferent imitations, that the public began to grow a little wearied of second-hand humour and monotonous Hibernicisms. From this general verdict, however, the admirable story of “The Collegians,” by Mr. Griffin — a work of the highest merit, — the graphic “Tales of the Peasantry,” by Mr. Carleton, and the characteristic novel of “Rory O’More,” by Mr. Lover, must be specially excepted. A new national

<sup>3</sup> *Charles Tyrell; or, the Bitter Blood.* By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. London: Richard Bentley, 1839.

<sup>4</sup> *The Gentleman of the Old School. A Tale.* By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. Three Vols. London: Longman & Co. 1839.

<sup>5</sup> *Births, Deaths, and Marriages.* By the Author of “Sayings and Doings.” Three Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1839.

fiction<sup>6</sup>, by a member of the Irish bar, has just been published; but we apprehend it is not sufficiently skilful in design or treatment to restore the original charm of the class to which it belongs. "The Manor of Glenmore" is a picture of the political rather than the social condition of the Irish peasantry: it unfolds to us the influence and effects of agitation on the masses; gives us glimpses of the meetings and discussions of the lower orders, of the terrible atrocities of the Rockites, the heartless cruelties of the middlemen, the wild justice of the ejected tenantry, and the internal combinations of the people in their great movement for civil and religious freedom. The time of the story is immediately before the Emancipation Act, and one of the scenes described is the Clare election; a proceeding to be lamented on personal grounds, but which must, unquestionably, be regarded as having been decisive of the Catholic question. The sentiment of the work is thoroughly Irish; but the interest is so completely and almost exclusively political, that it is hardly likely to acquire a very extended popularity. Nor has the author been quite successful in his sketches of Irish character; which are neither very striking nor very well sustained. There are some vivid passages and *tableaux*—such as the retreat of the Outlaw and the Idiot Girl, the gatherings in the chapels, and the dispossession of the tenants on Viscount Littleheart's estate. But, considered artistically, the "Manor of Glenmore" is an unequal and ineffective performance.

Mr. J. P. Robertson, the senior author of the publication on "Paraguay," which we reviewed some months ago, has ventured into a new path of authorship in a novel of real life, called "Solomon Seesaw."<sup>7</sup> The characters in this novel constitute its principal merit; they are apparently drawn from personal observation, and some of them will be readily recognised by the reader. The vigorous, dramatic spirit of the dialogues—the irregularity of the frame-work in which the broad incidents are set—the frequent interruption of episodes—and the grotesque, exaggerated, but world-wise ridicule of the follies, quackeries, and eccentricities of society, which prevails throughout the whole, will occasionally suggest a recollection of such works as "Gil Blas," and "Chrysal." But the resemblance is merely incidental, for the humour of Solomon Seesaw's "ups and downs" is perfectly original; the channels through which it runs are not so deep; it plays more upon the surface, and satirises habits and externals rather than fallacies of opinion and conduct. The work is clever and amusing, although it must be admitted that the drollery too frequently verges on the extravagance of farce.

Mrs Gore's novels of manners, are amongst the most agreeable and faithful pictures of English society we possess. They are not surpassed by any works of a similar kind with which we are acquainted, and they are equalled by few. But she sometimes commits herself to an infelicitous plot, and runs into inexcusable excesses in the attempt to endow improbable materials with human interest. So long as she confines herself to in-door experiences she is eminently successful: her dowagers and flirts are portraits,—her simpering beaux and fashionable loungers, her drawling peers and vulgar commoners, are counterparts of people we meet in society every day; but when she meddles with politics, explores cabinet councils and parliamentary intrigues, and spreads her canvas for elections, party dinners, and public debates, she falls into common-place generalities and

<sup>6</sup> *The Manor of Glenmore; or, the Irish Peasant.* By a Member of the Irish Bar. Three Vols. London: Edward Bull. 1839.

<sup>7</sup> *Solomon Seesaw.* By J. P. ROBERTSON, Senior Author of "Letters on Paraguay." With Illustrations by PHIZ. Three Vols. London: Saunders & Otley. 1839.

preposterous errors. Her "Cabinet Minister"<sup>8</sup> is of this latter class. The plot is in the last degree unlikely, the figures are overdrawn, and the events, instead of flowing naturally out of each other, are from time to time jerked forward by the clumsiest expedients. Perhaps these faults would not be quite so palpable, if Mrs. Gore had not adopted the startling device of introducing Sheridan as an actor amongst her fictitious personages. Such a device could be palliated only by the most exquisite wit and delicacy in the portraiture; and here, unfortunately, Mrs. Gore signally fails. Her Sheridan is a mere punster and humourist, and as flat as champaign with the cork drawn. The political part of the work is vapid and absurd, and the only redeeming points are certain groups and individuals, in which we detect the hand of power to which we are already indebted for so many able and *vraisemblable* fictions.

"The Romance of the Harem"<sup>9</sup>, by Miss Pardoe, has the burning complexion of the East on every page. It is a slight thread of narrative—the plot of a Greek girl to possess herself of the first place in the harem of a Turkish pacha—upon which several Oriental fictions, derived from the countries whose habits they illustrate, are strung. The passionate character of these stories, the richness of the style, and the poetical fervour of the descriptions with which they abound, leave no doubt as to their origin; and Miss Pardoe is entitled to high praise for the skill which she exhibits in preserving their identity unbroken throughout.

Mr. Miller, whose pleasant rustic books are always welcome, abandoning for a season his quiet woods and pastures, has taken an excursion into the remote regions of historical romance. His "Fair Rosamond"<sup>10</sup> is a good specimen of the kind of excellence that can be attained by perseverance in the chase of materials. He throws a new element into the old story, marries the beautiful victim to the king, and so contrives to excite an unexpected interest in a love plot with which the whole world of readers is familiar. His treatment of the subject is marked by great care and diligence; he gives us a picture of costume at once accurate and full, and brings the court before us, if not with royal elegance, at least with royal pomp. The characters stand out well on this rich tapestry of a chivalric age, and no further liberties are taken with historical truth than may be held justifiable in works of this nature.

This is, perhaps, the appropriate place to mention William Howitt's charming little volume of the "Life and Experiences of a Country Boy"<sup>11</sup>, one of the most fascinating fictions for young or old, but especially for the former, that has ever graced our literature. In this miniature book, crowded with gems of wood-cuts, we have in the shape of an auto-biography the entire mystery of rural life laid open—the first impressions of a country boy—his happy amusements and occupations in the meadows and tangled orchards, in tracking the streams, bird-nesting, nutting, and gardening. All the resources of the country in all the seasons are drawn in: ingenious philosophical recreations, puzzles and fire-side pranks for the winter, endless out-of-door delights for the summer, the bursting of flowers and the dawn of botanical wonders in the spring, and the bounteous harvest and

<sup>8</sup> *The Cabinet Minister*. By MRS. GORE, Author of "Mothers and Daughters." Three Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1839.

<sup>9</sup> *The Romance of the Harem*. By MISS PARDOE, Author of "The City of the Sultan." Three Vols. London: Henry Colburn. 1839.

<sup>10</sup> *Fair Rosamond; or, the Days of King Henry the Second*. An Historical Romance. By THOMAS MILLER, Author of "Royston Gower." Three Vols. London: Henry Colburn. 1839.

<sup>11</sup> *The Boy's Country Book; being the Real Life of a Country Boy, written by himself: exhibiting all the Amusements, Pleasures, and Pursuits of Children in the Country*. Edited by WILLIAM HOWITT. London: Longman & Co. 1839.

clustering fruits in the autumn. No other writer of our time could have described these scenes with so much zest, with such picturesque eloquence, such touching simplicity and poetical beauty as William Howitt. The book is all throughout a piece of enchantment. It has all the bounding freshness and eager hopefulness of youth, combined with practical knowledge and an enduring spirit of love. Of more value as an instructor of the affections and the understanding than a hundred school books, we recommend it to the youth of England in preference to any publication addressed to similar objects in the language. We hope it may find its way into every house and cottage in the country.

Dr. Millingen's "*Stories of Torres Vedras*"<sup>12</sup> are scarcely entitled to be placed under the head of fiction, although they are not sufficiently veritable to come under a more authentic category. They relate to the Peninsular war, and belong to that numerous class of military tales which sprang from the events of the most picturesque campaigns in which our soldiers have, probably, ever been engaged. The stories abound with the usual adventures, anecdotes, hair-breadth escapes, mess-room dialogues, convent intrigues, and awkward mishaps, which have already afforded so much amusement to the lovers of fife-and-drum traditions. We have our gallant regiments "stepping in music,"<sup>13</sup> or hushed in the camp — picquets and guard-room roystering — nuns — monks — commissariat troubles, — personal sketches, and all the rest of the animated scenes, related as flippantly as your genuine officer, who does not like any very serious demands to be made on his attention, could reasonably desire. Dr. Millingen's humour, however, is somewhat shallow and artificial. He cannot tell a comic story with the requisite gusto; and he mixes up fact and fiction so incongruously that it is quite impossible to discriminate between them. To our taste these things are unutterably dull and flimsy; but perhaps the military contemporaries of the author may find some sources of entertainment in them which mere civilians cannot discover.

If it were not for the title of Lieutenant Johns's *African and European Sketches*<sup>13</sup>, we should be tempted to rank them in the list of travels. They present, in a series of stories, a succession of pictures of African life, and of those links of human interest that connect the two continents, which, externally dissimilar, possess points of affinity that are revealed to the close observer of customs and national character. The attraction of Lieutenant Johns's work consists chiefly in the breadth and energy of his style, and the basis of truth upon which he builds up his vivid descriptions. His illustrations of the iniquities of the slave trade are powerful and instructive; and his incidental delineations of remote races, hitherto but little known, are not less valuable than exciting.

The remaining works of fiction in our catalogue may be briefly dismissed, as none of them require any special observations. "*Love's Exchange*,"<sup>14</sup> founded on the threadbare incident of changing children at nurse, is half romance and half novel, tolerably well written in the literary sense, but deficient in probability and knowledge of human nature. "*The Prince and the Pedlar*"<sup>15</sup> may be described as a genuine romance, wanting originality in the characters and incidents, but so ingeniously involved, and so

<sup>12</sup> *Stories of Torres Vedras.* By the Author of "*Adventures of an Irish Gentleman.*" Three Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1839.

<sup>13</sup> *Legend and Romance, African and European.* By RICHARD JOHNS, Lieut. Royal Marines. Three Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1839.

<sup>14</sup> *Love's Exchange. A Tale.* By CHARLES JOHN BOYLE. Three Vols. London: Longman & Co. 1839.

<sup>15</sup> *The Prince and the Pedlar; or the Siege of Bristol.* By the Author of "*The Heiress*," &c. Three Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1839.

skilfully conducted to the close, as to fascinate attention in the perusal. Like all other works, however, in which the interest turns upon the rapidity of the details, rather than upon the higher elements of fiction, it is no sooner read than forgotten. "Argentine"<sup>16</sup> is a little story of sensibility, with a great many sorrows and villanies, pressed into a narrow space. "The Husband Hunter"<sup>17</sup> belongs to the class of imitations of the Irish novel, written no doubt by a native, but one who does not seem to have been born to the *manner* of his country. "The Banished"<sup>18</sup>, a free translation of a German historical romance, by M. Hauff, who explicitly declares himself to be a follower in the footsteps of Scott; it is highly characteristic of Swabian habits, and gives us a very striking portraiture of an antique age and an obscure people. "The Highland Inn"<sup>19</sup>, an odd composite of sketches, tales, and anecdotes, sprinkled with travelling reminiscences and national traits, thrown off in a spanking hand-gallop. "Nan Darrell"<sup>20</sup>, an unconscious resuscitation of the Waverley style, sprightly and clever, but lacking force and original invention. "The Fergusons"<sup>21</sup>, a birth of the goddess of Leadenhall Street. "Henry Acton"<sup>22</sup>, a collection of tales, full of drivelling sentiment, and that mockery of pathos which used to send our grandmothers "weeping to their beds."

In the department of BIOGRAPHY, several new works of an interesting rather than an important character, have appeared recently.

Sir John Barrow's "Life of Lord Anson"<sup>23</sup>, rendered memorable by a vindication of the state of our navy, which he adds, very much out of place, as a supplement to it, and in which he attempts to contravene the assertions and opinions of nearly the whole body of the profession, contains a diligent account of the useful services of a distinguished officer. The work is a good compilation from official documents and published statements, but makes an exaggerated estimate of the respectable abilities of an admiral, who was more remarkable for zeal and perseverance than brilliant talents. This grand error, however, is balanced by certain revelations of some of the hidden springs in the machinery of promotion and departmental interests, that are not accessible to the curiosity of the public at large. If Sir John Barrow increases the stature of Anson on the one hand, he deals fairly enough with administrative secrets on the other.

"The Memoirs of John Bannister"<sup>24</sup>, a comedian, by Mr. Adolphus, like almost all lives of actors, disappoints us of the kind of interest which, notwithstanding the frequency of such disappointments, we are tempted to expect. The incidents of Bannister's life were few, and all of the same sort; and Mr. Adolphus ekes out his pages with episodic dissertations, some of which are excellent in their way, but all of which interrupt the progress of the narrative, such as it is, plentiful anecdotes of the stage, and such floating memoranda of contemporaneous biography as his intimate

<sup>16</sup> *Argentine. An Auto-Biography.* London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1839.

<sup>17</sup> *The Husband Hunter; or, Das Schiksal.* By DENNIS IGNATIUS MORIARTY, Esq. Three Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1839.

<sup>18</sup> *The Banished.* A Swabian Historical Tale. Edited by JAMES MORIER, Esq. Three Vols. London: Henry Colburn. 1839.

<sup>19</sup> *The Highland Inn.* Two Vols. London: Henry Colburn. 1839.

<sup>20</sup> *Nan Darrell; or, the Gipsy Mother.* By the Author of "The Heiress," &c. Three Vols. London: J. and W. Boone. 1839.

<sup>21</sup> *The Fergusons; or, Woman's Love and the World's Favour.* Two Vols. London: Henry Colburn. 1839.

<sup>22</sup> *Henry Acton; or, the Gold Smugglers, and other Tales.* By the Hon. LOUISA SAYERS. Three Vols. London: 1839.

<sup>23</sup> *The Life of George, Lord Anson, Admiral of the Fleet, &c.* By Sir JOHN BARROW, Bart., F. R. S. London: John Murray. 1839.

<sup>24</sup> *Memoirs of John Bannister, Comedian.* Two Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1839.

acquaintance with the Bannisters enabled him to collect. This motley gathering of jokes and reminiscences is on the whole dull enough; for theatrical hilarity, sufficiently exciting at the moment, is too vapid to bear the process of repetition. But the work is not wanting in interest of another description: Bannister was an excellent private character, amiable, cheerful, and modest; and if the memoir of his life be not very entertaining, it at least points a moral that ought not to be indifferent to the members of his profession. It shows that an actor has it in his own power to overcome conventional prejudices, and, even in the midst of seductions, to surround himself with the attachment and respect of the soberer part of the community.

M. G. Lewis — “Little Mat,” as he was called by his familiars, and “Monk Lewis,” as he was popularly designated, — furnishes the subject of two portly volumes<sup>25</sup>, which are more indebted for their expansion to his private correspondence, than to any material facts connected with his life or writings. His celebrity, perhaps, justifies this rather tardy tribute to his memory, although there was nothing whatever in his public or private character likely to inspire such a publication with general interest. The editor of the work, however, seems to entertain a very different view of his subject, and to have wrought himself in the progress of his labours into a clear conviction, that the fame and position of the author of the “*Castle Spectre*” demanded an elaborate, if not a national apotheosis. We will not undertake to decide, but we may observe, that if the biography had been compressed into about one third of the space it occupies, it would have been greatly to the advantage of the reader, and possibly of the publisher. The prominent features in the career of Monk Lewis may be dismissed in half a dozen lines. Born to a handsome inheritance, he early displayed talents for company, poetry, and romance. He wrote “*The Monk*” before he was twenty years of age, and became all at once an object of curiosity, and, we are told, a marvellous favourite with the ladies. It seems that he was unconscious of the tendency of that pernicious publication, and was exceedingly surprised, and even wounded, by the strictures of some serious people upon it; yet almost all his subsequent works partook, more or less, of the same character. He wrote immorally without knowing it, and could scarcely write otherwise if he had tried. As a dramatic author, his success was equally decisive; his melodramas and monkish tragedies produced quite a sensation, and filled the town with the most agreeable horrors. It was the fashionable practice of the day to fall into hysterics at his winding-sheets and gory nuns; and, for a time, the stage of the metropolis took its tone from his “thin-sheeted phantoms.” The ballads, songs, and ghostly tales with which he filled up the measure of his literary labours, distinguished, as many of them unquestionably are, by a complete mastery of that grave-yard style in which he delighted, confirmed the general impression that he was an individual of a morbid and melancholy cast; yet in private life he was exactly the reverse — lively, amiable, and good-natured. He indulged in some of the fripperies of the day, was fond of parties and lionising, and had a turn for personal display, which he was enabled to gratify by his fortune. But in the essential discharge of the responsibilities of his station, he was kindly-hearted, frank, and unaffected. After a comparatively short life of social enjoyment, he died in excruciating torture on ship-board, on his return to England from the West Indies, where he went to visit his estates, and the body of the poet was cast into the sea.

<sup>25</sup> *The Life and Correspondence of M. G. Lewis.* Two Vols. London: Henry Colburn. 1839.

A new biography of Mrs. Hemans has been published by her sister<sup>26</sup>, forming the first volume of a complete edition of her works. It is the fullest account that has yet been given to the world of the retired life of that highly-gifted woman, and possesses the additional advantage of being enriched throughout by numerous *excerpts* from her journals and correspondence. The simplicity of the narrative, the affectionate feelings that breathe through it, and the true devotion of the author to the memory of one she loved so well, and who so well deserved her love, contribute to render it one of the most delicate and affecting pieces of biography extant. When the monthly issue of the volumes shall have advanced a little farther, we hope to be able to dedicate a separate article to a critical examination of Mrs. Hemans' poetry.

In the entire range of English history there is scarcely any woman occupying a prominent position in public affairs, whose character is so well known as the celebrated Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, the wife of the famous general, and the tyrannical confidante of Queen Anne. Yet the story of her life has hitherto escaped without a suitable record. The only facts that have been preserved concerning her are scattered through a variety of works coming in merely incidentally by way of illustration or evidence. A biography of her was published shortly after her death, but it added nothing to the narrative drawn up by herself, in her own vindication; and until the appearance of Mrs. Thompson's very able memoir<sup>27</sup>, which has just been published, there was really no book extant from which a complete view of the singular career of that remarkable woman could have been derived. Such was the obscurity in which the incidents of her life were buried, that the place and manner of her death were unknown, and even her birth-place was a matter of dispute. With considerable industry and acuteness Mrs. Thompson has supplied this desideratum, and furnished us with a memoir, which is more likely to be blamed for the expansion than the deficiency of matter. The reign of the arrogant duchess — for she literally reigned over England through the subjugated sovereign — her ultimate overthrow by the plots of Mrs. Masham, her subsequent retirement, her authorship, and her old age of political coquetry and private remorse, are traced with sound discrimination; and we believe that it would be difficult to discover any facts of importance omitted by the writer. The character of the duchess is fairly brought out; her genius for intrigue is allowed to make itself visible in the curious fret-work of her bed-chamber ascendancy; and, while a due measure of applause is conceded to her great powers for correspondence and negotiation, her capacity for business, and her vigorous intellect, the faults of her temper, the ruinous ambition of her nature, and the imperious disposition which she contracted in the latter years of her court supremacy, are impartially exposed and condemned. The work is carefully written; numerous authorities have been consulted to verify its details, and, independently of its striking merits as a biography, it is valuable as a pendant to the history of the period.

The "Diary of the Rev. Mr. Ward<sup>28</sup>," who was vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon thirty or forty years after the death of Shakspeare, promises on the

<sup>26</sup> *Works of Mrs. Hemans. With a Memoir, by her Sister.* In Six Volumes. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1839.

<sup>27</sup> *Memoirs of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and of the Court of Queen Anne.* By Mrs. A. T. THOMPSON, Authoress of "Memoirs of the Court of Henry VIII.," &c. Two Vols. London: Henry Colburn. 1839.

<sup>28</sup> *Diary of the Rev John Ward, A. M., Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon.* Extending from 1648 to 1679. From the original MSS. preserved in the library of the Medical Society of London. Arranged by CHARLES SEVERN, M. D. Published by permission of the Council. London: Henry Colburn. 1839.



title-page a world of discoveries, an expectation which is heightened to enthusiasm by the flourishes of the editor in the preface. But when we explore the book we find that the reverend gentleman had never read Shakspeare's plays — that he was aware, however, of the existence of such a person, and that he had heard that Shakspeare died of a fever, contracted by a night's hard drinking with Drayton and Ben Jonson. It is needless to conjecture what manner of man Mr. Ward must have been, to have lived so many years at Stratford, in the midst of so many Shakspearian associations, and mixing, as he must have done occasionally, in his double capacity of leech and divine, in a society to some of the members of which the poet was personally known, and to all of whom he was familiar in a thousand traditions, and not to have carried away a single anecdote concerning him who had rendered the place immortal. Yet this Mr. Ward was a fussy person, who kept a diary, and who carefully noted down the most trivial gossip that happened to strike his fancy. His journal is an olio of anecdotes, recipes, axioms, and theological scraps. He had a soul for every thing but poetry. Herbs and simples he studied with as deep a relish as biblical controversy; and he had no mean taste for prurient jokes. Poetry alone seemed to him shallow and insignificant. His diary, as may be anticipated, is as dull as his genius, and as bigotted as his narrow spirit.

A very enthusiastic memoir of the Lady Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Derby, and mother of Henry VII., celebrated for her piety, learning, and munificence, by Caroline A. Halsted<sup>29</sup>, is one of the pleasantest books of its class that have appeared since the date of Mrs. Jameson's "Beauties of the Court of Charles II." The writer has fairly fallen in love with the noble character of Margaret Beaufort, and delineates her life with a freshness and exuberance of feeling, that is more congenial to the warm temperature of romance than the colder latitudes of history. But the character is beautiful — a model of true devotion, of practical Christianity, domestic virtue, and boundless charity. We can excuse the zeal that is somewhat lavishly expended upon the portrait; and although we cannot accord to the work the merit of being profound in the treatment of political affairs, its generous qualities as a biography cannot fail to render it extensively popular.

A new edition of the life or auto-biography of Gibbon has been published under the editorship of the Rev. Mr. Milman.<sup>30</sup> The principal points of difference between this edition and that which was published by Lord Sheffield, in 1795, are the division of the life into chapters, the separation of the correspondence from the text, and a judicious addition at proper resting-places of such letters, anecdotes, and observations as appeared necessary to elucidate the original. Mr. Milman has executed this undertaking with judgment, avoiding that which was most to be dreaded at his hands — an undue interposition between the auto-biographer and the reader. The volume is carefully arranged, and highly creditable to the enterprise of the publisher.

We have a few specimens of DRAMATIC POETRY, which may be advantageously introduced by a glance at a very able *brochure* on the past and present state of the Dramatic Art and Literature.

Amidst the many one-sided theories, opinions, and assertions, which have been promulgated from time to time on the causes of the decline of the British drama, and the degradation of the stage to mere scenic displays, this small, but comprehensive pamphlet<sup>31</sup> condenses and elucidates the

<sup>29</sup> *The Life of Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby, mother of King Henry VII.* By CAROLINE A. HALSTED. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1839.

<sup>30</sup> *The Life of Edward Gibbon, Esq. with Selections from his Correspondence and Illustrations.* By the Rev. H. H. MILMAN. London: John Murray. 1839.

<sup>31</sup> *The Past and Present State of Dramatic Art and Literature.* London: Mitchell, 1839.



whole truth of the question. How should there be a revival of the drama without dramatists? Since it is well known that there is no adequate demand for dramatic literature, except in the case of acted dramas, how should dramatists appear but through the ready medium of a stage? And how can there be this ready and sufficient medium while only three theatres in this huge and populous metropolis are permitted to give the true drama, which three are virtually reducible to *one*, because the two large patent theatres are closed during the principal portion of the season for the small patentee; and because while the two large houses are open, one of them scarcely ever gives the true drama, and *never* without some temporary compulsion of rivalry, characterised by abstract aversion, or private malignity? Thus, then, the concentration of that dramatic spirit, which is a characteristic of the strong feelings of the English nation, has long had but one outlet in this vast civic aggregate, which gives an influential tone to the whole country. Under the impression that no real dramatist exists, a great many critics plant themselves with sledge-hammers at the doors of the publishers, to knock down the author of every drama the instant he appears. But this is not the reason why we have no resuscitation of the drama; the reason is that the struggling throng of dramatic carpenters, concoctors, and translators quite blocks up the one entrance. Nothing but a long course of years, or some paramount interest, or popularity in other respects, obtains the chance of representation for any man of ability; and when two or three of these have made their position, there is literally no room for any more, even if the one door were not still blocked up by the aforesaid strugglers for admission. Many of these latter do effect an "appearance" upon the stage, being regarded as safe men—regular hands, who never infringe the established common-places or mediocrities. They come, and they pass, with a very temporary or equivocal success; and often, peradventure, they are damned outright. No harm is done, however, because little was expected, and the money spent upon their productions was proportionately small. But the impression thus conveyed to the public by the managers through these fallacious infirmities of their playwrights is, that of all the dramas offered to them, those selected for representation are of course the very best they could obtain. It was the manager's express interest to give the best—and *where are they?* A list of the new pieces produced during the last two seasons, as the picked and paramount specimens of all that were offered, would constitute a ludicrous yet equally plausible *non-sequitur*, as to the amount of dramatic genius now extant in the country. In addition to the almost insurmountable difficulties previously mentioned, a new circumstance seems to have rendered the one door hopelessly impracticable to all those who have not already a given position in the theatres—we allude to the prodigality of expense with which five-act dramas and pageants are produced. We had much rather see Mr. Macready's Hamlet in a small theatre, with a stone or earth-coloured background, than his Henry the Fifth, with all its exquisite "scenery, dresses, and decorations," however splendid and however true. A wider and a deeper truth is in the higher province of the drama; and we shall live to see this recognised with the downfall of the patent monopoly. Meantime we strongly recommend the perusal of the pamphlet which has induced the foregoing remarks.

If illustrations were wanted of the hopelessness of cultivating dramatic poetry, with a view to representation, which, in truth, is the natural aim of all dramatic poets, we have enough of them in the pieces before us. A play entitled "*The Landgrave*," written by Mrs. Montagu, and founded

<sup>32</sup> *The Landgrave. A Play, in Five Acts. With Dramatic Illustrations of Female Character. By ELEANORA LOUISA MONTAGU. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1839.*

on the well-known tale of "Klosterheim, or the Masque," was composed expressly for the stage; and the author tells us in her preface that in order the better to adapt it for that purpose, she carefully restricted her dialogue to the necessities of the performance, excluding all mere poetical passages that had no influence on the conduct of the plot. Here, then, is an extremely effective play, written with considerable skill, the action judiciously distributed, the plot striking, and the characters boldly drawn, which, designed for representation, is forced by the monopoly and perverted taste of the great houses to appear in a shape in which it is impossible that its success can be commensurate to its merits. Some dramatic illustrations of the female character, drawn chiefly from exciting passages in history, which fill up the volume, discover a high dramatic capability; and this genius, accomplished and versatile, is prohibited from the only sphere in which it could be fully developed and fairly rewarded. "The Lords of Ellingham"<sup>33</sup>, a drama, by Mr. Spicer, is not so well adapted for representation: the plot—founded on Raleigh's conspiracy—is too involved, and there is not room enough left by the flurry of the incidents for the clear play of the passions; but the piece exhibits a vigour and freedom in the dialogue that sufficiently indicate the power to achieve future triumphs, were the times more auspicious for such efforts. "Gertrude and Beatrice"<sup>34</sup>, by Mr. Stephens, and "The Cathedral Bell"<sup>35</sup>, by Mr. Jones, are tragedies written for representation, and both the authors state the measure of their disappointment at being unable to procure a hearing of their pieces before an audience. In these cases, however, the experiment would scarcely have succeeded. The scenes in both are over-crowded, and the effects are so rapid and tumultuous that it is difficult to concentrate the attention even upon the perusal.

Of other descriptions of POETRY our specimens are not very captivating, with the exception of a delightful little volume by Mary Howitt, called "Hymns and Fireside Verses."<sup>36</sup> The main object of this pretty book is to exemplify in simple and picturesque verses the abiding beauty of the Christian faith, the practical charities of life, and those elevating principles that obliterate in a common bond of social sympathy the unworthy conventions of artificial society. The poetry is sweet and musical; the breath of nature is in it; and the gentle truths it enforces have rarely been expressed with such touching earnestness. A satire upon the scientific and literary quackeries of the day, called "An Old Man's Gossip on Literature and Criticism"<sup>37</sup>, is not less masculine in its grasp of the subjects to which it is addressed, than just in its running commentaries on the spirit of the age—especially in reference to science. The copy transmitted to us has numerous footnotes in manuscript, extracted from an article which appeared a few months ago in our pages, so that the author has drawn us into court as an evidence on his side against all forms of modern affectation. Two tiny volumes of songs have found their way into our catalogue—the one, "Whistle-Binkie"<sup>38</sup>, an excellent collection of Scotch songs, and the other, "Minstrel Melodies"<sup>39</sup>, a medley of miscellaneous lyrics addressed to all manner of circumstances that can be put to music.

<sup>33</sup> *The Lords of Ellingham. A Drama, in Five Acts.* By HENRY SPICER. London: James Frazer. 1839.

<sup>34</sup> *Gertrude and Beatrice; or, the Queen of Hungary. An Historical Tragedy, in Five Acts.* By GEORGE STEPHENS. London: C. Mitchell. 1839.

<sup>35</sup> *The Cathedral Bell. A Tragedy, in Five Acts.* By JACOB JONES, Barrister-at-Law. London: John Miller. 1839.

<sup>36</sup> *Hymns and Fireside Verses.* By MARY HOWITT. London: Darton and Clarke. 1839.

<sup>37</sup> *An Old Man's Gossip on the Literature and Criticism of the present Day.* London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1839.

<sup>38</sup> *Whistle-Binkie; or, the Piper of the Party.* Glasgow: David Robertson. 1839.

<sup>39</sup> *Minstrel Melodies.* By the Author of "Field Flowers," &c. London: Longman & Co. 1839.

IN SCIENCE there are some works of great value in course of publication, to which we will briefly draw the attention of the reader.

The tenth part of the "*Flora-Boreali-Americana*"<sup>40</sup> has just issued from the press—a work no less remarkable for its mode of production, under the auspices of a department of the English government (a rare fact in the history of literature!) than for the accuracy of its illustrations, and the importance of its matter. Three new willows, one pine, one najas, one heterostylus, one phyllospadix, two species of smilax, two of streptopus, a uvularia, a simlacina, a tofieldia, a trillium, two fritillaria, four allia, one hesperoscordum, and one triteleia, are added to the science in this fasciculus; and the whole work embraces drawings and descriptions of about 250 rare plants, the native birth of the northern regions.

"The Botany of Captain Beechey's Voyage"<sup>41</sup>, of which the sixth part is before us, is published under circumstances exactly similar to the last, and the same remarks will apply to it. This portion adds ten species to almost as many genera, and as a single plant says more than a volume of the nature of the soil and the character of the climate, we know not where so much instruction of this kind can be found as in such works as these. They have now been some time before the public, or we should have felt it necessary to go into a more minute analysis of their contents.

We are now arrived almost at the conclusion of a series of works on the natural history of this island<sup>42</sup>—its ichthyology, ornithology, and zoology. The fishes are already completed, and the supplement, including some thirty species observed between the publication of the last number of this work and the present month, affords satisfactory proof of the attention which the undertaking has drawn to the subject. The supplement suggests a new feature for the second edition, which will probably appear shortly—we mean the craniology of fishes, a part of comparative anatomy that has not yet been sufficiently investigated. "The History of Reptiles" has only reached its second number, but enough is done to exhibit the arrangement, which is admirable. Mr. Jones's General Outline forms the natural and appropriate introduction to the works of Mr. Bell and Mr. Yarrell, and the student may be congratulated upon the valuable addition to the means of instruction which these important publications present to him.

Mr. Bauer's "*Genera Filicum*"<sup>43</sup> deserves particular notice for the interest of the subject, and the ability that has been brought to bear upon its illustration. "Let me live with the fern and foxglove!" was the exclamation of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, when he assumed the name of Robin Hood; and who could blame his taste? These plants recall us to

<sup>40</sup> *Flora Boreali—Americana*; or, the Botany of the northern parts of British America, compiled principally from the plants collected by Dr. Richardson and Mr. Drummond, on the late Northern Expeditions under the command of Sir John Franklin, R. N.; to which are added, by permission of the Horticultural Society of London, those of Mr. Douglas, from North-west America, and of other naturalists. By Sir WILLIAM JACKSON HOOKER, R. H. J. L. D. F. R. S. and L. S. Illustrated by numerous plates. Published under the authority of the Right Honourable the Secretary of State for Colonial Affairs. London: Bohn. 1838.

<sup>41</sup> *The Botany of Captain Beechey's Voyage*, comprising an account of the Plants collected by Messrs. Lay and Collie and other officers of the expedition, during the voyage to the Pacific and Bering's Straits, performed in his Majesty's ship Blossom, under the command of Captain W. F. Beechey, R. N. F. R. S. and A. S., in the years 1825, 26, 27, and 28. By Sir W. J. HOOKER, and G. A. W. ARNOTT, Esq. A. M., &c. Published under the authority, &c. London: Bohn. 1838.

<sup>42</sup> *A History of British Reptiles*. By THOMAS BELL, F. R. S. F. L. S., Professor of Zoology in King's College. Part II.

*A History of British Birds*. By WILLIAM YARRELL, F. L. S. V. P. Z. S. Parts XI. and XII.

*Supplement to Yarrell's History of British Fishes*. London: John Van Voorst. 1839.

*A General Outline of the Animal Kingdom*. By T. RYMER JONES, F. Z. S. Parts III. IV. and V.

<sup>43</sup> *Genera Filicum; or Illustrations of the Genera of Ferns*, from the original coloured drawings of Francis Bauer, Esq., Botanic Painter to her Majesty, with descriptive letter-press. By Sir WILLIAM JACKSON HOOKER, R. H. J. L. D. F. R. S. and L. S. Parts I. and II. London: Bohn. 1839.

the woodland and the heath, to the deer in the glade, and the falcon in the air, and the craggy half-wooded banks, between which mountain currents rush into the plains, and the wild wastes, luxuriant in unprofitable fertility. Veneration for the fern appears to have been a characteristic of the north-erns; the fern-seed was supposed to render the wearer invisible, — ever instructive metonymy, signifying that peculiarity of the plant which in the word *cryptogamia* was given by Linnæus to the whole class which includes the several genera — Filices. But the generative systems of these plants, though still concealed from the uninquiring eye, are now easily detected, exciting new admiration at the wonderful variety of means lavished on the great end of nature, and at the singular and indescribable beauty enfolded in the delicate organs of reproduction throughout these curious families. The value of the ferns, and their extraordinary beauty, are no longer unappreciated. Our principal gardens are now embellished with fern-beds under glass and in the open air; at Cheshunt the fern-bed of W. Harrison, Esq. is one of the chief ornaments of the range of green-houses, and is highly creditable to the skill of Mr. Pratt, his able and successful gardener. There are several other instances of the high cultivation of ferns, independently of Sion, and Chiswick, and Trentham, &c. Nothing, however, can be more conducive to their study, because nothing can be so explanatory of their nature and illustrative of their attractions, as the “*Genera Filicum*.” The work is an imperial octavo, and it will be completed in ten numbers, each including 100 plates, each appropriated to a separate genus: and how appropriated?

A small square piece of the fern, as cut out, is represented in the first instance, either of the natural size, or magnified from 2 or 3, to 8 or 10 diameters, according to the size of the sori, which it is the object to exhibit in considerable number in their arrangement on the fern, and in their due proportion to the other parts of the plant. The sorus is then exhibited; its own little square of frond magnified many times, so as to show the character of its indusium, and the insertion of the sporangia. A part of the indusium is then represented separately, magnified a great number of times, and then the stipites magnified 100 or more times, and the sporangia in several periods of their progress, until they open and exhibit the sporules, which last are again figured separately, magnified several hundred times. Thus every portion of the system is distinctly and intelligently explained. Mr. Bauer's original drawings are copied in the plates in zincography by Walter Fitch, under Dr. Hooker's own eye, and then coloured, with no less regard to accuracy, by George Graves. In his descriptions of the genera, Dr. Hooker does not rely implicitly on his yet imperfect observation, nor would he dictate to the reader as to the complete correctness of the assigned genera; but he has been guided, in a great measure, by the “*Tentamen Pteridographiæ*” of Professor Presl, of Prague, a work of great authority; and he undertakes, in the course of his investigation on this subject, to correct himself wherever he finds reason to suspect an error. The varying forms of the fronds are not more marked than the diversities in the character of each of the parts. The indusium is now rough, like tortoise-shell, and armed with long ragged testacula; now it is a six-petalled calyx, like a leathery flower; now an irregularly ranged envelope; now marginal; now pod-shaped, with eyes; now elliptic; now globose, and now wanting: now it is leathery; now hairy; now membranaceous. And so with the sporangia; they are now clubs; now accompanied with jointed hairs, that make crooks of them: and no less irregular and uncertain are the stipites; they are stars, tubes, snares, flowers, hooks, reeds, handles, rods, &c.; and the sporules, although maintaining a general and characteristic likeness, are still amazingly varied, angular, ovate,

rounded, closed, open, star-shaped; in short, variety riots in the fern. We know how curious are many of the roots, how strange the stems, how singular the fronds, how different the shades of colour, and the habits of growth: hence we have a new series of wonders in the internal organisation enough to induce every lover of nature to echo the prayer of the outlaw, "Let me live with the fern and the foxglove!"

The first series, by Mr. Phillips, of "*Lectures on Natural Philosophy*<sup>44</sup>," devoted to an exposition of the chemical nature, the mechanical properties, and atmospheric phenomena of the air, may be recommended to attention as a useful manual for the young; and the second edition of "*A Brief Treatise on Geology*," by Biblicus Delvinus<sup>45</sup>, may be described as an ingenious essay towards the reconciliation of the discoveries of modern geology with the Mosaic history of the creation.

Under the head of HISTORY, and HISTORICAL TREATISES, one of the most erudite and important is Mr. Sharpe's "*History of Egypt under the Ptolemies*,"<sup>46</sup> Mr. Sharpe has already acquired a high reputation by his previously published works on Egypt: his "*Early History, from the Old Testament, Herodotus, Manetho, and the Hieroglyphical Inscriptions*," "*Egyptian Inscriptions, from the British Museum and other Sources*;" and his "*Rudiments of a Vocabulary of Egyptian Hieroglyphics*." In the present volume, a brief introduction leads us from Abraham to Alexander the Great, and may be regarded as an abstract of the author's "*Early History of Egypt*." The ten Ptolemies and the four Cleopatras have here each their brief biography, and the work concludes with general reflections. The authorities are quoted regularly in the margin, and every page has its subject for title. This order and arrangement are seconded by a very simple and intelligible style, and the narrative is clear and succinct. The invasion of Egypt by the Greek army, Ptolemy's generosity to the son and brother of Alexander, his piety to the remains of his former master, which led to the building of Alexandria, the war with Antigonos, the Theban coinage, the arts at Alexandria, are illustrated in the memoir of Ptolemy Soter, in an easy and familiar manner, and with an intimate knowledge of events and persons, which gives surprising life and truth to the narrative. The procession at the proclamation of Ptolemy Philadelphus, the story of Berenice's hair in the memoir of Ptolemy Energetes, the sketches of the schools and scholars under both these kings, the intrusion of Philopater into the Holy of Holies at Jerusalem, the origin of the Rosetta stone in the memoir of Ptolemy Epiphanes, the men of science who flourished under Philometer, the sketch of Cleopatra, and the anecdotes and incidents throughout, should make this work as popular as it is deserving.

"*An Essay on the Neo Druidic Heresy in Britain*<sup>47</sup>," develops the history of a remote system which has long occupied and perplexed the researches of learned men. The Polytheists of antiquity were very tolerant. To admit into the Pantheon the new-found god of a lately conquered people, was an easy compliment on the part of the Roman people; and to join in the worship of the local deities after the manner of the natives never shocked their conscience: but this forbearance was not extended to Druidism. That system of polity was dark and subtle, and too powerful to be tolerated. It embraced within itself all the means of education, and to itself confined

<sup>44</sup> *Lectures on Natural Philosophy, intended for the Instruction of Young Persons. First Series.* By MONTAGUE LYON PHILLIPS. London: Longman & Co. 1839.

<sup>45</sup> *A Brief Treatise on Geology.* By BIBLICUS DELVINUS. London: L. & G. Seeley. 1839.

<sup>46</sup> *The History of Egypt under the Ptolemies.* By SAMUEL SHARPE. London: E. Moxon. 1839.

<sup>47</sup> *An Essay on the Neo-Druidic Heresy in Britannia. Part I.* By the Author of "*Britannia after the Romans*." London: H. G. Bohn. 1839.

them; it exercised with unrestricted power all judgment in matters civil and criminal, and the administration of religious rites and ceremonies was exclusively its own. The nominal monarch might be the king of men in the day of battle, but the archdruid was the lord of power at all times. The kings were only captains of the host, whom the Druids sent forth to fight or restrained from warfare at their pleasure. The minister in this theocracy assumed over all ages and classes of the people the power of light or darkness, of life or death, of heaven or hell; and to this dark and awful priesthood the military genius, the civil policy, and the mild worship of the Romans were alike repugnant. No truce could be made with them, no trust could be placed in them,—the Druids were to be destroyed; and so effectually was this necessity enforced, that for some centuries we hear no more of them; except, indeed, of the most pleasant of their orders, the bards, who seem to have appeared alike the Heathen and the Christian, and to have sent down their songs and their names to the latest posterity. Notwithstanding, however, the utter desolation of the original Druids in Gaul as well as in Britannia, their doctrines and their practice did in part survive; and it is a curious question, what portion of the original precepts of the Druid priests was mingled with that corrupted Christianity and those Mithraic observances which combined to form the Neo-Druidic heresy of the 4th and 5th century. The author of "*Britannia after the Romans*" approaches the question in a learned and inquiring spirit; but with a strong prejudice against the bardic rites, and a fierce hostility to the Druidic practices,—with a contempt of the modern discoveries in British lore, and with a readiness to construct his own theory out of as few scraps of evidence and authority as will enable it to hold together. To persuade us that Saint Patrick was an apostate Jew, or rather a devotee of Mithras ready to become a Jew, if the Jews would place him on the throne of David,—that after failing in a well-concerted effort to secure Jerusalem, he should come to Britain, establish himself in the central seat of the round table (Arthur's), the seat of the concealed Christ, as the second Moses, or the avatar of Mithras,—that he should collect the Jews of Britain, which island should be misnamed Crete, and that he should drown them in a pretended attempt to lead them as Moses did (in his first incarnation!) across the sea,—and that out of this should grow the legend of St. Patrick banishing the serpents, is a task in which to fail is no dishonour, seeing that to succeed in it would be impossible. Yet, if this be not the end of our author, we confess our inability to comprehend his aim. But this is the first part only of his essay, which may be wrought out to more purpose in the sequel; yet this portion is more complete in itself than satisfactory in its result. Indeed, this is evident to the writer, who thus winds up this portion of his essay:—"The crown and sword of David, the ship of Solomon, the wand of Moses, the perilous seat of Julian at Jerusalem, all transferred into Britannia, and the legend of the false Moses (drawn from cotemporary Greek accounts as well as Celtic tradition), seem to show us that the Judaism mixt up with bardism was not merely doctrinal in its rise, or borrowed from cabalistic books, but historical, and connected with some actual movements in the Jewish community. Further than that I cannot attempt to define or conclude any thing, until exacter studies or fortunate discovery shall have furnished ampler data."

There are two or three works on periods of MODERN HISTORY, several volumes of TRAVELS, and a few on subjects of CRITICISM, which we are compelled to postpone; and we will devote the remainder of our space to publications that may be more briefly treated.

A very curious volume, by Mr. Dunlop, on the drinking usages of this

country<sup>48</sup>, is the most complete exposition of the evils of intemperance—of the vices to which it leads—and the ridiculous ceremonials traditionally connected with it, that we have seen amongst the numerous works on a question intimately associated with the highest interests of civilisation. Mr. Dunlop exhausts the inquiry, and has produced a book that is equally entertaining and instructive. Notwithstanding all the success that has crowned the *cuisine* labours of eminent gourmands, we are disposed to recommend a little volume, called “Cookery made Easy<sup>49</sup>,” as the most perfect, practical, and simple hand-book of its class that has appeared. It is especially adapted to the use of families of moderate fortune, showing how to combine much table luxury with strict economy. The “Law Chronicle of Ireland<sup>50</sup>,” contains lists of all the legal officers of that country, an accurate account of their several tenures, a history of their predecessors and charters, tables of fees and allowances, and a great variety of valuable information connected with the profession, collected with great industry, and perspicuously arranged for reference. “The Year Book of Facts”<sup>51</sup> is a repository of practical knowledge in almost all departments of inquiry: one of those laborious productions of patient industry, for which all classes of readers are bound to be grateful. A volume entitled “The Footman’s Guide<sup>52</sup>,” is addressed to the humble, but, in a domestic point of view, extremely useful object, of delineating the details of the footman and butler’s duties, every part of which the patient author skilfully and clearly investigates. It forms an appropriate companion to a series publishing under the title of “A Guide to Service.”

Amongst other gorgeous tributes to genius, there are two illustrated editions of two popular poems that demand especial notice. The first is a magnificent reprint of “Lalla Rookh<sup>53</sup>,” to the illustration of which the utmost splendour of the arts has been dedicated. The union of poetry and painting has rarely before produced so costly and so chaste a volume, or one in which a poem that has grown as familiar to the world as the fables of childhood has been presented in a shape so worthy of its extensive and increasing popularity. The other is a polyglott edition of Gray’s “Elegy in a Country Churchyard<sup>54</sup>,” with versions in five different languages, and a series of exquisitely finished wood cuts illustrative of each separate stanza. The engravings are exceedingly beautiful, and the volume is a perfect gem in this difficult branch of art.

<sup>48</sup> *The Philosophy of Artificial and Compulsory Drinking Usage in Great Britain and Ireland.* By JOHN DUNLOP, Esq. London: Houlston & Stoneman. 1839.

<sup>49</sup> *Cookery made Easy.* By a Lady. London: Dean & Munday. 1839.

<sup>50</sup> *Chronicle of the Law Officers of Ireland.* By CONSTANTINE J. SMYTH, B. A. London: 1839.

<sup>51</sup> *The Year Book of Facts in Science and Art, for 1839.* London 1839.

<sup>52</sup> *The Footman’s Guide, &c.* By JAMES WILLIAMS. London. Dean & Munday. 1839.

<sup>53</sup> *Lalla Rookh, an Oriental Romance.* By THOMAS MOORE. Nineteenth Edition. London: Longman & Co. 1839.

<sup>54</sup> *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.* With Versions in the Greek, Latin, German Italian, and French Languages. London: John Van Voorst. 1839.



*A Sketch of part of the Vaults of the Gray's Inn Wine Establishment, 23, High Holborn.*

## GRAY'S-INN WINE ESTABLISHMENT, No. 23, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

The Proprietors of this Establishment, in submitting their Annual Price Current to their Friends and the Public, beg to offer an expression of their warmest gratitude for the very liberal patronage and support they have hitherto received; and to assure them that the success which has attended their exertions will only stimulate them to pursue the same principles and system of Business which has placed their Establishment upon such eminence, in the assurance that it will secure to them a continuance of that confidence in their integrity which it will be their highest ambition to deserve.

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|-----------------------|-----------|-----------|---------------|------------|
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| Do. for immediate bottling ..... 75 18 0 19 10 | Do. very high character, scarce . 100 80 0 — — |
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| Wines, of high character, and                  | Do. London Particular ..... 55 28 0 — —        |
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| Marsala ..... 66 33 10 16 16                   | Cape, good and clean ..... 25 13 0 6 15        |
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| Do. pale or brown ..... 60 30 10 15 10         | Do. Madeira or Sherry character 36 18 10 9 10  |
| Do. superior ..... 64 34 10 17 10              | Pontac, superior ..... 36 18 10 9 10           |
| Do. very superior ..... 75 38 0 19 5           |                                                |

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|                                                  |                                     |
|--------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
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| Do. superior, best Marks ..... 34 36             | Do. West India ..... 48 51          |
| Do. old crusted ..... 32 36                      | Do. East India ..... 60 72          |
| Do. superior, 5 to 8 years in bottle ..... 42 48 | Bucellas, very old ..... 30 36      |
| Do. very choice, 10 years in bottle ..... — 54   | Lisbon, rich and dry ..... 28 34    |
| Marsala from the wood ..... — 28                 | Calcutta ..... — 38                 |
| Do. old crusted, 2 and 3 years in bottle . 32 36 | Vidonia ..... — 28                  |
| Sherries, good quality ..... 24 30               | Marsala ..... 24 —                  |
| Do. superior pale, gold, or brown ..... 36 42    | Arinto ..... — 28                   |
| Do. very choice, of rare quality ..... 48 54     | Cape, good quality ..... 12 15      |
| Do. the Amontillado, very old ..... 48 54        | Do. old and superior ..... 18 21    |
| Do. very superior old East India ..... 54 60     | Pontac ..... 18 21                  |

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| Do. superior, any colour ..... 15 0 19       | Marsala, Lisbon, or Vidonia ..... 12 0 |
| Cape, good and clean ..... 5s. 9d. 6 6 7 6d. | Marsala ..... 12 6                     |

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| Do. Lafite, Latour, and Chateau Margaux . 72 84 | Hermitage (the choicest quality) ..... } 50 103 |
| Moselle ..... 48 54                             | Burgundy do. .... }                             |

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| Mountain ..... 42                                  | buter ..... }                                        |
| Rou Teint, very superior ..... 42                  | Pavement, choice fine quality (in Pints) ..... 36    |
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| and two years in India ..... }                     | Continental ..... 30                                 |
| Malmsey, old East India ..... 60                   | The Superior Sherry, shipped early say to this } 45  |
| Very old East India Brown Sherry, 10 years in } 70 | and bottled ..... (do.) }                            |
| Very curious Old Sherry, many years in bottle. 60  | Very old Tenny's Sack (do.) ..... 36                 |
| Val de Penas, 4 years in bottle ..... 60           | Andrich Today, very scarce (do.) ..... 36            |

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| Very old Pine-apple Rum, over proof, 18 per gal.       | East India Nectar (in Pints) ..... 60s. per doz.      |
|                                                        | Scotch Whiskey (various) ..... 21                     |

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| Wedgeburn do. best marks ..... 14 0                                 | Best do. .... 10 8                           |
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# THE MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

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## THE COMING SESSION.

THE unprofitable results of the two last sessions of Parliament cause many to look forward with despondency to that which is about to commence. We are not of the number. The pause of a few years in the onward progress of national improvement has been more apparent than real. The reign of our youthful Sovereign, it is true, has been unmarked as yet by any of those events, which, like Catholic Emancipation, Reform of Parliament, or Abolition of Slavery, form eras in the history of a people; but the popular energy which achieved those peaceful triumphs remains unimpaired, and whenever it shall be awakened to renewed activity, it will walk forth with a power strengthened by repose, and will be prepared to act with a vigour immeasurably beyond any that it has yet displayed. Even the last six months have done much to advance the cause of Reform. The explosion of Chartism on the Welsh border will go far to dispel the fatal illusion that lately kept the labouring classes aloof from those of their fellow-sufferers, by whom alone social improvements can ever be enforced; and the bloodshed so wantonly provoked at Newport will not have been unattended by some beneficial consequences, if it should lead to the abandonment of those visionary schemes of reform, which never could have been realised, but the too eager pursuit of which might easily have led to the reinstatement of that party, whose only principle of government has invariably been the reduction of civil and religious liberty within the narrowest bounds.

There have been governments in England that would have made the late mournful event in Monmouthshire a pretext for the curtailment of popular rights. We have no such apprehension at present; and therefore, while we grieve for the melancholy fate of those whom their mistaken zeal has hurried into destruction, we know the full extent of the evil, and can derive comfort from the confident hope, that the sacrifice will probably lead to the dissolution of that unfortunate confederacy which has done more to revive the hopes of Toryism than any single event that has occurred within the last ten years.

We think we perceive many symptoms of an improved feeling among the working classes. They are beginning, or we are much mistaken, to become aware of the fraud that has been practised on them by those whose tools they have allowed themselves to be made; and should the dissension which has prevailed among Reformers during the last two or three years, give way speedily to any thing like a real union, we may rest assured that the coming session will not be found barren of most gratifying results.

Among the most important manifestations of the last few months, we should be disposed to name the complete disclosure of the character and de-

signs of Toryism. The abortive attempt of Sir Robert Peel to take the Treasury by assault has revealed a fact of the highest importance — namely, the decided aversion which the Queen feels for the re-establishment of a Tory government. The personal preference of the sovereign in a constitutional state may be a very secondary consideration when the national will is unequivocally pronounced. But when a nation is divided in itself, a compact and enterprising faction of comparatively little real strength, if countenanced by the sovereign, may easily seize and retain power. Had the throne been filled in the month of May last by one whose sympathies leaned towards the principles of Toryism, the cause of Reform would, undoubtedly, have been arrested for several years to come, even if a decidedly retrograde system of policy had not been adopted. Faction was surprised by a discovery equally unexpected and overwhelming, for a general belief had prevailed among the whole Tory party, that Queen Victoria longed ardently to emancipate herself from the influence of an administration which she had inherited along with her uncle's crown. Since the moment when this illusion was dissipated, the malignity of disappointed ambition has known no bounds. The most revolting series of personal calumnies has been obtruded on the public through the columns of the Tory press, whose only aim during the last seven months appears to have been to poison the public mind against the reigning sovereign, and to make her, as far as possible, an object of popular aversion. The affair of Lady Flora Hastings has been made a fruitful and unceasing topic of declamation against the female circle which surrounds the Queen, accompanied by the foulest insinuations against the Queen herself. The old appeal to the most grovelling fanaticism has been renewed, and an attempt made to inflame the mob once more with those evil passions that gave rise to the disgraceful no-popery riots of 1780. Few things can be more humiliating to an Englishman, if he reflect on the subject, than the mischievous industry with which so large a portion of the public press has for some time past been engaged in the task (a hopeless one we trust,) of corrupting public opinion by fostering or reviving religious animosities. But this atrocious system, this attempt to make the masses instrumental to their own enthralment, through the agency of their fanaticism, is one that cannot succeed. A partial success, if any such have been obtained, must ere long be followed by a complete reaction; and whenever that reaction takes place, the union and reconciliation of the several sections of the Reform party must follow, or, in other words, the nation at large will again apply its combined efforts to the achievement of those great social improvements, the want of which is generally acknowledged. Before such a combination a brawling and all but rebellious oligarchy will again crouch with fear and trembling, while the insulting declamations of treason and disaffection will again be hushed down into the less offensive, though no less offending "whisper" to which it is ever the cue of disappointed faction to have recourse.

Our Tory oligarchy stands unmasked. The faction failed in their attempt to lord it over the crown, and since that moment they have been the bitterest foes of the youthful Sovereign, whose integrity and singleness of mind defeated their crafty machinations. And this is Conservatism! How basely has that word been prostituted! How treasonable, how revolutionary, have been the designs carried on under its convenient sanction! For 150 years the people of England have been struggling to defend against the encroachments of Toryism those principles of constitutional government which triumphed in the expulsion of the Stuarts. No act more eminently conservative of the principles sanctioned by the Revolution of 1688, has

since then been enacted by the British Parliament, than the Reform Act of 1831; and since the passing of that Act no respectable portion of Reformers has avowed any intention to seek for more than a perfectly fair field on which its legitimate consequences may be worked out. The object of the Reform party is now, as it has all along been, to secure the full and free representation of the people of England in the House of Commons; the object of the Tory party has been, from first to last, to make that representation a fiction. Which purpose, we would ask, is most in harmony with the principles on which our constitution is based — which most calculated to promote the overthrow of the institutions that have grown out of it? But when we find the party, whose servility was unbounded towards every king that sanctioned their attempts to corrupt and undermine the institutions of a representative government, equally unbounded in their insolence to a sovereign that refuses to become instrumental to the furtherance of their views, must not all honest men regard with indignation their assumption of "Conservatism" as their ostensible guide of action? The abuses of the constitution are, in fact, the only part of it they have ever dreamt of preserving; the spirit of the constitution, from the very day of its birth, it has been their unceasing aim to destroy. To the sovereign their loyalty endures only so long as that sovereign is content to be a passive instrument in their hands, for the oppression and enthrallment of the people.

Such is Toryism — such it ever has been — such it will continue to be, and such is the party which a large portion of Reformers have, for some time past, been labouring to restore to power. It remains to be seen, whether, during the session about to commence, any portion of the people will again lend themselves to so suicidal a policy. We trust not, for we cannot close our eyes to the fact, that the dissensions which have of late prevailed among Reformers have given renewed strength to their common enemy; and should those dissensions continue, the eventual triumph of Toryism will be more than probable, to be followed, perhaps, by a sweeping revolution; the final result of which it would defy the most clear-sighted politician to calculate.

The general character of the session of 1840 will be altogether decided by the attitude which the Reform party, out of doors, may happen to take. Should the Tories apprehend a successful issue from a dissolution, the system, acted on during the last two sessions, of throwing every impediment in the way of Government, will undoubtedly be persevered in. Such hopes, however, will not be indulged in, if it is once known that the Reformers have agreed to waive all minor differences in the one consideration of keeping the enemies of all reform out of office. The great object, therefore, must be to ascertain the means by which so desirable a union can be brought about. To do this, we must first endeavour to discover the causes which led to the dissolution of that firm and compact union that enabled the people, in 1831, to achieve so signal a triumph over the faction whose disastrous rule had so long weighed upon them.

The Reform Act of 1831, even among the least sanguine of Reformers, awakened hopes of social amelioration greater than have yet been realised. Among the more ardent of the party, expectations were avowed, which the authors of the measure repudiated from the first. With few exceptions, all Reformers looked forward to the speedy enactment of a measure, that, by placing the elector beyond the reach of intimidation, would secure to him the real exercise of a franchise with which the new law professed to endow him. Without the ballot, it was felt, the corruptions that had prevailed among the old constituency would blossom forth afresh, and to enlarge the

number of voters could do little or nothing towards securing the political independence of poor men called upon to submit their votes to the inspection of those upon whom, in many cases, their very subsistence depended. The ballot, accordingly, came soon to be looked on as one of those measures upon the necessity of which nearly all Reformers were agreed; and the continued withholding of what was deemed the necessary sequel to the Reform Act inspired a very natural feeling of disappointment. The hostility of the leading members of the Whig ministry to a measure all but unanimously called for by the great body of their supporters has done much to break up the unity of the Reform party; but it must not be imagined, even had the ballot become the law of the land, that the craving after organic changes, as they are called, would, in the least, have been weakened, unless some means had been found to bring about a decided improvement in the material condition of the masses. The public burthens must be lightened before any thing like general contentment can be looked for; and as long as labour continues to be taxed as it now is, as long as the working man's loaf is doubled in price, in order that a spendthrift peer may be enabled to indulge more freely in luxury, so long discontent will continue undiminished, even should the enactment of the ballot be followed by an extension of suffrage, the abolition of the law of primogeniture, and the substitution of the "voluntary system" for the costly establishment of a national church.

We have said enough to show that we are far from entertaining the visionary hope, that the concession of the ballot is at all likely to allay the dissatisfaction that prevails among a large portion of the population; nevertheless, we should be well pleased to learn that this measure had been chosen by all Liberals as the rallying point for the ensuing session. Public justice demands, that the elector should be secured against intimidation, and till some equally efficient plan is proposed for the attainment of that end, we shall continue to demand the ballot, not as a concession to be received in lieu of other measures of reform, but as the undoubted and inalienable right of the people, without which the Reform Act must remain a mutilated and imperfect enactment.

The number of Liberals who still linger among the opponents to the ballot is now so small, that we cannot divest ourselves of the hope that at the next general election we shall see this measure adopted as the rallying banner of the party; but in the mean time, we would anxiously caution those who, like ourselves, advocate the justice and expediency of securing the elector's independency by the secrecy of his vote, to beware how they allow their impatience at the indecision of their friends to hurry them to acts which can only tend to strengthen their foes. We cannot yet afford to divide our house; and until Reformers have acquired sufficient power to make the return of Toryism impossible, the great object to which every other ought to remain subservient must be to prevent, at any price, the formation of a Tory ministry.

Next to the ballot we would place the repeal of our existing corn laws, among the measures which the people of England confidently anticipated as the natural consequences of the Reform Act. These laws, however, cannot be repealed until their opponents have agreed on the system which they would substitute. To clamour for the introduction of foreign corn, without even the imposition of a moderate fixed duty, can only lead to disappointment. The thought of such a change is calculated to spread a panic among the whole of our agricultural population; and, by urging it, we only awaken an opposition that promotes the continuance of the present disastrous system. The substitution of a fixed duty, in the place of the variable

scale of averages, would remove the worst evils of the existing law; and while it silenced the apprehensions of all but the mere fanatics among the agriculturists, would create a new source of revenue to the state, sufficient to allow of the reduction of many burthens that now press heavily upon the people. The events of the last session showed sufficiently, that, had there been any thing like earnestness on this subject among their supporters, our ministers would have been willing enough to promote the modification of the existing law. Let us hope that the experience of the past may not be lost to the nation. In union alone can we hope for strength; and should the advocates of cheap bread, foregoing all minor differences, agree among themselves upon the adoption of some definite and practicable scheme, we should not despair of seeing the question reduced to such a tangible shape as might allow the Government to bring it before Parliament upon their own responsibility.

But neither the ballot nor the repeal of the corn laws, nor any other measure certain to encounter the opposition of the Tory party, can have the slightest chance of making its way through the present Parliament. Until we have had another general election, we must remain, as we have been for the last five years, at a "dead lock." The point of view, therefore, in which we ought to look at the coming session, is as an intermediate stage to a general election. If ministers so shape their conduct during the next four or five months, as to revive the courage and restore the union of the Reform party, the period will have been most happily occupied; for as to any practical results from the parliamentary labours of the present House of Commons, we have not the slightest expectation that they will afford satisfaction to any party, or to any fraction of a party. To the elections we must look, and woe upon the country if it be found unprepared for the struggle which those elections will bring with them. Should they give to the Tory party the most trifling majority in the House of Commons, queen and people will be reduced to the same humiliating subjection, and six long years must elapse before an opportunity will present itself to shake off the yoke. In Ireland, a rebellion, or a state of general dissatisfaction, requiring the presence of a large standing army, would be one of the first consequences of Orange ascendancy — for how could Sir Robert Peel afford to incense his Orange auxiliaries, by refusing to surrender into their hands a country which they have long looked on as their legitimate field of action? But where are the troops to be taken from to form this Irish army of occupation? Would the advent of Toryism tranquillise the Canadas, or temper the dissatisfaction which exists in our manufacturing districts? If not, the Irish contingent can be obtained only by a large increase to our standing army, and there exists no surplus revenue to defray the increased expenditure. The Duke of Wellington and his friends were eager throughout the whole of last session to augment our naval and military force. In office they would scarcely do otherwise than give effect to their own recommendations; but the revenue is insufficient to meet the increased expenditure. Will they attempt to raise it by the imposition of fresh taxes? Or is it by a renewal of the system of loans, and irredeemable paper money, that we are to be transported again into a fool's paradise of simulated prosperity? Let the fundholders think of this; if they believe that an increase to the public debt will better their security, by all means let them vote for the return of those statesmen, who, in 1830, brought the foreign and domestic relations of the country into so lamentable a condition. We will not, however, anticipate so serious a calamity as the return of a majority of Tories to the next House of Commons; but there is a contingency only one

degree less painful to contemplate, namely, the return of a popular assembly as nearly balanced as the present, one that throws all the negative powers of Government into the hands of the Opposition. This, we regret to say, is an event by no means improbable; on the contrary, it is one we should fully expect if the next elections were to take place without the pressure of strong popular excitement. The Melbourne ministry have often been charged by their opponents with an eagerness to promote this excitement: the contrary is notoriously the fact, and that it is so is deeply to be lamented, for the present apathy will not last for ever, the day of excitement will come sooner or later, and if it arise spontaneously, it may be found much less easy to control and direct, than if it had been systematically called into existence.

The coming session, we repeat it, can prove beneficial to the country only by preparing the way for a general election, which must precede any important act. No measure of a comprehensive character can be proposed that will not give umbrage to individuals on the Liberal side of the House. Men actuated only by factious motives may be kept together by the paramount and intelligible consideration of keeping a minister in or turning him out. The Tory party have but the one object in view, and to this, for the present, every other is made subservient. Their line of conduct is well defined, and temporary desertions from their ranks are not to be apprehended. With the Liberal party the case is different. Split up into a multitude of sections, it is only on mere party questions that complete unity of purpose can be hoped for; seldom can their undivided support be depended on, when measures of practical policy are under consideration. The Jamaica Bill was an instance in point. A few of the habitual supporters of the administration withheld their votes, and the consequence had nearly been the accession of a Tory ministry. With respect to coming measures the same danger is to be apprehended. Is it to be supposed, for instance, that any Canada Bill can be proposed that will command the support of the whole body of Liberals? Any thing more idle than such a hope, it would be difficult to conceive. Well then, if ten or twelve of their friends desert ministers on the occasion, their Canada Bill must either be postponed till another session, or they must do as they did with the Jamaica Bill, accept a law so altered from its original shape as to do away with the remotest chance of its efficiency. With a House of Commons constituted like the present one, no ministry has the power to work out its own views, and all its measures are mere devices to stave off the difficulty of the moment till a more auspicious opportunity.

To give strength to a party, complete union is indispensable. The Liberal who votes against Lord Melbourne votes in favour of Sir Robert Peel, and the Radical who joins in the outcry against a Liberal minister is co-operating in the manoeuvre to set a Tory minister over the country. If the Whigs are powerless to abolish admitted abuses, it is the inefficient support of their own friends that causes their weakness. The bravest officers would be justified if they refused to mount a breach, unless there were brave soldiers willing to follow them into danger. When the enemy has been subdued, the citizen may emancipate himself from the constraint of military discipline, and when Toryism has been laid prostrate, the Liberals may dissolve their levies and discuss the point to which they will carry their constitutional reform; but for soldiers to discuss their differences in the presence of a powerful enemy, is only to insure their own weakness, and to surrender themselves an easy prey.

There are some simple-minded Reformers, who, seeing the incapacity of a

Whig ministry to obtain even moderate improvements, indulge in the hope that a Tory administration, in its anxiety to ingratiate itself with the people, would make concessions which Lord Melbourne and his colleagues either want the power or the inclination to effect. The Tories are willing enough to encourage an infatuation, by the aid of which alone they can hope for a return to power. But what are the concessions which from a Tory administration can be hoped for? Will they concede the ballot? Will they give municipal reform to Ireland? Will they establish a system of national education, from which all sects may derive benefit? Will they modify the corn laws? Will they abolish the rate-paying clauses of the Reform Act? Is there, in short, one single measure that the people would receive with thankfulness, that the Tories, while in opposition, have ever urged upon Government? and is it to be supposed, that when they have been lifted into power by the aid of Radical clamour, they will manifest greater sympathy for those, whom even now, when they need their succour, they never speak of in other terms than those of aversion and contempt?

“ Lowliness is young Ambition’s ladder,  
But when he once attains the upmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend.”

The Radicals are the ladder by which alone Toryism can mount into power; but let the upmost round be once gained, and the instrument of elevation will be indignantly spurned by the successful climber.

Again and again we would repeat it, think of the coming session but as a prelude to a general election, and muster for the fight, for on the struggle about to commence the weal or woe of our country will depend. If the Liberals be found divided among themselves, or if their zeal have cooled, the enemy may not indeed obtain a signal triumph, but the weak and vacillating character of the Government must continue, for the want of that support which the ministers of Victoria have never yet received from the people.

It is not, however, to the people alone that we would address our warning voice; ministers also must be up and stirring, if they would retrieve the ground they have lost in the confidence of their friends. They are anxious, we know, to appeal to the constituency of the country; but if in dissolving Parliament they choose no broad and comprehensive ground for their appeal, the issue of the trial cannot prove satisfactory. The bulk of our landed aristocracy are Tories, and our parochial clergy belong, with few exceptions, to the same party. The landlords and their clerical allies have countless means at their command to influence and intimidate the electors, and the latter cannot be expected to sacrifice their worldly interests without some intelligible object in view. Their zeal must be animated by the prospect of some decidedly popular measure, or they will scarcely brave the anger of those who have daily opportunities of inflicting injuries and withholding benefits. We have already said that the next general election cannot lead to satisfactory results, unless accompanied by the pressure of some strong popular excitement, and this it ought to be the aim of ministers to create by the proposal of a measure, the success of which all Liberals would by one consent declare worthy of a struggle. We know of but one measure, the announcement of which would unite the suffrages of the whole nation in its favour, and that measure ministers ought with the least possible delay to adopt as the palladium of their party—we mean the ballot. It has already been made an open question, and Lord Howick stands alone in his



eccentric opinion, that by making it an open question its eventual success has been rendered less probable. Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell, we feel satisfied, are fully aware that the question has become one of time only, that it is one whose triumph may be delayed, but cannot be prevented. If so, is it the part of prudent statesmen to alienate or embarrass their own friends by throwing impediments in the way of a measure to which the affections of the whole country are indissolubly wedded? Let the ballot be made a cabinet question, and the cabinet that makes it so may fearlessly appeal to the people. The announcement of a bill to secure the independence of the elector by throwing the shield of secrecy over his vote, would rouse the country from one end to the other, and men would be as ready in 1840 as they were in 1831 to make personal sacrifices, when they felt that the prize to be contended for was worthy the efforts demanded of them.

If on the other hand, after floundering through a few unprofitable months, with a series of abortive measures, ministers venture to dissolve Parliament, what greater exertion can they expect from the constituency in 1840 than in 1837? Do they suppose that the *éclat* of the Queen's marriage will exercise any important influence on the constituency? Let them dismiss so visionary a hope. It is by the hope of future advantages, not by the recollections of past pageants, that large bodies must be stimulated to *extraordinary* exertion. In all small constituencies, as long as the open system of voting continues, electoral independence is not to be dreamt of; and the small constituencies are, in by far the greater number of instances, under Tory control. Numerous bodies of electors no doubt are in a position to exercise greater independence, but even of these there are few altogether beyond the reach of a little pestilential knot of local tyrants, who by well-combined measures have it in their power to offer much annoyance to their humbler neighbours. The moment any thing like public zeal or popular excitement is brought into play, all such vermin is immediately blown to the four quarters of heaven; but the return of calm weather allows them to gather again over the impure places, and this they never fail to do. That Whig landlords often exercise as much tyranny over their dependents as Tory landlords may be very true, though we do not believe it, for the sympathies of the people are so much more with those who are willing to abolish abuses than with those who cling to them, that a Whig landlord will less frequently have any inducement to play the tyrant over the political conscience of his tenants; but where a Whig landlord has the delicacy to abstain from all such objectionable interference, he often surrenders to worse tyranny those round whom his direct influence would act as a protection. The parson of the parish, the country attorney, the nearest justice of the peace, are in most instances in the interest of the enemy; and if a Whig landlord leaves his tenants to their unbiassed judgment, the minor instruments of oppression are ready to avail themselves of the opportunity to terrify the unprotected voter into their own fold.

All these active agents have been at work since 1831, to fashion the system introduced by the Reform Act to the same pernicious ends to which the old borough-mongering machinery was so long applied. In the meantime they have been seconded in their unholy endeavours by a power, which a few years ago no one would have expected ever to find enlisted in the cause of bigotry and political corruption. It is a most remarkable phenomenon, that the daily metropolitan press of England, which in 1830 seemed almost wholly devoted to the cause of public improvement, should since that period have passed almost wholly into the hands of those whose object it is to carry on the Government of the country for the benefit of an

exclusive caste. This change has been gradual, but its consequences have been so momentous as well to merit a little attention at our hands.

There seems to be something monstrous in the spectacle of a free press prostituting its energies to the furtherance of a cause, the triumph of which would necessarily deprive that press of its freedom altogether; there is something revolting, something humiliating in the spectacle of the free press of a metropolis such as London, engaged in the atrocious task of fostering all the worst passions of the populace, of brutalising the masses, that they may become the more fitting instruments to their own degradation and enslavement. From 1828 to 1830 there was scarcely one daily London paper that did not raise its voice against the weak and worthless administration that had been formed on the ruins of Mr. Canning's cabinet. Yet many attempts were made, and much money expended, to establish Tory newspapers; the people, however, would have nothing to say to these rickety bantlings of intolerance, and after a brief and sickly existence they were rapidly consigned to the tomb, leaving the field occupied by combatants, who, if they did not always conduct themselves with dignity and discretion, were at least unremitting in their denouncement of political abuses. How stands the case now? Of the 45,000 newspapers daily printed in London, more than two thirds are under the absolute control of Toryism, and eagerly engaged in their task of resisting political emancipation. Since 1830, the *Times*, the *Morning Herald*, and the *Courier*, have successively become renegades from the popular cause; the *Morning Post*, at that time a paltry and despised print, has become a paper of influence and of wide circulation; and, strange to say, not a single new candidate for public favour has entered the arena, to occupy the place of those who have deserted their former principles. This melancholy change in the character of our daily press has not been caused by a change in public opinion, though we fear it has had the effect of warping that opinion materially. The change has been brought about by the superior tactics of the enemy, and by some sad blunders on the side of the Liberals. We will endeavour to explain this to our readers.

If it were gravely proposed to establish a government board for the superintendence of all the grocers' shops in London, with a view to the periodical publication of the precise number of pounds and half pounds of tea, sugar, treacle, figs, and other useful commodities sold at each, does it not stand to reason that a most unfair advantage would be given to a few shops, which owing to one circumstance or another, might have a larger custom than the bulk of their competitors? Man is naturally a gregarious animal; and it is notorious that people are constantly frequenting one shop in preference to all others of the same trade, merely because that shop is what is called fashionable, or has a greater number of customers. If, therefore, a list were published every quarter of all the grocers' shops, with an exact account of the number of customers that frequented each, such a list would have the effect of seducing away the customers from those shops where they were least numerous, and drawing them to those where customers already abounded. Nor would this be the only effect of such a list. The wholesale merchant would procure it, and study it very diligently, to ascertain who the grocers were to whom he could afford to give most credit, or to sell his goods on the easiest terms. The consequence would very soon be, that all the small grocers would get into the *Gazette*, and the "dons" would have the monopoly of the market, because small capitalists would be deterred from entering the field, by the difficulties they would have to contend with before obtaining a sufficient amount of customers to

enable them to compete, upon any thing like fair terms, with their more powerful neighbours.

Now this is precisely what our sapient House of Commons have done with respect to the newspaper business; but the effect has been immeasurably more fatal than that which a similar measure could have produced upon the community of grocers. The House of Commons have published from time to time what are called the stamp returns, which show the precise number of stamps purchased during the same period of time by each newspaper, and consequently the exact extent of circulation obtained by each. The effect of this has been precisely what ought to have been anticipated. It was shown to the public that one newspaper enjoyed a larger circulation than any other, and the public have ever since looked upon that one paper as *the* paper of all others; and, though every body abuses it, yet every body runs every morning to read it, because every body is anxious to read that which he supposes every body else to be engaged in reading at the same time. But it is chiefly the money paid for advertisements that makes it possible to sell for a few pence a newspaper with printed matter sufficient to fill several volumes, and to pay handsome salaries to, perhaps, twenty or thirty gentlemen of liberal education, whose duty it is to provide this daily literary repast. Now, when the public were made aware of the exact extent of each paper's circulation, they were taught to look upon one paper as a vehicle for publicity preferable to every other, and to that paper almost every advertisement was carried. Accordingly we find, that since the practice has prevailed of publishing these stamp returns, one paper has acquired a preponderating importance over all its rivals; that a number of papers of small circulation, having lost their advertising customers, have been necessarily discontinued; and that the prospect of a hard struggle, likely to be protracted for many years before any profit can be looked for, has deterred capitalists from embarking their money in an undertaking from which the returns are so extremely remote. Thus ten years ago there existed thirteen daily papers in London, though at that time the annual amount of newspaper stamps issued by government was under thirty millions; in 1839, the number of newspaper stamps issued will have been considerably over fifty millions, while the number of daily papers has been reduced to ten, and of these two have so limited a circulation, that their abandonment at no remote period is extremely probable. From this statement, the profitable nature of the monopoly, so clumsily created by the House of Commons, may be easily conceived. Of the stringent character of that monopoly, some idea may be formed from the fact, that NOT ONE NEW DAILY PAPER HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED SINCE THE PUBLICATION OF THE STAMP RETURNS HAS BECOME CUSTOMARY.

The monopoly having been thus formed, and formed, we are sorry to say, by the clumsy contrivances of our own friends, the task of the Tories became an easy one. To have the public press on their side, all they had to do was to buy up the shares of the existing newspapers, and this is what they have been very diligently doing for some years past. Considerable sums have thus been expended; but it is doubtful whether, in a political point of view, the Tory party could have expended their money to better advantage. By securing the most widely circulated papers, they have not only had the satisfaction of loading their antagonists with daily abuse, but have deprived them of the means of replying with any effect to these attacks. The people have not, indeed, been converted to Toryism by these fore-stallers of the press; indeed, such a stultification of a whole people we hold to be almost impossible. Nevertheless, the daily repetition of scurrility has

produced its effect. It has divided the popular party, and inspired the masses with a distrust of their own leaders. Had Lord Grey had the hostility of the press to contend with, instead of being seconded in his patriotic designs by the almost undivided influence of that mighty engine, he would have been even more powerless than Lord Melbourne has been during the last three years.

This is a digression, perhaps; but holding as we do that the successful manœuvres of the Tories to acquire a property in the shares of so many of our leading newspapers has been the chief means by which the present apathy among the people has been brought about, a hasty glance at the present character of the daily press is not out of place, when we are considering the probable complexion of the coming session.

The session, then, will be barren of any immediate practical results. The Queen's marriage will, no doubt, be provided for in a satisfactory manner; for, though the Tory press has been "worked hard" to blacken her Majesty's character, yet these calumnies are not expected to work except upon the ignorant classes. The rabble of high and low degree form the audience to which the obscene ribaldry of the *Post*, *Herald*, and *Standard*, was addressed, when the unfortunate affair of Lady Flora Hastings was so ingeniously, but so disgustingly distorted, for the detestable purposes of faction. People of sense are not influenced by such transparent artifices; but people of sense, unfortunately, are wont to be in a minority at the polling booth. Although the mob, therefore, has been taught to be less enthusiastic in its greetings of youthful royalty than it was some eighteen months ago, yet the professions of loyalty on the Tory benches in the two houses of Parliament will be as unanimous and as hollow as on any former occasion. The "necessary provision" for the Queen and her consort will accordingly be made, with much more profusion than will be at all necessary; for on such occasions peers and members of Parliament, as it is not their own money, but that of the people they are voting away, are apt to be exceedingly generous; indeed, we should not be surprised if, when ministers bring forward their proposal, some superlatively loyal gentleman were to rise on the left hand of the Speaker to censure the niggardly scale on which provision was to be made for the dignity of the crown, and to throw out a hint that, had the task been confided to Tory hands, majesty would have been even more bountifully furnished. This part of the sessional duties will no doubt be speedily and harmoniously disposed of.

A question of parliamentary privilege will occupy no trifling share of the attention of the House of Commons at its very first meeting. The House of Commons has been in the habit of late years of selling to the public at a very low price the valuable statistical and other reports, on the preparation of which many thousand pounds of public money are annually expended. The utility of these documents is thereby very much enhanced, and certainly it is but fair that the public should have access to works got up at the public expense. So popular a principle, however, is any thing but agreeable to the Tories, by whom the adoption of it has all along been censured. We need not occupy space by an account of the far-famed cause of *Stockdale v. Hansard*; and indeed one very material obstacle stands in the way of a discussion of its merits, namely, the difficulty of speaking of persons of the stamp of Mr. Stockdale, without laying one's self open to a prosecution for libel. There will be more than one discussion on this subject in the House of Commons next session, and perhaps the House will make a little bluster about the proper support of its privileges; but as the Lords will not side with the Commons in any struggle that may

ensue with the Court of Queen's Bench, the probability is, that the House of Commons will be beaten. We hope it may be so, for the success of Mr. Stockdale in a fair stand-up fight with the Commons of England would place the law of libel in so eminently absurd a light, that an immediate reform of it would become inevitable. In fact, the only way in which the House can come with any dignity out of this business, is by the enactment of a law that shall enable the defendant in any libel process to plead the truth in justification of his statement. If it be a crime in the *Times*, or the *Chronicle*, to speak the unvarnished truth, how can it be less a crime in Mr. Hansard? The House of Commons cannot assume to itself as a privilege the right of authorising its officers to break the common law of the land; but the House of Commons it is that is chiefly to blame, if one branch of that common law has become a common nuisance to ourselves, and a by-word among foreign nations.

Among the earliest events of the coming session will be the moving new writs for Newark, Edinburgh, &c. vacant by death, or the appointment of the members to new offices. For Newark the contest will be a hard one. The Duke of Newcastle, it is well known, has built a number of new houses within the limits of the borough; and, by placing his own creatures there as tenants, he has greatly increased the number of that class of voters, with whom he considers it his undoubted privilege "to do as he likes." By the aid of these auxiliaries, he may perhaps be able to overbear the strong feeling of aversion which his arbitrary and unconstitutional conduct has roused against him among the inhabitants of the borough. Should these preparatory arrangements on the part of his Grace enable the Tories to turn out Sergeant Wilde, the event will be trumpeted abroad as a fresh proof of the reaction that has taken place in public opinion. As well might the apostacy of Lord Brougham, or the transfer of the *Courier* newspaper to a Tory editor be taken as a sign of the times; the Noble Lord having deserted his friends because they were afraid of trusting him with official power, and the types and presses of the printing-office having been disposed of for a certain amount of pounds, shillings, and pence, which has about as much to do with public opinion as the sale of a minister's coach-horses to his successor in expectancy. We do not feel easy about Newark, and in justice we are bound to admit, that ministers do not deserve the support of the electors of that borough, who, after all that they have suffered in the cause, might have hoped that their friends in Parliament would have endeavoured to have obtained for them the protection of the ballot. It is cruel to call upon men year after year to sacrifice their worldly interests in defence of their political principles. If the ballot had been withheld from every other constituency in the United Kingdom, it ought to have been given to the people of Newark, to mark the general disgust excited by the profligate determination so unblushingly avowed by the Duke of Newcastle to "do what he liked with his own."

In Edinburgh the Tories talk of getting up an opposition to Mr. Macaulay. Let them: Tory ascendancy can never raise its head again in Ireland and Scotland; the Schedule B boroughs were confined to England, and the signal failure certain to attend an attempt to saddle a Tory representative on the Scottish metropolis would be likely to produce a good moral effect upon the rest of the country.

The formal business of the early portion of the session once disposed of, we hope ministers will shape all their subsequent measures with a view to the general election which must soon follow. Let them bring forth a few good sound bills of a thorough popular character, throw upon the Tories the

odium of rejecting them, and then boldly appeal to the country. But there must now be no compromise. Lord Melbourne and his colleagues have injured themselves too much already by their vain endeavours to avoid a collision between the two Houses. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum* should be their motto now. Let the Peers bear the responsibility of their own blind bigotry, but let the Whigs cease to sacrifice the support of the people, by hopeless endeavours to conciliate those who never will be conciliated, and who will yield no concession to the people unless under the pressure of fear. A general election calls for great sacrifices on the part of the electors, and it will neither be just nor prudent to demand those sacrifices without the prospect of some corresponding advantage. The ballot we must have as a government measure. If Lord Melbourne feels a punctilious aversion to adopting it, let him remember the Duke of Wellington's conduct on the Catholic Question, and ask himself whether the Noble Duke has injured his influence with any party in the country by the course he pursued on that occasion. By his own friends, Lord Melbourne knows his conversion would be hailed with unfeigned delight, and as to the Tories, can they hate and abuse him worse than they do? Besides, there are considerations that ought to have more weight with his Lordship than the mere puerile wish to preserve his own consistency on a great question, on which his friends, almost to a man, have become converts. The consideration to which we allude, and to which, we maintain it, his Lordship is in honour bound to sacrifice his personal predilections, is the peril to which his indecision not only exposes the great political party at whose head he is placed, but the liberties of the nation, the personal comfort of his sovereign, and the permanence and security of the monarchical principle. When, in the month of May last, Lord Melbourne stepped forward to rescue the Queen from the state of degradation to which Sir Robert Peel attempted to reduce her, we must presume it was his Lordship's intention, if possible, to preserve her likewise from a repetition of the insult. How humiliating will be the position of the Queen, if her ministers dissolve Parliament without appealing to the people on some broad popular question, that will rouse the electors to defy the vengeance of their Tory tyrants! Imagine the present House of Commons returned again, with an uncertain majority fluctuating between two and twelve.

No ministry can act with independence that is constantly haunted by the dread of giving offence to half a dozen individuals among its own friends. Such a state of things makes it impossible that any measure can be worked out in a statesmanlike manner, because its author has constantly to consider the crotchets and inclinations of this or that member. Could Lord Melbourne continue prime minister if the next general election were to produce a House of Commons at all like the present? Impossible. Then what would be the consequence? Would his Lordship again recommend the Queen to send for the Duke of Wellington? If her Majesty has one particle of her grandfather's spirit in her, she would rather order up Mr. Frost from Monmouth gaol to form her ministry, than entrust the task to the superficial politician, who, eight months ago, could form no cabinet without first depriving the Sovereign of the society of her female friends. Tories, greedy of place, or disappointed Radicals of the Brogham and O'Connor school, may bluster as they will, but a more unconstitutional or more offensive proposal was never made to a British Sovereign, than when Sir Robert Peel arrogated to himself the right of imposing upon the Queen conditions which an indulgent master would scarcely think of imposing on his housemaid. "If you come into my service, mind, I allow of no followers," was the pur-

port of the terms which the baronet would have dictated to his Queen; and while the remotest chance remains for her of forming a ministry by applying to some less sensitive statesmen than Lord Melbourne or Lord John Russell, we can scarcely expect that she will submit to the humiliation of sending again for the man who so ill-requited her confidence on a former occasion. Should, therefore, through his own fault, the next general election not give Lord Melbourne a sufficient majority to bring the House of Lords to terms, and carry on the Government in a satisfactory manner, his retirement will make way not for a Tory, but for a Radical ministry; and, in either case, a second general election must take place in the same year. Has Lord Melbourne the nerve to expose the country needlessly to all this commotion? When the Duke of Wellington saw that Catholic Emancipation could not be avoided, he determined himself to assume the responsibility of the measure. Lord Melbourne cannot but feel that the ballot has become as indispensable now as Catholic Emancipation was in 1829; and, if he does feel so, he is in honour bound to the Queen, and in duty to his country, not to throw away the opportunity of strengthening his government, and recovering the confidence of the whole Liberal party, by the sacrifice of what at best is but an early prejudice, which, with a few solitary exceptions, all his own friends have long ago abandoned.

The ballot will be quite enough to enable him to appeal with confidence to the people, and it will be a prize worthy of the undivided efforts of the people to struggle for. The ballot is all in all, and once attained all other organic changes are matters of indifference. Annual parliaments, and universal suffrage, and the rest of the impracticable rubbish, which mob demagogues attempt to hang on to the ballot, will be forgotten or despised by every class, as soon as the already existing constituency is placed in a state of independence. The ballot will give us a House of Commons really representing the people, and willing to carry all those measures for the material improvement of the country, which no parliament elected under the present system will ever concede. A ballot parliament will abolish the Corn Laws, during the very first session, and the peers will consider twice before they place themselves in a hostile attitude against a House of Commons returned by the unbiassed and uncontrolled suffrages of the people of England, Ireland, and Scotland. By the voice of such a parliament the Queen might consent to be guided, without any feeling of humiliation; and of one thing her Majesty may rest assured, should she live, as we trust she will, to celebrate her jubilee, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven, that no House of Commons, elected by ballot, will, in the mean time, have subjected her to the indignity of having to call Sir Robert Peel to her councils.

## ARTESIAN SPRINGS.

"We are not among the idolaters of the ancients, but we do admire the delicacy of their taste in expending so much labour and wealth in commanding abundant supplies of pure and salubrious water for the eternal city. The New River, and the Hampstead waters are, it is true, ætherial; but even these are little better than a dilute solution of dead dogs, cats, and a thousand other animal and vegetable substances in a state of putrefaction."

JOHNSON, *Medico-Chirurg. Journ.* vol. iv. p. 307. 1826.

IN the early history of London we find that the state authorities and worthy citizens were not insensible of the necessity and advantages of an adequate supply of water for the exigencies of the metropolis. It would appear that before the time of William the Conqueror, besides the "famous river Thames," the City was watered by the rivers of the Wells, Walbrook, Langhorn, as also by numerous fountains, or wells, such as Holy-well, Clement's-well, Skinner's-well, Clerk's-well, and certain pools, such as Horse-pool, afterwards Smithfield-pool.\* So early as the year 1307, we find that a complaint was made by Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, to the parliament, that the river of Wells running into the Thames was obstructed by "filth of the tanners and such others," upon which it was ordered to be cleansed, an operation which, in this and other inlets, was repeatedly found necessary; but the Thames itself is described as a clear broad stream, yielding "an infinite plenty of excellent sweet and pleasant fish, wherewith such as inhabit near to her banks are fed and fully nourished." It is, indeed, amusing to contrast the glowing accounts which the older historians give of this once enchanted stream with its present deplorable condition. "What," says Stowe, "what should I speak of the fat and sweet salmon daily taken in this stream, and that in such plenty (after the time of smelt is past) as no river in Europe is able to exceed it? But what store also of barbels, trouts, chevins, perches, smelts, breams, roches, daces, gudgeons, flounders, shrimps, eels, &c. are commonly to be had therein, I refer me to them that know by experience better than I, by reason of their daily trade of fishing in the same. And albeit, it seemeth from time to time to be as it were defrauded in sundry wise of these her large commodities, by the unsatiable avarice of fishermen, yet this famous river complaineth commonly of no want; but the more it loseth at one time the more it gaineth at another. ● \* \* Oh! that this worthy river might be spared but one year from nets, &c.; but, alas! then should many a poor man be undone."† So, also, Burton, in his "Historical Remarks of London," winds up his eulogistic description with the following amusing anecdote:—

"To conclude, this famous river Thames, taking all her advantages together, surpasseth all others that pay tribute to the ocean, if we consider the straightness of its course, the stillness of its streams, considering its breadth, as also its length, running above nine score miles before it comes into the sea; and the conveniency of its situation, being towards the middle of England: it hath likewise one peculiar property more,—that the entrance into this river is safe and easy to Englishmen and natives, but difficult and hazardous to strangers, either to go in and out, without a pilot; insomuch, that on the whole the Thames may be said to be London's best friend, as may appear by a passage in the reign of King James, who being displeased with the City because they would not lend him a sum of money which he required, and the lord mayor and aldermen attending him one day being somewhat transported with anger, the king said he would move his own court, with all the records of the Tower and the Courts of Westminster Hall to another place, with further expressions of his indignation. The lord mayor calmly heard all, and at last answered, — 'Your Majesty hath power to do what you please, and your City of London will obey accordingly; but

\* Stow's Survey. Edit. Strype. Fol. vol. i. p. 24. *et seq.*

† Ibid.

610.7 24.2.73



she humbly desires that when your Majesty shall remove your court, you would please to leave the river of Thames behind you!"\*

In 1582, the water thus panegyrised was conveyed into the houses of the City by leaden pipes connected with an artificial forcer or still; and it was observed, that on comparing it with the New River water, this of the Thames "did sooner become fine," and was "ever a clearer water."†

The New River here mentioned is that which still supplies an extensive district of the metropolis, and, as our readers may be aware, derives its origin from a natural Artesian spring at Chadwell, and an arm of the river Lea, between Hertford and Ware. Under an act of parliament granted by Queen Elizabeth for "cutting and conveying a river from one part of Middlesex or Hertfordshire to the city of London," Sir Hugh Middleton, in 1608, undertook the spirited design of extending its course to London. He employed, at his own expense, several hundred workmen, and after five years' labour, the river was carried from its origin, Hertfordshire, in a rounding course to Islington, a distance of about sixty miles, and there he built a large cistern to receive it. This was the first reservoir for water established in the metropolis, and was opened accordingly with all due ceremony. "When the water was brought to the cistern," says Burton, "but not as yet let in, on Michaelmas-day, 1643, in the afternoon, Sir Thomas Middleton, brother to Sir Hugh, being that day elected lord mayor, Sir John Swinnerton, Sir Thomas and Sir Henry Montague, the recorder, with divers other aldermen and citizens, rode to see the cistern and the waters first issuing therein, at which time a troop of about three score labourers, well appalled, and wearing green Monmouth caps, all alike armed with spades, shovels, pickaxes, and such instruments of labour, marched thrice round the cistern, the drums beating before them, and then presented themselves before the mount where the lord mayor and aldermen stood to behold them; and after one of them made a handsome speech on the occasion, the floodgates flew open, and the stream ran cheerfully into the cistern, drums and trumpets sounding all the while in a triumphant manner, and a brave peal of muskets concluded the entertainments."‡ The success of this undertaking gave rise to that which we may consider the first water company in the metropolis, for we further learn that from this cistern or reservoir, the next object was to disperse the water from the large wooden pipes in the streets into the leaden pipes fixed in the houses of such only as became "tenants to the company or proprietors;" and, he continues (Stow), "for the better management of this great undertaking, the sharers do elect certain of them as a committee to manage affairs every week at their office by Broken-wharf in London, as well to grant leases, appoint officers, as to hear grievances, and to take care about the mending of the pipes."§

The principle of combination among capitalists, engineers and men of science generally, for the purpose of achieving public works, which the lifetime of an individual — apart from other considerations — might not permit him to accomplish, has been productive of the most signal advantages to this country, as the progress of steam navigation, railroad travelling, &c. sufficiently evinces; nevertheless, it is not to be concealed, that this principle of combination may be abused, and that public companies have been started, which, instead of having in view the completion of some great national undertaking for the advantage of the public, have been, in reality, only pecuniary speculations, the company representing in the aggregate the interests

\* Hist. Remarks of London and Westminster, by Richard Burton.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid. p. 136.

§ Stow, vol. i. p. 26.

only of the individuals of whom it is composed. The principle of combination, which ought only to be called into existence for purposes of philanthropy, is hereby so far contravened, that the public ought to be protected, if necessary, by the intervention of parliament, from impositions which, under the sanction of a company's authority, may, and have been practised, with insolent impunity, even to the infliction of great personal annoyance and oppression; and herein rests the gist of the whole argument respecting the water companies of London, which involve an immense extent of capital, and consequently the directors and shareholders have a direct interest in the inhabitants of this city continuing to drink the river waters in which their capital is embarked, rather than permit, if it can be averted, the introduction of a purer supply from sources which the progress of science has only recently revealed to us.

The water companies of London are, —

1. The New River, which, as already premised, derives its supply from a spring at Chadwell, and an arm of the river Lea.

2. The East London Water Works, situated on the river Lea; but as the tide of the Thames flows about a mile up the Lea, and the supply is taken during the ascending tide, the water distributed by this company closely approximates Thames water.

3. The West Middlesex Water \* Works, situated at Hammersmith, which derives its supply exclusively from the Thames.

4. The Chelsea Water Works, on the banks of the Thames, east of Chelsea Hospital, which derives its supply also exclusively from the Thames.

5. The Grand Junction Company, also at Chelsea, which in like manner derives its supply exclusively from the Thames.

These water companies, it will be observed, are all on the north side of the river Thames: on the south, including the Borough of Southwark, we find, —

1. The Lambeth, situated on the river between Westminster and Waterloo Bridges, supplied exclusively with its water.

2. The Vauxhall or South London Water Works, in Kennington Lane, supplied exclusively with Thames water.

3. The Southwark Water Works, situated between Westminster and London Bridges, which, in like manner, derives its entire supply from the Thames.

The water companies here enumerated were originally projected by capitalists, who found little or no difficulty in obtaining the acts of parliament necessary for authorising the companies so instituted to supply different districts of the metropolis, and levy certain water rates on the inhabitants. The principle on which these several acts of parliament were granted, was unquestionably to encourage a fair competition as the best protection the public could have for being well and sufficiently supplied. About the year 1817, however, five of these companies — the New River, Chelsea, East London, Middlesex, and Grand Junction — in order to exclude other competitors, made a subsidiary compact among themselves that they should, by partitioning the town between them, establish a close monopoly, which was carried into effect by the ostensible retirement from each allotted district of all the companies previously acting in competition, leaving the company which represented this confederacy in exclusive possession of the field. This, which has been ever since designated and stigmatised as the “water

\* Part of supply at new works at Brentford.

monopoly," gave immediate dissatisfaction to the capitalists, whom it excluded from all fair and honourable competition; the attention of the public was consequently called to the subject, and the inhabitants, who — be it observed — had previously manifested a perfect apathy and indifference concerning the condition of this essential element of life, were now duly advertised that the water which they had been drinking and applying to every culinary and domestic purpose was loaded and impregnated with the most offensive and disgusting impurities, which could not be otherwise than destructive to health, and had probably been the unknown cause of many serious and perhaps fatal maladies.

This enunciation, sanctioned as it was by the highest scientific and medical authorities, caused naturally great excitement; public meetings were convened — petition after petition presented to parliament; and at length, in 1821, being formally brought under the notice of the House of Commons, a select committee was appointed to investigate the subject. Accordingly this committee gave in a long report, which terminated in a recommendation that a bill should be passed to regulate the water companies, and here the matter dropped: but the facts which this committee had elicited were of so startling and appalling a character, that the public became now still more dissatisfied; the inhabitants of Westminster held a public meeting, at which Sir Francis Burdett presided, which was attended by scientific and professional men of the greatest eminence, all of whom attested that the water supplied by the Thames was utterly unfit for use. Petitions, without number, were again sent to parliament; and at length an address was presented to his majesty by the lords spiritual and temporal, and two from the knights, citizens, and burgesses in parliament assembled, beseeching him that he would be pleased to appoint a commission to inquire into the water of the metropolis. Accordingly a commission was appointed, consisting of Dr. Roget, Thomas Braude, and the late Thomas Telford, Esq.; and these gentlemen, so eminently qualified for the task, gave in their report early in the year 1828. Here, having given this rapid sketch, we may pause to observe, that so far as the complaints alleged by the excluded capitalists against the water monopoly are concerned, we do not, in respect to their personal or pecuniary interests, sympathise with them; neither do we desire to enter into the merits of the contentions that have taken place between the water companies separately or collectively: we have a higher object in view, which is to show that the interest of the public still demands the intervention of parliament for the purpose of obtaining a purer and more adequate supply of water than the inhabitants of this great metropolis can at present command. And in order that the necessity which exists for this interposition may be clearly understood and appreciated, we shall avail ourselves of such evidence as was then adduced, in order to show that the water supplied by these companies from the Thames and New River is still unfit for dietetic and domestic purposes. And this, be it observed, is a matter which affects seriously the interests of every large town throughout the kingdom,\* for the river waters by which they are supplied, when exposed to the same causes, are subjected to the same contamination as those of the metropolis; so that the facts we are about to state, and the inferences we shall from them deduce, are capable of wide and almost universal application throughout the country.

The deterioration of river water in approaching or entering into the heart of large and populous cities, chiefly arises from its being made the depository of a variety of extraneous and offensive matters; the inhabitants of every little village in the kingdom thinking its neighbouring stream

the most natural and fit receptacle for every species of nuisance. "The purest water with which we are acquainted," says Sir Humphry Davy, "is undoubtedly that which falls from the atmosphere; having touched air alone, it can contain nothing but what it gains from the atmosphere; and all artificial contact, even from the vessels in which it may be collected, gives more or less of contamination." In descending through the atmosphere, however, the rain drops absorbed a certain quantity of carbonic acid, for which water has a great avidity, and which gives it its fresh and sparkling character, so that water deprived of its carbonic acid is always peculiarly flat and insipid. It is necessary to premise this elementary observation, because river water, holding carbonic acid in solution, exerts a chemical action on the calcareous and alkaline elements of the soil through which it flows, as well as on the animal and vegetable substances with which it may become impregnated. Happily, however, under ordinary circumstances it takes up so small a quantity of foreign matter, that its sensible qualities are not materially affected; but in passing through large towns, from the quantity and noxious character of the extraneous substances with which it becomes loaded, all its sensible qualities are altered, and it is even rendered unfit for the support of animal life. Hence Dr. Bostock, in his report to the commissioners appointed to investigate into the state of the water supplied to the metropolis, observes, "The water of the Thames, when free from extraneous substances, is in a state of considerable purity, containing only a moderate quantity of saline contents, and those of a kind which cannot be supposed to render it unfit for domestic purposes, or to be injurious to health; but as it approaches the metropolis it becomes loaded with a quantity of filth which renders it disgusting to the senses and improper to be employed in the preparation of food."\*

The evidence, or rather the facts which were elicited by this commission, appear so important in a practical point of view, that it is to us incredible that the public should relapse into a state of indifference on the subject; and we confess that it is in the hope of disturbing this lethargy, and directing the spirit of enterprise to a source whence purer and more salubrious water might be obtained, that we recur to details which can scarcely, we apprehend, be perused without a shudder.

Between Chelsea Hospital and London Bridge, it was ascertained by the commission, that the contents of more than 100 common sewers emptied themselves into the Thames. Furthermore, instead of this mass of filth being, as is popularly thought, carried away and swept into the ocean by every ebb of the tide, it appears that after being carried about thirty miles by every ebb tide, the same water returns by the flood, so that a constant flux and reflux of the abomination is established. "The Thames," observes Mr. Mills in his evidence, "is neither more nor less than the common sewer of London, so far as receiving the contents, which on the north side, as numbered by the commissioner of sewers, are 99, and on the south, 46; indeed there is no other recipient; and this commixture is conveyed by the ebb a few miles downwards to the east, then by the flow repassing London a few miles upwards to the west, but neither reaching Teddington or the sea.† Here also we may adduce the evidence of Mr. Armstrong, who addressed the following statement to the commissioners.

"On a survey of the common sewers I found them to be as follows: from Chelsea Bridge to Vauxhall 17; from Vauxhall Bridge to Westminster 11; from Westminster to Waterloo 30; from Waterloo to Blackfriars 10, including Fleet ditch, which is 12 feet wide; from Blackfriars to Southwark 6, including the great Wallbrook sewer, 7 feet by 4,

which has been known unable to discharge its filth; Southwark Bridge to London 7; and from London Bridge to the Tower 7, including the Iron Gate sewer, 7 feet by 4. And from the enormous quantity of filth constantly discharged by those sewers bearing a large proportion, comparatively speaking, to the pure water of the River Thames, which flows over the top of Teddington Lock, it is impossible it can be wholesome, and improper it should be used for any domestic purposes, containing, as it does, the impurities of upwards of a million of people, and the whole refuse of this vast metropolis. \* \* \* That the sewers are continually discharging their horrid contents into the river Thames no one can attempt to deny; and that the progress of the tide up the river defies any complete discharge, so that, in fact, the filth is carried so far down the river, and again by the tide brought so far back; and the only difference is, that it has undergone a more complete mixture, rendering its impurities less visible, but not less abominable.”\*

Independent of this source of pollution, the commission recognised other causes which, if not as disgusting, are as much calculated to render the water of the Thames unfit for domestic purposes. These are enumerated in the report as arising from,—

“1. The increase of certain manufactories, amongst which those of coal gas are the most prominent, polluting the river by their refuse.

“2. The constant passage of steam-boats, by which is stirred up the mud, which is impregnated, in certain districts, with noxious qualities.

“3. The circumstance that refuse animal and vegetable matters, which were formerly removed for the purpose of manure, are now, owing to the increased supply of water, indiscriminately washed into the sewers, and conveyed into the river Thames. Hence the water of the river is more polluted after heavy rains, which force down the contents of the sewers, than after a continuance of dry weather, when its course is sluggish or altogether arrested.

“4. The great increase which has of late taken place in the population of London and of its suburbs on every side, which must be attended by a proportionate augmentation in the quantity of extraneous matter carried down into the Thames.

“5. The quantity of dead animals thrown into the river.

“6. Its contamination by offal from slaughter-houses.”

The commissioners sum up this part of their report by stating that they “have anxiously sought for means by which the nuisances in question might be remedied or abated; but it is manifest, that if the *general* quality of the river water be objectionable within the *whole* of that district whence the supplies for the metropolis are drawn, any remedies for *local* evils become comparatively unimportant; and although these diminish as we ascend the river, we apprehend that their influence, with that of the other contaminating causes, will be more or less felt nearly to the extent to which the tide reaches.”†

Thus much as to the causes of the deterioration of the river Thames; but the New River and the river Lea—the waters of which supply other sections of the metropolis—are exposed, although not in so great degree, to the same contaminating influences. Thus, the New River is exposed to the sewage and filth of all the villages and houses for a distance of thirty-seven miles.

In the evidence before the parliamentary commissioners, Mr. Mylne stated,—

“That cow-keepers turn a hundred cows at a time into a field; and they immediately run to drink, and tread down the banks and discolour the water.

“That they cannot prevent persons from bathing in the river.

“That there are twenty-five places where the drainage runs into the river and discolours it.

“That they have in many instances endeavoured to pass the drainage and sewage under the river, by sewers into the natural drains of the country, and in some places this operation has been opposed, it being asserted that the New River has, by custom for two hundred years, been the receptacle of the drains and sewage water, and that we have now no right to divert it from that channel. Furthermore, Mr. James Mills, in his evidence, observed,

'That from the great length of the river, its motion is very slow, and that it cannot, therefore, be pure;' to which he adds that the whole quantity the river brings is not sufficient for the supply; and the remainder, which he calculates at one third, comes from the Thames." \*

The same objections apply with equal force to the waters of the river Lea, which runs through very extensive marshes, on which large numbers of cattle feed. After heavy rains in every wet season the marshes overflow; the water becomes stagnant; and when the flood subsides, it returns to the stream, carrying with it large quantities of earthy and vegetable matters, together with the manure left by the cattle, and other impurities. That the New River Company may do all in its power to mitigate these evils, by appointing "walksmen" to prevent trespass, and by inserting gratings, at a distance of every five or six miles, to impede weeds and other extraneous substances, we doubt not; but no provision of this description, no care, however vigilant, can remove these physical causes of deterioration. Nor is this all. It would appear by the most irrefragable evidence, that the impurities of these rivers which supply the metropolis are constantly undergoing aggravation; and this we regard as a point of great importance, because, if it be clearly established that these waters are subjected to a progressive and increasing deterioration, surely the public is in a manner under a prospective obligation to renew its consideration of the subject.

We have seen, in the early history of London, the Thames described as being a stream as salubrious, and as plentifully supplied with fish as the Wye or the Severn, or as any other of the "happy streams of England," which fertilise our valleys, and contribute to the health and comfort of the peasantry; but it is manifest that as the population increased, and as the city became gradually the site of commercial speculation, the causes of deterioration to which we have adverted were brought into operation. Hence, in the reign of Henry VIII., an act of parliament was passed, prohibiting "the misordering of the said river, by casting in of dung and other filth;"—but we shall pass cursorily over this and other enactments to the same effect, in order that we may meet the question of the progressive deterioration of the water; and on this subject we shall adduce the evidence only of practical men, whose testimony is limited to mere observation of matters of fact, which are infinitely more valuable than all the theories and speculative views which ingenuity might suggest.

"Mr. W. Butcher, a fish salesman, and agent for Dutch vessels, importing large quantities of eels, stated to the commission, that twelve years ago one of these vessels seldom lost more than thirty pounds weight of eels in a night, in coming up the river, but that the water had become so bad, that as it flowed through the wells in the bottom of the vessels it poisoned the eels; and the quantity which died was more than three times the quantity marketed. And he gave in a list, tabulated thus, of eight Dutch vessels, which arrived at Gravesend in July, 1827, having full cargoes of healthy eels:—

- "De Vrienderschap, K. B. Tapman, master, 15,000 lbs; marketed only 4000 lbs. alive.
- "De Het-dorp Gaastmaier, R. H. Visser, master, 14,000 lbs.; marketed only 4000 lbs.
- "De Jonge Jan Meini, P. V. Ter Dee, master, 13,000 lbs.; marketed about 3000 lbs. alive.
- "De Vissery, A. L. Wild Chub, master, 14,000 lbs.; marketed about 4000 lbs. alive.
- "De Twee Jong Vreuwcn Gerril, A. Dykstre, master, 13,000 lbs.; marketed about 4000 lbs. alive.
- "De Twee Ge Broeders, A. Oversea, master, 13,000 lbs.; marketed about 4500 lbs. alive.
- "De Nederland Kroonprince, J. P. Jelsma, master, 14,000 lbs.; marketed about 4000 lbs. alive.
- "De Vierge Broeders, G. Nieuwland, master, 14,000 lbs.; marketed about 5000 lbs. alive."

And he further adds, that of late several vessels have all their eels at one tide, the weather being clear and fine at the time.†

\* Report of the Commissioners, p. 16.

† Ibid. p. 69.

Again, James Newland, another salesman, and master of a vessel sixteen years in the trade, when examined by the commission stated, —

“ That eels have not lived in Thames water as they did formerly. First observed the difference five or six years ago, and finds it get worse every summer. Other fish are also affected by bad water, and will endeavour to get out of it on to pieces of floating wood.\* Another witness, L. I. De Jong, twenty years in the trade, stated that he noticed the difference in water eight years ago, and that every year it gets worse. An hour after high water, eels (he added) will die in so short a time, that I have had 3000 lbs. weight dead in half an hour. Furthermore, Thomas Hatherill and William Hatherill stated to the commission that they had been brought up as fishermen from the age of twelve years, and used to catch flounders, eels, roach, smelts, salmon, &c., in the Thames, between Putney and Woolwich; but the fishing dropt off, and became worse and worse every year, until they were obliged to drop the trade. ‘ I have seen the flounders,’ says Thomas Hatherill ‘ put up their heads above the water, and if there was a bundle of weeds in the river they would get on it out of the water.’† Mr. John Goldham, the yeoman of Billingsgate, further deposed, that as clerk of the market, it was his business to ascertain the quality of fish, and seize and condemn that which was bad; that twenty-five years ago, above and below London Bridge, between Deptford and Richmond, 400 fishermen, each having a boy and boat, gained their livelihood by fishing in the river; that he had known them take 3000 smelt and 10 salmon at one haul: the Thames were then the best salmon, and frequently sold for 3s. or 4s. per pound; but about fourteen or fifteen years ago the quantities began to fall off, and there has been ever since a diminution, so that now the fishery is gone, and no salmon are to be caught.”

The evidence of this witness as to the causes of this change in the condition of the river proceeds in the following terms: —

“ What do you attribute as the cause of the loss of this fishery? ”

“ First, the Docks. Near the West India Docks there was an inlet of ten or twelve feet water, where the smelts used to resort, but the gates of the dock being occasionally opened, the water was let out, which was very impure, from the bilge-water and the effect of the copper-bottomed vessels, and this I consider as the cause why all the smelts have left this spot. This water is so impure, that if a man falls into it, it generally proves fatal. Another reason is, that all the common sewers run into the Thames.”

“ Was it not always so? ”

“ No. There are now a much greater number of drains, which run into the common sewers, as well as privies and water-closets. Formerly the scavengers used to carry away the soil at night, but that practice has of late years been much diminished. The filth that they used to carry away is passed by the drains into the sewers. In the river, at Billingsgate, we have many Dutch boats with eels; I have been on board and seen 4000 alive in the wells and cofts, and the next morning three fourths have been dead; and the same proportion of loss has been sustained by all the Dutch vessels.”

“ What is the cause of the death of the eels? ”

“ When there is but little water in the river they do not die so much, as the water is less disturbed; but on heavy rains, after a dry season, the filth which had been accumulating in the drains and sewers is washed into the river and disturbs the general sediment; the water is thus rendered very impure, and contributes in producing the above effect.”

“ Is it a matter of fact, that fish suffer more after rains than in dry weather? ”

“ Yes. Other causes of the increased impurity of the river, or its being worse than it formerly was, is from the accumulation of filth brought down by rains after dry weather, the great fall at London Bridge, and the steam-boats stirring up the filth of the Thames, and keeping it in a state of almost continual agitation. Another nuisance is the gas; I have noticed at twelve o'clock at night — the gas liquor is let out in the middle of the night — the river is often covered with it, having the appearance of an oily substance, in patches of three or four feet square. The tide ebbs seven hours, and goes about three miles an hour, and this will carry it on this side of Gravesend; and as the tide flows five hours, this substance returns with the tide. As a proof of the impurity of the water of the Thames, the flounders which are brought up from sea reach Medway, &c.; when they get to Woolwich fly about in the wells of the boats, through which the water flows, and they turn up and die.”

“ Do you think that the increase of manufactories within the last ten years have tended to injure the water? ”

“ Yes. And it can be proved that many fishermen have been ruined by the change in the water.” ‡

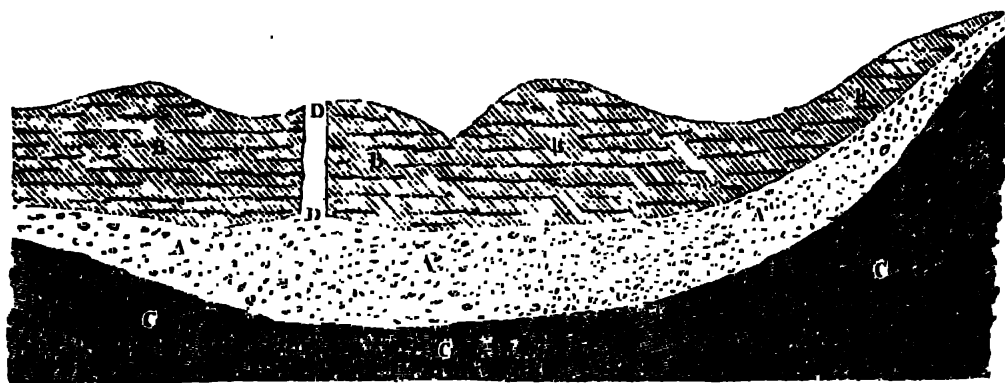
The whole of this evidence proves unequivocally that the water of the Thames, which supplies more than half the city, has for years been undergoing progressive deterioration, and as the causes by which these unhappy effects have been induced are still in active operation, the evil complained of not only continues, but manifestly becomes more and more aggravated. That some of the water companies have endeavoured, since the publication of this Report, to give a purer supply, by drawing the water off higher up the river, and introducing an improved system of filtration, we cheerfully concede, but these measures are not adequate to produce the desired end. The water from the most polluted parts of the Thames is still drunk by upwards of one half the inhabitants of London, and by no artificial means whatever can it be purified. The reason is evident. The contamination of water arises partly from extraneous and noxious substances, mechanically diffused through the fluid, and partly from the water holding in solution certain deleterious principles, which have been derived from the decomposition of the substances exposed to its action. The former may, by subsidence and filtration, perhaps be thoroughly got rid of, but not the latter, — for no process of clarification or filtration will remove the deleterious qualities which are chemically combined with, and enter, as it were, into the very constitution of the water itself. The particles of matter, too, which are mechanically diffused through water, are for the most part less injurious to the animal economy than the substances held in solution. Thus, particles of earth, whether argillaceous or calcareous, exuviae, larvæ, even living insects, will not, however they may irritate, produce any specific disease; but being for the most part inert substances in themselves, will pass through the alimentary canal without seriously disturbing the system; but the gases disengaged during the decomposition of animal, vegetable, and more especially mineral substances, produce recombinations when held in solution, which may be productive of serious effects.

It is well known that from the disengagement of certain gases by volcanic action, whole continents have been found covered with dead fish, and, accordingly, we infer from the observations we have made, that the most mischievous effects of impure water arise, not so much from extraneous substances mechanically dispersed through it, as from the deleterious substances which it holds in solution. Hence, Dr. Paris observed, “The impurity of the water, which so greatly injures the health of the inhabitants, arises not from particles of matter floating in the fluid, but from the quantities of matter which are held in chemical solution, which cannot be separated from it by any mechanical means whatever.” Accordingly the filters introduced into private families are no prophylactic instruments of protection; and it ought to be constantly recollected that the clearness and sparkling brightness of water are no positive *criteria* of its salubrity.

Having only briefly, in proportion to the importance of the subject, referred to the impurities of the river waters that supply this metropolis, we come at once to the remedy; and only marvel that any amount of capital, or widely-spread pecuniary interests, should so far retard the progress of improvement as to prevent every advantage being taken of obtaining a pure adequate supply from the resources which are manifestly within our reach. As an opprobrium on geological ignorance, an anecdote is somewhere related of a certain building stone having been carried from a great distance, at an enormous expense, to the very spot in which immense strata of it lay concealed; and we easily predict that an opprobrium of a similar kind will in a few years be cited against the goodly citizens of London, who, it will be alleged, contented themselves with drinking for many years the impurities



of the river Thames rather than take advantage of a purer and more adequate supply of water, which lay at the same time slumbering under their very feet. We allude to the water which it is now ascertained may be obtained by Artesian Wells, from below the plastic clay formation on which London is built. Here, however, it may be proper to state, that the term *Artesian Springs* is derived from this method of procuring water, having been extensively adopted in the province of Artois, in France. The principle of their formation is geologically easily explained. The water which descends from the atmosphere percolates through the porous strata which it meets with, and, when unable to make its way through impervious strata, accumulates as in a reservoir below the surface of the earth. Thus, in the subjoined diagram,



let A represent a porous stratum, on which rests B, an impervious stratum, and underneath C, another impervious stratum; it is evident that the water which descends from the hilly region, not being able to escape, must accumulate, and then, if an Artesian well be sunk at D, a plentiful supply will rush up through the tube or aperture. The instrument employed in excavating these wells is a large auger, and the aperture made is about four inches in diameter. If a hard rock be met with, it is triturated by an iron rod, and the small fragments, or powder, are readily extracted. To prevent the sides of the well from falling in, a jointed pipe is introduced, sometimes formed of wood, but more generally of metal. The process is thus a very simple and practicable one, and the water so obtained is exceedingly pure. "The water afforded by these wells," says Connybeare, referring to London, "and which arises from the sands of the plastic clay formation underlying it, is very limpid, and remarkably free from salts; it is therefore what is called soft in a remarkable degree, is adapted to every domestic purpose, and never fails." \* The testimony of all the scientific men who have analysed this water is to the same effect; and from the analysis of the springs in different parts of the metropolis yielding the same results, it is presumed that they communicate with each other, or arise from the same natural reservoir. Hence, whenever the bed of clay which overlays the chalk formation has been properly pierced or bored, a bed of fine sand has been discovered which separates the clay from the chalk, and from this an abundance of pure water has been immediately obtained. We have in our possession the results of a multitude of experiments, showing that enormous quantities of water, far more than is required for the use of the whole metropolis, may thus easily be procured; and accordingly, notwithstanding the water companies persist in drugging us with river water, the proprietors of almost all the great breweries, distilleries, sugar-refining, vinegar, colour, soap, and gas manufactories, &c., have sunk Artesian springs on their own

\* Outlines of Geology of England and Wales. 1822. p. 35.

account. The abundance of water which can thus be commanded is attested by every scientific and practical man who has fairly investigated the subject.

"At Sheerness, by the mouth of the Thames, a well was bored," says the eminent geologist, Mr. Lyell, "on a low tongue of land near the sea, through 300 feet of the blue clay of London, below which a bed of sand and pebbles was entered, belonging doubtless to the plastic clay formation; when this stratum was pierced, the water burst up with impetuosity, and filled the well. By another perforation at the same place, the water was found at the depth of 328 feet below the clay; it first rose rapidly to the height of 189 feet; and then, in the course of a few hours, ascended to an elevation of eight feet above the level of the ground. In 1824, a well was dug at Fulham near the Thames, at the Bishop of London's, to the depth of 317 feet, which, after traversing the tertiary strata, was continued through sixty-seven feet of chalk. The water immediately rose to the surface, and the discharge was above fifty gallons per minute. In the garden of the Horticultural Society at Chiswick, chalk was also reached at a depth of 329 feet, from which the water rose to the surface. At the Duke of Northumberland's, above Chiswick, the borings were carried to the extraordinary depth of 620 feet into the chalk, when a considerable volume of water was obtained, which rose four feet above the surface of the ground. In a well of Mr. Brooks's, at Hammersmith, the rush of water from a depth of 360 feet was so great as to inundate several buildings, and do considerable damage; and at Tooting, a sufficient stream was obtained to turn a wheel, and raise water to the upper stories of the houses." \*

In the neighbourhood of London these Artesian springs are already very numerous:—there are at Hammersmith 6; Brentford 3; Uxbridge 8; Rickmansworth 4; Watford 9, one of which produces 22,500,000 gallons weekly, partly supplying the river Colne; St. Alban's 2. In London itself there are 174, of which 30 produce 30,000,000 gallons weekly; indeed, it is clearly ascertained that the quantity of water which any one of these wells will yield depends on, and is proportioned to, the diameter of the bore.† It has been calculated that the quantity of water supplied to the metropolis by all the water companies on both sides the river, may be estimated at 38,000,000 gallons daily; and one orifice from a single Artesian well, with a diameter of six feet, would yield more than sufficient to meet this demand.

Here we shall briefly advert to the arguments which may be urged in favour of the present system, being well aware that some of the water companies have, at no mean sacrifice, endeavoured to overcome the evils they have to contend against. In so doing we can only regret that so much industry and capital should not have been diverted into another and better channel, which would yield as abundant, as pure, and as salubrious a supply as can possibly be desired. It may be argued that the water of the Grand Junction is almost entirely exempt from the impurities complained of, because this company draws its resources a short distance above Brentford, thereby avoiding the sewerage of that town, Isleworth, Hammersmith, &c.; and further, that very shortly it will relinquish altogether its establishment at Chelsea, and derive its supply exclusively from this source. This we cheerfully concede to be an improvement; nevertheless, it ought clearly to be understood, that this, which is the most unexceptionable water that can from this river source be obtained; is only in a comparative state of purity, because, previous to reaching this point, the Thames flowing through a large tract of country, receives the drainage of all the towns and villages through which it passes;—Oxford, Abingdon, Wallingford, Henley, Marlowe, Kingston, &c., all empty their filth into the "silver Thames," as it progresses onwards towards the great metropolis. In no part, therefore, of its course

\* Lyell's Geology, vol. i. p. 288. 1834.

† See also Lettre de M. Lefebvre, relatif à un Voyage dans le Sennaar et aux Puits Artésiens des Oases d'Egypte, Annales de Chimie et de Physique, Juin, 1839.

can its waters be compared for purity with the water of Artesian wells. The West Middlesex, also, has endeavoured to avoid the London drainage by establishing its reservoirs on the Surrey side of the river, about three miles below the Grand Junction; but being nearer the source of contamination, its supply is less pure than that of the Junction. Hence, these two companies, giving them every possible credit, only mitigate the evil in a small degree, inasmuch as apart from the above consideration they accommodate comparatively only a small portion of the metropolis, while other water companies which supply the most densely inhabited districts of the city draw their resources directly from the most polluted parts of the stream.

Again, it has been urged that the complicated and elaborate process of filtration, adopted by the Chelsea Company, expurgates Thames water of all its impurities. But this is distinctly a fallacy, because it is evident that filtration can only act mechanically, and will not affect the deleterious matters held in chemical solution. The verdict of the commission before the House of Commons, which was founded on the concurrent evidence of numerous scientific and practical men, must be held as conclusive on this point. It is thus stated: "It must be recollected that insects and suspended impurities only are separated by filtration, and that whatever substances may be employed in the construction of filtering beds, the purity of the water, as dependent upon matters held in a state of solution, cannot be improved by any practicable modification of the process. If, therefore, it can be shown, that water taken from the parts of the river whence the companies draw their supplies, either is or is likely to be contaminated by substances dissolved or chemically combined, it will follow that the most perfect system of filtering can effect only a partial purification." \* Others, again, have even alledged that Thames water is endowed with the marvellous virtue of purifying itself, and that its soft qualities render it more eligible than any other description of water for being employed in brewing, and for a variety of domestic purposes. It is, we believe, observed by sailors, that Thames water on its way out to sea, after emitting an intolerable stench, ceases to be disagreeable to the senses, and acquires a certain degree of clearness. The reason of this is obvious. When water becomes stagnant, as in the tank on board ship, the putrefactive process commences, and the animal and vegetable matters it contains undergo spontaneous decomposition. During this process various pungent gases are generated and thrown out, giving rise to the offensive odour. These, however, gradually disappear, partly by being absorbed by the charred sides of the vessel, and partly by escaping, so that the water at length ceases to smell, and at the same time the subsidence of the foreign matters which floated in it to the bottom of the vessel renders it tolerably clear. This is the entire mystery; and whatever sailors may think of the self-purifying virtues of Thames water, no man of science would ever maintain that by such a process it can be rendered really pure or salubrious. However, on this subject there is much whimsical reasoning. Thus, in a certain History of Hammersmith, we read, that among other advantages which the inhabitants enjoy, is that of being supplied with the purest water; because (so argues the learned historian) at this part of the river the London meets the country drainage, and the two waters mixing together neutralise and purify each other! Then as to the superiority of Thames water for Brewing, &c., it is true that for such purposes soft is preferable to hard water; but it may be sufficient to observe, that Barclay's,

\* Report, p. 8.

and almost all the large breweries in London, now very properly use Artesian water. The wholesomeness of the Thames water is also very apocryphal. "Have you in your practice," asked the commissioners of Dr. James Johnson, "met with any injurious effects from the use of Thames water?" to which the Doctor answered — "Yes! I was informed by Mr. Ibell, of Waterloo Place, who has a great many young women employed in the millinery business, that several of the young people have been repeatedly affected with bowel complaints; if they went out of town and drank other water the complaint subsided, but often returned again on their again drinking this water." The experience of other medical practitioners is to the same effect; and it is tolerably certain, that the inconvenience which persons from the country feel on first arriving in London is to be ascribed rather to the water they drink than to any peculiar change in the condition of the atmosphere they respire. Finally, it has been argued with some show of geological learning, that we have no assurance that Artesian wells would yield a sufficient abundance of water for the supply of the metropolis. This is manifestly an assumption, and an assumption directly opposed to the evidence of experience. We have no data on which we are entitled to argue even theoretically that the quantity of water from the hills shall diminish, or that the supply existing in the chalk basin shall become exhausted. This, however, is not a matter for speculation; it can be determined only by the *argumentum ad experientiam*; and it is certain, that among the numerous Artesian wells in this city not one has been yet known to have become exhausted. The very contrary is the fact, for in more than one instance the proprietors of breweries and other large establishments having sunk Artesian wells, have found not only a sufficient supply for their demand in the manufactory, but that it was so prodigious as to enable them to sell the water to the neighbourhood at so much per cart. At Hammersmith an Artesian well was sunk in Peter Square, the proprietor of which still finds not only an adequate supply for his own purposes, but, such is the abundance of the water, that he is enabled to supply the houses in the square with high and low, and service at twenty-five shillings each per annum. Hence it is manifest, that this and other cities might, from the very abundance of the Artesian supply, be accommodated with water at a much more moderate rate than we at present pay the water companies for water which is so unpalatable even to the taste, that most families, for the purpose of drinking, are obliged to supply themselves with water at the parish pumps, notwithstanding the onerous burthen of the water rates.

The advantages, therefore, which would be derived from Artesian springs may be thus enumerated: —

1. The Artesian water is purer and more salubrious than the river waters which flow into the vicinity and through the heart of large and populous towns.

2. The Artesian water is protected from, and not liable to, those causes of contamination which infect, more or less, all open rivers.

3. The Artesian water requires no costly reservoirs, in which stagnation alone must deteriorate its qualities, by favouring the putrefactive process, and the development of animal and vegetable life.

4. The Artesian water would not require filtration, which after all, as we have seen, does not remove those deleterious substances held in chemical solution, which are most obnoxious and injurious to the animal economy.

5. The quantity of water supplied by Artesian springs is unlimited, and no more likely to fail than are the numerous rivers to which these very springs give origin.

6. Artesian springs might be sunk throughout the country at a very moderate expense; and the water employed, as on the Continent, as a moving power to different descriptions of machinery.

*Lastly.* On every estate or farm throughout the kingdom these wells might be sunk, and the water so obtained would be an inestimable advantage in contributing to the preservation of health, and the conveniences and necessities of life.

We have, in conclusion, to observe, that the facts we have now stated, which are only a fractional portion of the evidence in our possession, are submitted with confidence to the reflecting portion of the community; and we are happy to add, that we have authority for stating, that the Marquis of Westminster, one of the most wealthy and influential noblemen in the kingdom, will, in the House of Lords, renew his motion on this subject early in the ensuing session. It certainly to us appears an anomaly, that while the progress of knowledge and practical improvements have, in this enlightened age, changed in a manner the entire aspect of our social condition, the inhabitants of this great metropolis are still condemned, by the subsidiary influence of water monopolies, to slake their thirst at a stream from which an Hindoo would shrink with abhorrence; the pollution of which, so far back as the reign of Henry VIII., demanded the protecting interposition of the government. Finally, the remedial measure here proposed affects not only the interests of the metropolis, but that also of every city, and even village, throughout the kingdom: the Oases of the very deserts in Egypt have been thus fertilised; and the only point which appears to be at issue is, whether the metropolis and manufacturing towns of Great Britain shall allow pecuniary interests to repress, or the progress of science to advance, those means for promoting health and comfort which nature itself has munificently provided.

## SKETCHES OF SPANISH GENERALS, CARLIST AND CRISTINO.

### No. II. — CABRERA.

“ — son cœur était rempli de ruse, d'orgueil, et de cupidité. Atroce dans la guerre il trainait à sa suite la destruction, le carnage, et la servitude.”

*Metral. Conjuration contre Attila.*

“ Il n'eut point ces traits fiers et imposants qui frappent tous les esprits : il montra plus d'ordre et de justesse que de force et d'élévation dans les idées.”

*Fontanes. Eloges.*

THE man on whom the eyes and hearts of the worshippers of legitimacy are now turned, as on their last hope — if any hope, indeed, exist, — is Cabrera. Of all those who have issued forth, from time to time, during the present war, to lay waste the territory they failed to conquer, he is the most formidable. His name has, during the last four years, struck his enemies with terror. Zumalacarreguy himself did not carry more dismay into the ranks of the badly organised and unwieldy masses of the

Cristino army, amidst the mountains of Guipuzcoa, and Navarre, than Cabrera in the wild fastnesses of Aragon. In the general estimate of the military talents of those who have commanded the armies, both of the Queen, and of Don Carlos, it must be admitted that the superiority belongs to the chiefs of the insurrection. Zumalacarreguy, in his single person, was worth all who have appeared as defenders of the throne of Isabella II., with, perhaps, the exception of Cordova, or Mina, whom ill health rendered a nullity. The Guipuzcoan chieftain seems to have been the model for Cabrera. The same qualities are observable in both; the same cautious prudence in not taking too much advantage of the favourable result of an enterprise; the same quickness of apprehension in discovering the weakest points of the enemy; the same skill in leading the unsuspecting foe into those inaccessible strongholds, where his masses were broken up into small bodies; the same rapidity in concentrating his own forces on a given point, in the shortest possible space of time, and in falling, like a thunderbolt, on his astounded and bewildered pursuers. We refer our readers to the autumn campaign of 1838, as a proof of all this, when Pardiñas lost his life and his army in attempting to storm the strongholds of this daring rebel. The masterly skill with which he has possessed himself of, and established himself in, a vast extent of country, for so long a period, without scarcely losing an inch of ground, and if he did, gaining five times the quantity elsewhere; the selection of the best possible points whereon to plant his almost impregnable fortresses; the energy which has enabled him to create and discipline a formidable army out of the worst possible materials — all qualify him for holding a high place beside the man whom he is accustomed to regard as his great prototype. It is true that the Basque provinces, having, from obvious reasons, been considered as the real theatre of the civil war, and the attention of the army being drawn more particularly to the North, Cabrera was permitted to avail himself of the occasion to organise his army, and establish it in positions from which Espartero will find it difficult to dislodge him, and by which he has been enabled to make himself master of two provinces. The Duke of Victory has never possessed a daring character as a military tactician, however headlong may be his personal prowess: but one might suppose that the success which has lately attended, if not his arms, at least his diplomacy, the result of which has been the pacification of the Provinces, ought to have encouraged him to set about completing the subjugation of the remaining insurgents, with something more of energy and decision than he appears to have exhibited since the treaty of Bergara. This hesitation proves that he is quite aware of the importance and peril of the dying struggle. Espartero, an open, brave, daring and, often, a rash soldier in the field, has now to deal with a cautious, cool, and crafty chief, fighting with the halter round his throat, who, like the tiger after which he is named, will crouch, with all the untiring patience of ferocity, until the moment arrives for the deadly spring on his unguarded victim. To us it seems that the peculiar talent of Cordova would have rendered him much better adapted than Espartero to encounter such an opponent as the chief of the Aragonese insurrection.

In the year 1834, the force which had been commanded by the Valencian chief, Carnicer, and which amounted to about 3000 men, was cut up, or dispersed by the army of Rodil, which had been previously employed in watching the movements of Don Carlos on the confines of Portugal. The remnant of this band was scattered over the mountains of Catalonia, Valencia, and Lower Aragon, in parties of from thirty to one hundred, where they perpetrated the most horrid crimes, robbing and assassinating, without

distinction, Carlist as well as Cristino. Cabrera had been at the head of a small force which numbered about 500 men, under Carnicer, and had made himself remarkable for the activity and energy of his movements, and the good success which generally attended his predatory expeditions. These bands, thus dispersed, though committing ravages of the most atrocious kind, were not yet of sufficient importance to arrest the undivided attention of the regular army of the Queen; whilst the local force, combining the *urbanos*, and other constitutional volunteers, was unable to compete with these ferocious marauders. The appeal to arms, also, in favour of the liberal government, had been responded to in so indifferent a manner, as to afford a favourable opportunity to the first bold and ambitious chieftain who had talent and influence enough to concentrate those materials which were loosely scattered over the country. Valencia, Catalonia, and Aragon were amongst these provinces, which, generally speaking, lent the least assistance, in the commencement, to the cause of the infant queen. The levy of a national force at Valencia, which, at the least, should have produced a body of about 2000 men, sent forth about 200 to take up arms. Zaragoza, with which so many noble associations are connected, could only muster one battalion; whilst at Barcelona not much more than 1500 men were enrolled to keep down the insurrection. Cabrera took advantage of all these circumstances which were so favourable to his designs. He combined with Serrador and Quilez, two chiefs of the old army of Carnicer, and soon collected together the remnant of that dispersed body. The numbers rapidly increased; and, instead of 3000 men, to which it originally amounted, each captain, in a very short space of time, found himself at the head of 4000 soldiers already trained to war. The talent displayed by Cabrera in his various encounters with the Cristino chiefs who were sent against him, and the success which almost invariably attended him, procured him the command in chief of the whole combined force, which then reckoned 12,000 men. In vain did the generals of the queen's army implore the government to send reinforcements in order to stop, while there was yet time, the progress of Cabrera. The government was unable to comply with the prayer. The young Aragonese chieftain did not allow, in the mean time, a moment of repose or delay: his blows were struck, one after the other, with the rapidity and the effect of lightning. He surprised, in quick succession, all the Cristino positions, and soon menaced the whole of the country between the Lower Ebro and Valencia. Serrador joined him at Tortosa, and Quilez occupied the confines of the three provinces of Aragon, Valencia, and Catalonia. The result which usually follows success in such cases was obtained by the army of the centre; crowds flocked to the standard of the fortunate chief, and his army soon became, what it is at this day, formidable for its positions, its numbers, and its ferocity, and possessed of supplies of all kinds, to an amount incredibly enormous.

Don Ramon Cabrera, Conde de Morella, who has made so much noise in Europe, and whose name is associated with so many sanguinary acts, is a young man. He is not more than thirty-six years old. He is of obscure parentage, his father having been a brigadier, during the war of independence. We must hasten to enlighten the reader, who may be apt to feel astonished at the asseption, that the son of a brigadier can be said to be of low origin. Amongst Spaniards this term is applied not only to the general officer bearing that appellation, but also to the chief of four or five muleteers, attached to the brigade of an army, and whose rank is not superior to that of a peasant. His mother, however, is said to have be-

longed to a distant branch of a noble Aragonese family; and the son is reported to cherish, secretly, and with a miser's care, a certain feeling of aristocratic pride. It has been asserted that Cabrera was an ecclesiastic. The assertion is ill founded. His connection with the church did not extend farther than having officiated many years as *sacristan* — an office which is filled by a layman — in the parish church of his native town, Babastia. In his youth, he manifested a particular taste for music and poetry, particularly for those old ballads composed in the days of Aragonese independence; and it appears that he is a finished performer on the guitar. Accident is said to have disturbed the peaceful occupations of his youth, and to have all at once changed his entire temperament. His mother held some small place in the hospital of her native town, for which she received a trifling remuneration. In settling her accounts on one occasion with a clerk in the office of the *administrador*, named Lerchundi, some dispute occurred regarding an item of trivial amount which she claimed, having supplied from her own resources a few necessities to one of the invalids of the establishment. Her demand was not recognised by the accountant, and the dispute arose to such a height, that, with the insolence of a petty official, he struck the woman on the face, and turned her out of doors. She hastened home and appeared before her son with her face swollen and bleeding. She was then a widow, and Cabrera was tenderly attached to her. He heard her story, and went to Lerchundi to demand why he had ill used his parent. Similar insolence was repeated. He proceeded to the house of the *administrador*, and complained of the treatment he had received — all in vain: he was received with haughtiness, and dismissed with insult. Cabrera did not long brood over the injury in silence or inactivity. On the next morning the dead body of Lerchundi was found lying in the streets, pierced with many wounds, any one of which would have caused death. The voice of the sacristan was no longer heard in the church of San Vicente. He fled to the mountains, and, leading a life half-shepherd and half-brigand, eluded any attempts — and they were but few — which may have been made to arrest him.

Concerning the events which mark the career of such a man as Cabrera, curiosity is always excited; and the acts of his early life, however commonplace when related of ordinary men, will be always viewed with more than usual interest. It is said that the fierce spirit of Cabrera has not been always inaccessible to the softer passions. To his duties of *sacristan* he occasionally added those of a professor of music, and gave lessons on the guitar. One of his pupils was the niece of an Aragonese gentleman, a native of Alcañiz, a young girl of nineteen or twenty. Spain is the land of intrigue, in love as well as in politics; and a young and enthusiastic female seldom considers, with the coolness of a sage, those differences of rank which are established by the conventional regulations of society. She was an orphan, and had not only been betrothed, but had been actually *casada con poder* — married, that is, by proxy, a frequent custom in Spain — with a man much older than herself, and whom she had never yet seen. \* Strange to say, and incredible as it would now doubtless appear, the manners of Cabrera were then gentle and unassuming, and a mutual attachment soon grew up between them. This was not discovered until it became too late to save the honour of the lady. She was removed with her offspring from the house of her uncle, and was never heard of more. Whether she died of a broken heart, or perished by assassination, none ever knew. That nothing might be wanting to render Cabrera a monster of iniquity, it is said that the



vengeance inflicted for the real or supposed violence committed on the lady, formed a befitting prelude to his other deeds of blood, and did not fall short of the enormity of those crimes which have rendered his subsequent career so infamous.

In appearance, Cabrera is about the middle stature, rather slight, and not ungracefully formed. To a stranger, his countenance is not indicative of the ferocity which has made him so remarkable, even amongst the sanguinary leaders of the Carlist bands; and his demeanour, when not under the influence of intense excitement, is mild and gentle. Even when affected by some overwhelming feeling, his external manner betrays little of the tempest which rages within: it is not boisterous, nor loud, but rather that of deep, calm, concentrated, yet deadly, determination. On one occasion only is it recorded that this habitual calmness completely abandoned him. This monster, who is not redeemed by another virtue, wept like an infant snatched from the bosom, when the tidings of his mother's death reached him. He loved her much; and her murder turned to gall whatever little of earthly feeling made his heart still human. He shut himself up in his apartment during two days, without admitting an individual, with the exception of one favoured servant, a relative, it is said, to witness the agony of grief to which he abandoned himself, and which almost deprived him of consciousness.

Though nominally in arms for Don Carlos, it is believed that his attachment to the person, or sentiments, of the Pretender is not very profound. Of all the generals bound to the cause of despotism, Cabrera was least under the influence of the mimic court of Estella or Oñate. He never concealed his contempt for the mental imbecility of the brother of Ferdinand; and none of the despicable and bigoted intriguers who infested head-quarters ever dared to interfere with his plans. With regard to the cruelty alleged against Cabrera, so multifarious have been the acts of atrocity committed by all since the commencement of the war, and with which, unfortunately for the cause of freedom, the Cristino party had been also stained, that it may be difficult to select one who will appear much more guilty than the rest. Yet if such a man exist, Cabrera is that person. His heart seems utterly steeled against all human feelings. His personal ambition is very great; and it is said that he once considered the possibility — an idea, which, perhaps, he may not have yet abandoned — of restoring the province of Aragon to the independence it enjoyed before the accession to the crown of Spain of the House of Austria, and of placing himself at the head of its government. He is a bold, bad man — devoid of principle, actuated by selfishness, loving cruelty for its own sake, and capable of perpetrating any enormity to further his designs; but, unfortunately for those opposed to him, endowed, too, with such vast energy and high talent, as to render their success a matter of much uncertainty, and their failure a cause of desolation and ruin on all within his reach.

## NOVEL WRITING AND NEWSPAPER CRITICISM.

THERE are few things more easy, and at the same time more unprofitable and idle, than to pour forth a chapter of lamentations on evils arising out of circumstances and influences beyond any voluntary control, and rail with a "forty parson power" against some mischief which, after all, may be only a necessary concomitant of a particular social state — vexing our souls with contending against what we regard as the degeneracy of the age in matters of morals or of taste, as our forefathers whilome did with waging war on flowing locks, and the turned-up toes of gallants' shoes, and with about as much chance of doing any good, as had the broom of the renowned Mrs. Partington of resisting the incursions of the Atlantic Ocean. Bookshelves may groan, and pulpits and professional chairs resound with well-meant efforts for the improvement of society; but unless they can succeed in pointing to the organ whose diseased action occasions the peccant symptoms, the attempts of authorised and unauthorised teachers are likely to be equally fruitless. "Si nous voulons être vertueux otons les circonstances qui nous empêchent de l'être. Il n'y a pas d'autre moyen."

In our last number we took occasion to express our opinion that the faulty manner in which the daily press had in general fulfilled the duties of its critical department had powerfully contributed to bring about the present deplorable prostration of the drama, and of the doubtful, if not declining state of public taste in art and light literature in general; but it would have appeared to us to little purpose to do so, unless we could, at the same time, point out some change in the present newspaper system, which, in our opinion at least, might give some hopes of ameliorating the evil complained of. It may, indeed, be urged that though there can scarcely be two opinions on the subject of the dramatic art, it is by no means certain that our remarks have any further applicability than that we are often worse judges of the spirit and tendencies of the age in which we live than of those more remote, since there is no "bank or shoal of time" on which we can take our stand, but must ourselves be swept along with its mighty current. Our fears often magnify the proportions of objects which threaten us nearly, and the clouds which throw so dark a shadow over our horizon might give way to light and sunshine if we took our view from a more elevated spot.

Fully conscious of the truth of this objection, we are rather inclined to put a query than to make an assertion as to the present character of our literature, and the probability that there are causes at work threatening its further degradation. It is evident that at a time of such great literary, or, at all events, of such great *publishing* activity, literature could not always remain to its votaries what it once was, — a religion, or heart-worship. Like other blessings, for which in former days men have held their lives a cheap sacrifice, it has become common enough to be disregarded. The learning, once so high and proud a distinction when the scholar lived apart in his own lofty sphere, holding free communion only with those who were, like himself, the initiated priests of knowledge, and looking down on the rest of mankind as on a different and inferior race, might indeed have nourished much vain-glory and self-sufficiency, but it frequently brought purer feelings and loftier aspirations than attend our better knowledge, and was looked on as a sacred deposit not to be lightly prostituted to base or venal purposes.

Idle and fantastic, it is true, was often the nature of the pursuits on which the name of learning was bestowed, but they were ennobled by the spirit in which they were followed; and we can scarcely afford to smile at their childishness, unless we are prepared to show that the grander truths of which we are in possession can inspire us with as true a faith, and as generous a devotion.

The great increase in the numbers of the reading public, and the demand thus created for a regular supply of literary productions, as wares adapted to the market, have necessarily raised up a class of persons, who follow literature as a branch of industry, — authors by the grace of the booksellers, with whom the first question is and must be to hit the popular taste of the moment.

The vast facilities afforded by newspapers for bestowing on these manufactures a showy, though transitory popularity, and developing all the resources of the art of puffing, have been found too convenient to publishers not to be readily seized upon, while the critic, staking little of his reputation on the truth and candour of an anonymous verdict, finds the selection of a few striking passages, as they are called, and the repetition of some complimentary phrases, a temptingly easy mode of fulfilling his task; the rapidity required in every branch of newspaper composition, — the number of new works crowded on his attention, really rendering any thing like calm and thoughtful criticism exceedingly difficult, if not impossible.

It is evident that the best and highest productions are not those best adapted to this sort of process. Works of a deep and earnest character, requiring some attention and exertion on the part of the reader, are unmanageable for such a purpose, and nothing deserving the name of a work of art can be estimated in this fragmentary manner, without regard to its scope and aim as a whole. To books of travels only, as in their nature desultory, is it in any degree applicable; and accordingly, as this system has acted on them less injuriously than on any other, they are among the most creditable productions of the modern press; but it is on fictitious literature that its pernicious effects have been most strikingly felt, and that the most obvious symptoms of a feeble and corrupt taste have consequently displayed themselves. The tawdry sentiment, childish finery, and piquant personalities of the fashionable novel, or the glaring situations and exaggerated horrors of the Newgate school, are as well fitted to catch the eye as the advertisements of Morison's pills or Warren's blacking. The emptiest articles are most easily raised by the breath of newspaper applause, and in these, therefore, the most extensive and flourishing trade is carried on.

In judging of the importance of any branch of literature by its operation on national character and taste, we should be much inclined to reverse the usual order of precedence, and regard the ballads, the penny and "two-penny trash," and the novels and romances as infinitely more deserving of consideration than the stately quartos and books which "every gentleman ought to have in his library," and which, once purchased, often remain ranged in quiet dignity on its shelves, or serve only to promote the after-dinner slumbers of its owner.

The most pernicious doctrine contained in these may remain as harmless as the bottled up poisons in the chemist's shop; but when these poisons find their way to the brewer and the baker, and become articles of daily use and consumption, the case grows more serious.

\* Every body knows the value rightly ascribed by the government of the period to Dibdin's sailor songs; and similar productions, in awakening and directing the enthusiasm of the people; and the effects of the prevalent tone

of popular novels, though not quite so easily perceived, as influencing those classes whose lives are more removed from observation, we consider to be not less certain and powerful.

The impulse given to the public mind by Scott's novels, in the direction of historical research, and the life and interest bestowed by them on inquiries previously confined to the professed student and the antiquary, have produced a favourable change in the mode in which history is now written : and the influence of even a single studied novel of extensive popularity is often perfectly evident, as in the case of the "Sorrows of Werter" for instance, which undoubtedly turned thousands of heads, and even set at liberty many brains, though probably only such as were of no value to any but the owner.

It is not often that the author of a scientific theory or a philosophical treatise can flatter himself with having produced effects as widely spread and as lasting as those of a favourite romance. If, then, we admit the power exercised by fictitious writing over popular feeling and action, it becomes a matter of deep and serious moment to know what is at any time its prevalent tone and spirit ; and we cannot help regarding it as matter of regret that the taste of the day should give the preference to works which afford a coarse and strong stimulus, rather than to those quieter, but infinitely more skilful representations of life and character, which must ever remain the models for this class of writing. The patiently and exquisitely wrought pictures of a really great novelist — as different from the flashy random sketches of the productions poured forth with the rapidity of a steam engine, as one of Titian's portraits from the daubery of the scene painter, — demand not only genius, but an expenditure of time and labour, to which the modern novel writer has little inducement, since every reward he can hope for is as likely to follow the lesser as the greater exertion.

It is in general a decided symptom of weakness in a writer of fiction to choose rather for the subjects of his delineations remote and unfamiliar characters and events, than such as in real life come before his actual observation, — such cloud-like phantom pictures as, resembling nothing in heaven above or in earth beneath, he would fain impose on us for the beings of distant countries or of by-gone times. The vigour of imagination and intimate knowledge of the past, which enabled Scott, for instance, to present us living and breathing a likeness of Louis XI., or Friar Tuck, or Jonathan Oldbuck, or any other person whom he might encounter in his daily rambles, is a rare combination indeed ; and even he was far from being equally successful on all occasions, and has often filled up his canvas with mere lay figures, habited in appropriate costume. Many writers resort to history, because they know not what use to make of the present. They want the observant eye and the sure hand that would enable them to render faithfully that which lies before them. They could not for their lives produce a portrait of a London shop-keeper or a country squire, which should not shock by its exaggeration and gross want of truth ; but they will furnish you on the shortest notice with a splendid *ideal* representation of an inhabitant of Herculaneum, or a "Princess of the holy Roman empire." Yet to be unable to represent what we see, should seem a poor ground for claiming credit for the higher faculty of bodying forth "the forms of things unknown." We are aware that it is common for those who wish to disguise poor and common-place conceptions under strange and fantastic forms, to declare that the character of modern social life renders it eminently unfit for the purposes of fiction, or that if they must select their subject from their own times, they must at least choose such as they and their readers are least acquainted with. The glare and glitter attendant on a high station,

or the misery and crime too often darkening the lowest, are considered indispensable to the creation of a powerful interest. The tawdry frivolity of the one, and the coarseness and violence of the other class, are derived from congenial sources; and such novels as "Almacks" and "Jack Shepherd" have their springs of interest equally in our mere animal propensities: the desire of the sensual indulgences procurable by wealth and rank, and the fear and horror with which we listen to a tale of blood and physical suffering, are equally remote from intellectual pleasure. Such stimulants as these ought to be most sparingly employed, and never but in the strictest subordination to some higher object; yet these are the staple commodities with a vast majority of our novel writers.

The large portion of society included in what are called the middle classes, among which are to be found some of the richest developments of individual and national character, are generally condemned as too hopelessly prosaic to be turned to any poetical account, and have even been pronounced, "ex cathedrâ," by quarterly critics, "the most unromantic and unpicturesque portion of the community."

The sayings and doings of the dwellers in the charmed circles of May Fair have found more chroniclers than can be numbered, and some struggling rays have even lighted up the murky dens of Field Lane and Mutton Hill, but the "Limbo lying, I wist not where," between these extremes is seldom visited. Even Boz himself ("*et tu Brute*"), though unquestionably owing some part of his success to the richness of this mine which he has had the skill and strength to work, endeavours to excuse himself with his readers by presenting his heroes and heroines with a handsome fortune at the *dénouement*, and even occasionally hinting his contempt for the habitual dwellers in this intermediate purgatory. This is but one among the many modes of rendering tribute to Mammon, and cherishing those servile cravings after aristocratic distinctions, which form the very canker of our society, and are no where so disgusting as when manifesting themselves in the republic of letters. The very poor, as exciting no jealousy, are often brought forward in displays of sentimental tenderness, and become interesting at all events as objects of benevolence to the wealthy, as conduits to carry off their superfluous virtues; but while parish boys and factory girls may be safely admitted to the familiarity accorded to inferior animals, the class one step below us must be kept aloof by all means. In a fashionable novel, enjoying a high and in some respects a deserved reputation, it is stated that the heroine — an amiable and benevolent young lady of course — would as soon have thought of speaking to her horse as to her waiting-woman, except to give her necessary orders.

We have alluded to this spirit in our writers of fiction partly because it is in itself degrading to literature, and partly that it tends to impoverish its resources, and circumscribe its legitimate domains; but our present purpose was chiefly to inquire whether an honest and vigilant surveillance on the part of the periodical press might not have the power to keep its stream free from this and many other impurities. Under existing circumstances, however, we fear that a critic, who should assume a very high tone on this or any other point of morals, would but expose himself to Ophelia's admonition to her lecturing brother —

"Do not as some ungracious pastors do,  
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;  
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,  
Himself the primrose path of dalliance keeps,  
And reck's not his own read."

And until we had provided all possible security for the integrity of the judge, we should hardly wish for a freer exercise of his authority.

One of the most striking circumstances connected with the periodical press, by which persons engaged in it are distinguished from mere literary men or politicians, to whom they are allied on either hand, is its anonymous character.

At the time when this mighty agent in modern society was struggling into life, when the giant was still in infancy, there is no doubt that some such protection was necessary against the overpowering force of its enemies; for though the earliest periodicals proceeded from the hands of authority, the dangerous character of the new power thus called into existence soon became apparent, and in the long and stormy period elapsing before it reached its present maturity, the odds were often too fearfully against the natural ally of liberty to admit of its throwing away so necessary a shield. But the means of defence, however allowable, and even indispensable to the weak, may become unhandsome and cowardly when employed by the strong. No one can now pretend that he has any just cause to fear the temperate utterance of any sentiments he may entertain on political or literary questions, and the real and well-founded power of the press is too great for it to shrink from the loss of any factitious influence that may arise from the mystery in which its proceedings are at present enveloped, or to fear the renunciation of claims founded only on ignorance and misunderstanding.

In proportion as it assumes the rank of a real power in the state, it becomes necessary to surround it with some of the restraints which power always requires in order to be duly exercised; but the nature of the case does not appear to admit of any other than may be obtained by bringing to bear on it that public opinion, in which it lives and moves and has its being, and renouncing the system of concealment which its altered position no longer requires. The limited number of newspapers, and the immense property embarked in them, renders each one more than a match for any private party with whom it may come into collision; and, little as we desire to see any diminution in the influence and authority of the press, it is impossible to deny that its union of wealth and talent, and inquisitorial secrecy, without any security for moral guidance, does appear in the highest degree critical.

“ ‘Tis excellent to have a giant's strength,  
But tyrannous to use it like a giant.”

And though the press, as a body, may by no means fall below other classes in integrity, we must suppose them infinitely above all other men, if we imagine that no bad use is ever made of so singular and anomalous an advantage.

It has been thought, and with some reason, that the profession of an advocate, by inducing those who adopted it to stand forward in defence of any cause without regard to its truth, must be unfavourable to perfect uprightness of mind; and we have unfortunately but too many examples, both in history and in our own times, of the dangerous effects of the habit of making “the worse appear the better reason.” Yet, as an advocate openly proclaims that he comes forward to say only whatever can be said on one side of a question, liability to confound his own notions of right and wrong and mislead his auditors is greatly diminished, and his arguments are received with natural suspicion and distrust.

The peril to both parties from the corruption and venality of the press is beyond comparison greater. The newspaper writer who betrays the truth,

does not merely, like the hired advocate, endeavour to make black pass for white, in an individual case, and inflict an injury on a single sufferer, but seeks to sow such seeds of falsehood as shall bring forth a crop of sorrow and sin, perhaps for ages to come.

The temptation to forfeit his integrity is also much greater in his case than in that of the advocate; for the point at issue is not the loss of an occasional fee, but often enough that of his whole subsistence, and it must, of course, be greatly strengthened by the impunity afforded by the concealment of his name, as he is thus shielded from the loss of reputation which might otherwise attend an abandonment of principle.

The ephemeral nature of newspaper writing is in itself a kind of shelter; for even if the name of a writer were always affixed to an article, it would, in most cases, be soon lost in the oblivion which awaits all periodical productions. Vast and incalculable as is their effect in the aggregate, it is mainly the consequence of perpetual repetition. Succeeding each other like the multitudinous waves of the sea, the most brilliant efforts in this line do but burst for an instant in noise and dashing foam, and then disappear for ever.

It may be thought, perhaps, that we have adopted rather too serious a tone in speaking of the want of candour in the critical department of newspapers; but beside considering that it is very difficult to be dishonest a *little*, and to a certain extent only, we are certainly inclined to estimate rather highly the importance of a kind of literature which is the chief, if not the only intellectual aliment, of a large portion even of what are called the educated classes.

Regarding the press also as the great purifier, the prime agent of improvement in modern society, we would fain see those concerned in it shake off some of the trammels by which they have allowed themselves to be entangled, and become awakened to a higher sense of the dignity of their office, and of its consequent duties. At the same time it must not be forgotten, that it is far casier to point to some abuses which have gradually crept into it, than to number a tithe of the benefits which we have derived and are still deriving from its labours, — to count the truths it has brought to light — the falsehoods it has unmasked — how often it has stood between the oppressor and the oppressed — a better champion of innocence than chivalry could ever furnish — how often made its voice heard across continents and seas, and stopped the course of public injustice or private wrong — like a mighty wind from the four corners of the earth, agitating the sluggish waves of human thought, and preserving them from pestilence and stagnation; it is because we are deeply sensible of the inestimable value of an intelligent, free, and honest press, that we would fain see it correct those vices which degrade it from the high station it ought to occupy, as the legitimate heir in modern times to that throne of spiritual dominion, only dreamed of since the dark ages by the successors of St. Peter.

## GLEANINGS OF IRISH CHARACTERISTICS.

### *Screech the First.*

A SCREECH is not to be explained by the laws of acoustics. It cannot be described by any possible combination of words. It cannot be represented by a diagram, or transfused into the colours of a picture. To make any approach to a remote description of it, we should employ a variety of languages — German, Gaelic, Walloon, Low Dutch, Cherokee, Hindostani, Japanese, Icelandic, Scandinavian, Slavonic, Guernsey-French, Magyar, Cracow-Russ, and the like. By an ingenious and utterly unintelligible intermixture of the most fractious sounds drawn from all the accessible tongues of the world, something like a verbal Image of a screech might be obtained; just such an Image as would puzzle Trismegistus, or Albertus Magnus, or Johanna Southcote, to comprehend, and which would consequently convey a tolerably correct notion of that which in its original purity is ten thousand times more tumultuous than the roar of Niagara.

A screech — whatever else it may resemble in its details — is unlike any thing else in its entire volume. It is an Irish conglomeration. Let no one suppose that it bears any sort of relation to a shout, or a scream, or to a multitudinous burst of voices, for whatever similitude there may exist between it and any din or howl of the earth's creatures, it possesses a soul of humour and pathos within itself, to which no other imaginable agony of lungs can set up the most remote pretensions. Whoever has witnessed an Irish wedding, or an Irish feast, a pattern making the welkin ring and blink with songs and shillelubs, or a faction fight in the cool of the evening in the retired shadow of a mountain glen, may have had his imagination filled with the real glories of a screech. Roaring fun and lusty friendship — social feuds and rollicking love — arrowy wit and profane caricature — bacchanal dances and the marriages of all the fine arts of wrestling, improvising, skull-fracturing, card-playing, carousing at the still-head, abduction, and station-revels — the keen of eloquent sorrow, and the hilarious music of the shebeen — all enter into the general description of a screech; an ambiguous and comprehensive title, which may, therefore, be appropriately applied to a series of rambling, but illustrative gleanings characteristic of Irish life, of classes and heads peculiar to a country which may fairly be regarded as the most peculiar country on the habitable globe.

For the application or significance of these gleanings we are in no way responsible. If any of them exhibit a tone of exaggeration, the reader may be assured that the exaggeration belongs to the soil from which they spring, that it forms one of the circumstances inseparable from the scenes or persons it delineates, and that, although the fidelity of the likeness be shown in a sort of wild excess, the life is there notwithstanding. As to any offence against the prejudices of any class, all that we can say about such a possible construction of our laughing philosophy is, that we have lived long enough to despise prejudices of all kinds. Humour is a species of chartered Motley, who is allowed to insinuate an occasional point of truth through his free-spoken jests without being called to account like a serious fool.

Of the sources of our gleanings it will be enough to observe that some will be rescued from typographical oblivion, that the greater part will be here presented for the first time, and that the whole will have a bearing, more or less direct, upon the domestic characteristics of Ireland, past and present. We pledge ourselves neither to plan nor continuity; and, without



further prelude or promise, we at once unloose the strings of our budget, and let the first screech escape.

#### THE PRIEST'S NIECE.

The parish of Ruthbeg, in the west of Ireland, is placed in the centre of a range of ragged hills, as if it had been dropped there by accident. It is a lonely place, dotted over with trees, ponds, and wide stretches of meadow, and somewhat fantastically intersected with a silver vein of water, that takes its source in one of the mountains. The extent of the parish is about twenty miles, and as the population is thin and scattered, the clerical duties of the priest are laborious; it being a part of his business to visit the parishioners at stated times, and give mass on alternate Sundays at the distant stations. But Father Macdermott contrived to make his task as agreeable as, under all circumstances, could be expected. He travelled on horseback; stopped at the shebeen houses for refreshment, which was gratuitously accorded to his reverence, and which he was never slow to partake of; and, by short stages and merry-makings, he never failed to enjoy himself on the road. He had a word for every body, for he was jocular by nature; and so, between his fun and his functions, he made light of his journey. Imagine him mounted on a well-fed charger, as sleek as himself, and follow him down the sloping bridle-path that leads into the first rent of cabins beyond the bridge: you shall judge of the pleasant life he passes in his retired parish.

"Ha! Mrs. Finnegan, what's upon you this morning, with that *quare* looking bundle under your apron?"

"Troth, your reverence, it's only a basket of eggs."

"Where there's eggs there must be chickens, Mrs. Finnegan."

"Never a word of lie in it, your reverence."

"I wouldn't be put out of my way, Mrs. Finnegan, if one or two of them same chickens were laying their eggs up in my barn; there's a beautiful pool for the creatures there."

"May be your honour means to do me a good turn this blessed morning?"

"And why not, Mrs. Finnegan? Who's sick?"

"Poor Thady is lyin' under the measles."

"Oho! we'll make a terrible intercession for him."

"The grace of the world go wid you, sir."

"When will the chickens come, Mrs. Finnegan?"

"If I'm a living woman they'll be breaking their hearts laying eggs for your reverence, before they're an hour older."

"You're in the true way, and I'll take care of Thady."

Spurs to his horse, and off he goes to a wake.

The eldest son of the house of Shanahan is dead. He lies on a dingy bed, surrounded by numerous candles and the *élite* of the village. When the priest enters, Michael Shanahan, the father, greets him:—

"There he is, your reverence; sure the world couldn't keep him together, when once the last fit came upon him."

"Well," rejoins the priest, "it's one comfort, that, do what you will, you can't bring him back again."

This consolation was followed by dipping a goblet into a gigantic bowl of punch, that stood on a table in the middle of the apartment, and drinking off its contents to the "sarvice" of the "ladies" and "gentlemen."

In the meantime the melancholy revelry went forward, hushed into occasional attention only when some divers-keyed song broke upon the din and atten-of voices; or when some inspired relative of the deceased stood for-

ward, in a sudden frenzy of eloquence, to depict his virtues and bewail his loss.

Father Macdermott moved quietly towards a corner, where a middle-aged woman, of the lower class, sat alone. She appeared to be an observer, rather than a partaker of the merriment. But it must not, therefore, be inferred, that she was either moody or temperate; for she frequently joined in the loud roar, and never allowed the jorum to pass untasted. Still she did not mingle in the group, but enjoyed it with a sort of solitary recklessness. The priest was soon seated at her side. There was a look of mutual intelligence, checked by strong feelings; but the embarrassment soon wore off, and an under-toned *tête-à-tête* ensued.

"And is the cratur well?" inquired the woman, in a subdued and uncheerful voice.

"Hearty — hearty!" returned the priest.

"And how is her *sparats*?"

"Troth, Mrs. Martin, I can't complain. She is as well as can be expected." These last words were accompanied by a very intelligent smirk, that conveyed a meaning which could not be mistaken.

"Again? — poor sowl!" and the woman cowered in her corner, and rocked to and fro with an agitated expression of countenance.

The buzz still rang thrillingly through the low room; and but snatches of the conversation were here and there audible.

"Father, avourneen!" exclaimed an old woman, approaching the priest with great reverence, "how is the niece this blessed night?"

"Thank your axing, she's mighty well," returned his reverence.

"Ah! then, wasn't it a pity not to bring her along wid you to the wake? Sure never a one of her gets any diversion at all, she's so given up to the books and the chapel."

"True, for you," interrupted Mrs. Martin; "but there's *raison* in all things. May be it's better as it is."

"What should you mean by that, Mrs. Martin?" inquired the priest.

"Och! nothing — nothing at all. Only it's a sad sight to see a young thing, the likes of her, shut up morning, noon, and night, all as one as a fairy in a 'baccy-box. If the cratur is like other young sowls — and why shouldn't she, Father Macdermott?" — whispered Mrs. Martin — "you know best — you know best."

"Well, I wonder at you to put such thoughts in her head. Did you ever know of a priest's niece go gadding abroad like other girls. Am I not saving up the penny for her?" — and then applying his ear close to her's, he added — "won't you be the better of all I have? You'll be the ruin of her if you don't keep your tongue easy."

"Augh! it's an ugly deed. What's the use of talking? — the heart's broke within me!" she answered, smothering her emotions as well as she was able.

"You're a big fool!" was the answer of the priest, who turned away to the invitation of an awkward, red-haired man, with a jug of fresh made punch in his hand.

Let us now return to the priest's house, seated in a comfortable field, at the termination of the valley beyond the village. It is midnight. Mrs. Finnegan's chickens, presented according to promise, are long since gone to roost. Peggy, the priest's niece, alone is up and waking in the lonely domicile. Suppose a picture of the scene were painted by some Irish Wilkie (if such an artist there be, now that Grattan is no more), it would represent the following interior —

A snug warmly-carpeted room; on the left, a fire blazing and sparkling

with those best of ignitable materials — seasoned logs and good turf; at the back, a well-furnished cupboard, in which glasses and decanters, brightened by constant use, hold a prominent place. A table in the centre, covered with a crimson cloth, upon which stand an oddly-assorted mixture — a whiskey-bottle (corked, we must add, in justice to the lady) — a couple of tumblers and glasses — a work-basket filled with various-coloured muslins and ribands — *some half-finished baby linen* — a weekly newspaper — an Italian iron — a dirty pack of cards scattered about — a pill box — and some labelled phials, fresh from the apothecary's. There sits Peggy at her solitary employment; her busy fingers plying her nightly task of preparation for a domestic event to come; and her scarcely audible voice humming to beguile time one of the melancholy popular airs of the country. Occasionally she pauses from her sad labours, and looks vacantly at the progress she has made. Her eyes, never beautiful, but peculiarly soft in their expression, are red, perhaps with weeping. Then a low sigh breaks out from her lips, she makes a violent effort to rally, snatches up her work hastily, and resumes the tedious toil with unconscious rapidity. She looks like the victim of circumstances out of which she cannot escape. If she be unhappy, she is fascinated by a charm that will not permit her to murmur. She dare not complain; she would neither be credited nor comforted by the multitude. Even her relatives, those who love her best and most truly, would shrink from her appeal. She is doomed to suffer without hope. Her crime admits of no worldly consolation. The tempter is the dispenser of salvation; and were she to denounce him, fearful would be the punishment inflicted on her, through the agency of her superstition and her ignorance.

It is midnight, and a vulgar outcry at the door announces the return of Father Macdermott. But he does not come alone — he is accompanied by Mrs. Martin. Peggy hastens to admit them, and, in the next moment, she feels the embrace of her despairing mother.

"Is the kettle *schreeching* hot?" demands the priest.

"It's only boiling its life out, waiting for you these three long hours," answers Peggy.

A silence of a few minutes ensues, during which the priest, whose celerity in these matters is proverbial, has mixed two tumblers of strong punch, one for Mrs. Martin (nothing loth), and the other for himself.

There sit the group, enjoying their bitter dissipation — the mother of a lost girl, the priestly seducer, and the ruined victim of unholy passion!

"I'm afear'd," exclaims Mrs. Martin, "that the Bible people know all about it, Peggy. It was only the other morning that they were axing down at the school whose child it was that the nurse was taking such care of. That would be certain destruction to us all, avourneen!"

"Ah! then, what are you teasing yourself about?" replies Father Macdermott. "Ar'n't the Biblicals our sworn enemies? Sure I'd rather they'd say it than not; for our people wouldn't believe a word of it then. It would be all set down to their spite and malice; and the 'ssociation would take it up and prosecute them for slander, and Peggy would be a *made woman* ever after the world over. Who d'ye think would dare to accuse me of it? Wouldn't I excommunicate them, bell, book, and candlelight, and bring the murrain on the cattle of them? Don't you know very well, with all your foolishness, that it wouldn't be wishing them all their souls and bodies are worth to put such a charge upon me? *Who cares what they think, when I know they dare not speak out one word against their priest!* Take your cordial, Mrs. Martin, and leave the rest to me."

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Is the sketch overdrawn? Perhaps so. But is there a vital truth in it?

Perhaps so again. Something must fill the void of the priest's loneliness, "the niece" is the solitary human joy of his home, and until universal nature shall have undergone some revolution yet incomprehensible to our senses, she is likely — or the suppressed emotion she represents — to continue so, wherever the victory over the organisation of man has not been wholly and finally won. And who or what is to blame for this? The priest? No. The system which assumes a fabulous power of controlling humanity, which imposes impossible obligations, and which, embraced with an unreflecting zeal, is thus sometimes violated with a desperate and audacious confidence. Thank Heaven, the Catholics are now upon a civil equality with the Protestants, and both are equally open to animadversion, without endangering a political principle by a wanton provocation of bigotted prejudices.

Our next sketch is of another cast, to the full as exaggerated as the last, but not wanting in a similar point of utility. It is illustrative of the familiar addresses of a country parish priest, of the true Milesian stamp. Such pastors generally speak the Irish language fluently, are accustomed to the habits of the peasantry, and render their knowledge subservient to the improvement of their influence. Their appeals are generally filled with images skilfully adapted to the capacities of their hearers, and derived, with a just poetical feeling, from the ordinary modes and customs of the people. This somewhat grotesque piece of rigmarole may be entitled

#### THE PRIEST'S DREAM.

"Don't be making such a noise over there, shutting and opening the door while I'm preaching. It's hard for the word of God to be spread amongst ye, when it's chewing tobacco and spoiling your mouths ye are, instead of listening to me. Shut your teeth, Jemmy Finn, or the flies will get down your throat, and bother your stomach entirely. Now, can any of ye tell me what's the reason that, when you've nothing to eat, — which God help you, is no fault of your own, — you don't die for want of nourishment? There's a puzzler for you, Jem Neale, big as you are!

"Now just turn that problem in your heads, while I'm seeing whether the water is drying out of my new coat; — sure enough it's the only one I have.

[A pause of wonder in the chapel, while the priest descends from the altar to see after his coat. It is evident, from the confusion visible in the faces of the audience, that the problem is a poser. The priest returns.]

"Well, there's never a one amongst ye can find out the reason of the life that's in you, in spite of the starvation. Sure, that's the use of the priest, to show you what you can't see of yourselves. Did you ever hear of the moving bog? It walked over Cavan and Armagh, dripping rain the whole way; and sorrow a clod of turf on it but belonged to the Orangemen. The cause of that is as plain as the blossoms on Pat Duggan's ugly nose. You never knew of a moving bog of real Catholic turf. No such thing. And that's the reason why the starvation doesn't kill ye. But just try your hands upon the Bible — turn over to the Methodists — and then see how a mouthful of cold wind will do for your breakfasts. Once you think of fasting and turning Protestants, you're done for as neat and clean as if Ould Nick was drilling you through and through with a red-hot poker. Doesn't that expound to you the source of the eating and gormandizing of the Brunswickers? They eat and drink hearty, you see, because they know well enough, the spalpeens, although they won't acknowledge it, that the true faith isn't in them, and that if they didn't feed like crammed fowls six times a day, and double as much on a Sunday, they'd pine away into

the clay under their feet. But that isn't the way with the true church. The faith keeps you up. Didn't the Saviour of the world starve himself forty days and nights to show you the way to glory? And sure there's many a one of you didn't pass bite or sup for months upon months together, and the never a worse are you for it in the end. There's nothing can kill a Catholic but his own bad works. The soul of me doesn't know but you'd all live for ever, only for something or other that happens to ye just as you're nearly perfect, and whips you off with a flea in your ear. Och! then, if you could only mend yourselves, what a beautiful race of blackguards ye'd be, that would want neither the meat nor the buttermilk, and that'd be as ould as the hills, every morning ye'd see the grass growing. There ye'd all be on the day of judgment, as hearty as a hive of bees, with your grey hair twisted down into breeches and top-boots to cover your dirty hides. Shame upon ye, that won't be Methuselahs every onc, when you know you could live if you liked it until there wouldn't be a living soul in the world but Alderman Bradley King, cocked upon the back of an ass, to direct you on the road to purgatory. Think o'that, and pay your dues, and there's no fear o'you.

"You remember, the other day, that the Biblemen challenged us to come to the fore in regard to the Scriptures. They wanted, you see, to prove as clear as mud that the notes were written with the wrong end of a pen, and that they had as much right to the Old and New Testament as we that had them from the beginning, and that only lent them out o' charity to the Protestants, just as Molly Kiernan would lend her pitcher to Kitty Nowlan, expecting she'd return it when she'd done with it. But the Protestants made a bad use of the loan, and got other Scriptures made from the pattern, just as you would get false keys made to pick a lock; so now they trump up their spurious books to us, that have the real books of our own, and that never had any other. It's no wonder we are careful of them, for we were treated so badly when we lent them in pure friendship, that it would be no sin in us to burn 'em altogether, for fear we'd make such born fools of ourselves again.

"You know I didn't go to the meeting, boys; and may be you thought it mighty odd that I staid at home, and let Father Andy go in my place. But I'll soon show you the meaning of that; although one priest at a time is enough for a regiment of saints, and Father Andy is no bad fist at controversy. Indeed, Father Andy, you needn't look down at your shoes as if the strings wanted tying; for it's a vicar you ought to be, and I a bishop, if every body had his rights.

"It was a dream I had that kept me from going. Now when a priest condescends to dream, you may be sure there's something going to happen. The ass doesn't bray unless there's to be rain; the corns on your little toes pinch you for rain too: and the ducks wander about as if they were after swallowing love-powders, when the weather's going to be uncommon hot. And just like that is a priest's dream, only with this difference — that the wonder o' the world, instead of a paltry puddle of a shower, or a splitting heat, is coming upon you. A priest wouldn't waste his time dreaming for rain, hail, or snow, or fine weather, or any thing o' the kind, for he can get them at any time for the bare asking o' them, — no, he dreams for a vortex, or a cornucopia; and them are mysteries that you know nothing at all about.

"The night before the meeting — that was last Tuesday — (how is your head now Father Andy?) we were sitting, Father Andy and myself, settling all the points that were to be unravelled the next day. I don't know how it was, but for the soul of me I couldn't persuade myself but that there was a drop of Protestant poison in the whiskey — you know they stop at nothing

—so I was resolved to see it out; and then, if I found they had poisoned me, to work a miracle upon myself that would frighten them out of their wits. With this pious resolution, Father Andy and myself penetrated to the very bottom of the only two or three bottles we had; and then, as well as we could, considering the poison, went to sleep. You may be sure that I was determined that if I awoke and found myself dead, not to lose a minute until I'd bring myself to life again, extract the poison, and send it in a letter to Dr. M'Hale.

"I wasn't over an hour in bed, when I thought I heard some one calling 'Father Murphy!' 'That's me,' says I; 'who wants me?' 'Only a friend of yours, Father Tom,' says the voice. 'It's lucky you're come,' says I, thinking it was daylight, 'for if you'd been five minutes later, you might be groping for me at the fair of Athy.'

"With that I thought I sat up in my arm-chair, for I had no notion that I was fast asleep in bed; and who do you think it was that was standing beside me? You may save yourself the trouble of guessing, for you couldn't guess who it was if you were to get a new set of eyes, and think until you were stone blind. It was a beautiful young angel, spick and span new out of heaven; and such an angel as I, that have seen bushels of them, never saw before.

"'The top o' the morning to you, ma'am!' says I, for she was a lady, one of the ould sort — 'it's welcome you are to me this blessed day.'

"'Father Tom,' says she, shaking me by the hand as friendly as if she knew me all her life, 'I want you to come out and take a walk with me.'

"'And what'll you take, ma'am,' says I, 'before you go?' for as I was beholden to her for her goodness, I was bound to treat her respectfully.

"Never a word she said to that; but putting her finger, that was as white as a shaving, and as taper as sparrow-grass, upon her little mouth, she shook her head, and walked on before me. There she went without making the least noise, just as if her feet — for, like yourselves, the angels never wear shoes — were made of velvet. Well, I thought I'd follow her in the same manner; but, as if there was an evil eye over me, the first step I took I tripped up an old basket that was lying on the ground, and the angel turning one look at me, as much as to say, 'What's coming over you that you're making such a clatter, father Tom?' shook her pretty little hand at me, and then, with a beautiful laugh all over her face, walked on again as if nothing at all had happened.

"I needn't tell you what strange places we went through. It isn't for you to be losing your senses, thinking of green fields, where every daisy was a two-and-sixpenny bit, and the cowslips were all gold guineas. It isn't for such as the likes o' yec to be thrusting your dirty faces into the parlours, and the pantries, and the barns, all slated with loaf-bread, and the floors all washed clean with Cork whiskey (it was so plenty in the place), nor to come asking my leave to taste the shins of beef and the bull turkeys that were waiting to be eat up on the tables, that the angel and I saw as we went along. But where do you think we got to at last? Now I'll hold a noggin of melted butter to a farthing candle that you think we went down to Tim Murphy's, to spend the day playing nine-pins. There ye're out; the angel wouldn't offer to cross the threshold of the door, for fear of spoiling her Spanish leather dancing-pumps that she carried in her hand, in the regard that she wouldn't spoil their shapes on her feet. As to nine-pins, the angels never play at any thing but backgammon and the five-fingers\*; and it's themselves that'd give you the whole pack of cards, and beat you as hollow as St. Patrick beat the sea-serpent off the rock of Cashel.

\* A popular game of cards amongst the Irish, known also by the name of five and ten.

"It is wonderful how murdering fast the same angels can walk. I couldn't see a *strin* of light for the hurry I was in following her. The trees, and the topazes, and the brick houses danced up and down in my eyes as I whirled along after her; not but that I often wanted to stop and draw my breath, when she'd turn sudden on me, and with one whistle through her little finger bring me up again, just as if I was a greyhound, and couldn't help myself for the bare life.

"At last we came to a dark place, where there was nothing but trees, and a big bank covered over with ribbed grass and potato-blossoms. 'Stop there,' says she; 'say nothing, but make the sign of the cross, and look, and you shall see.'

"Whoo! away flew the trees and the bank, just as if they were birds, and in a minute more I saw, at a great distance, two gentlemen coming towards me down the lane. I thought they were gentlemen when they were far off; but as they got near me, I found out that one of them was Ould Nick himself, and the other was St. Peter. Sure I might have known them both by the smell; for the devil smelt strong of sulphur, and St. Peter had a breath coming out of his nose that was as like the smell of burnt turf as the steam that comes out of Mrs. Larkins's whiskey-boiler. The devil was dressed, as became him, like a Peeler\*, with a terrible sword by his side, and a club-foot sticking up behind like a bull's horn. And may be he hadn't a Bible under his arm, and a bundle of tracts in his hand. But St. Peter, who hasn't the least pride, was just dressed as I am, in broad cloth, and looked for all the world like a parish priest. And a well-looking saint he is — a fine comely man as you'd meet in a day's walk. I don't know any saint in the calendar equal to him for manners and gentility, except St. Patrick. To be sure our own patron saint is at the top of the list. All he wants is a bunch of keys to make him complete.

"Just as they were coming down upon me, as I thought, St. Peter stopped suddenly, and, putting his hand on the devil's arm, cried out —

"'Now, if you please, we'll just talk that little matter over that we were speaking of last night. This is a convenient place, and there's nobody to hear us, unless Father Tom that I appointed to meet us.'

"'It's all the same to me,' replied Ould Nick, with as much impudence as if he was a member of parliament.

"'Then, first of all,' said St. Peter, 'put down the book and the tracts, and answer me one question.'

"'Twenty, if you like,' answered the devil, putting the book upon the ground, and the tracts one by one over it.

"'What religion *are you?*' said St. Peter, looking him full in the face, as if he'd read the soul that was inside him. But the ould boy didn't seem to like that question, and was for shuffling it off; when St. Peter put it to him again in such a manner as he was forced to answer it, whether he would or not.

"'I'm a Protestant, to be sure,' replied the devil at last; and he coloured scarlet up to the very eyes as he spoke it, as if he was ashamed of owning it to St. Peter.

"'That's all I wanted to have from your own lips,' said St. Peter; 'because as I have often heard that the devil can quote Scripture for his own purposes, I was determined to find out where he got the learning. Now, sit down here beside me quiet and easy, and tell me a little more that I want to hear from you.'

"Down they both sat upon the sod, the devil looking as if he didn't half

like it; but being afraid to disoblige St. Peter, on account of the great power he has over him through the means of the church.

“‘How is Martin Luther?’ said St. Peter, after a little.

“‘Indeed, he’s no worse than he was,’ replied the devil: ‘he has as much Newcastle coal over him as I can spare.’ [You know, boys, the coal is dear at this season of the year.]

“‘I think it’s almost time to tell the poor Catholics,’ said St. Peter, ‘how that fellow betrayed them, and how it was that the Reformation was only a *ruction*\* of King Henry VIII.’s, in the regard of his wife, that the good pope wouldn’t allow him to put her away; for you know very well that it’s all your doings, Mr. Nicholas [You see St. Peter spoke civil to him, for peace and quietness], to make the Bible people go about slandering the holy church.’

“‘Then what would you have me do, St. Peter?’ answered the devil; ‘sure if it wasn’t for the Bible people I wouldn’t have a born creature to keep me company; and all the brimstone would be burnt out for nothing. It isn’t for me to go to confession and get absolution, now that I’m thriving upon the lies for upwards of a million of years.’

“‘True for you,’ says St. Peter; ‘only as I’m a real Catholic, and an Irishman into the bargain, I can’t stand by and see such murder going on under my very eyes. Now, here’s Father Tom, as decent a man as any in all Ireland,—and that’s saying more than if I was to search all over the earth for the likes of him,—he hasn’t as much to live upon as Sir Harcourt Lees feeds one of his horses with; the people, you see, don’t take it to heart, but pretend to be very poor, because the Biblemen make them pay tithes; and then, when Easter and Christmas come round, they’ve always the ready excuse, that the proctor took their pigs, and their poultry, and their firkins of butter. If Father Tom had his deservings, he’d have all the tithes to himself, and be rolling in his carriage. Instead of that, he has hardly a drop to wet his lips; and many’s the fast-day he’s obliged to eat a *rashter* of bacon for dinner, because he can’t get a bit of fish or a whisp of cabbage for love or money. Now, tell the honest truth, and no shame to you— isn’t this meeting that’s to take place to-morrow entirely instigated by yourself, that the Bible people may get a heap of money out of the pockets of the poor Catholics?’

“‘I’ll tell no lie about it,’ said Ould Nick, ‘it’s entirely a child of my own.’

“‘Mind that, Father Tom,’ said St. Peter, in a whisper, winking over slyly at me. ‘And tell me also, Mr. Nicholas,’ said he, ‘didn’t they put some ugly drops into Father Tom’s little cruiskeen, that they might prevent him from going to the meeting-house to expose them?’

“‘You’re too hard upon me,’ said the devil, scratching his head, as if he didn’t know what to say; ‘but if I was to speak the truth, I don’t think there’s one amongst them but would poison the priests, root and branch.’

“‘And wouldn’t it be the sin of the world for Father Tom to waste his time making speeches, and arguing with them, when it’s of no manner of use at all; and when you know very well, that the more he’d talk to them, the worse they’d be after; and that all they’d do would be to pick up the knowledge that would fall from him as plentiful as blackberries in summer, and then go about the country passing it off as their own?’

“‘I’ll have no more to do with you,’ said the devil, getting into a great passion, and taking up the Bible and the tracts; ‘you wouldn’t leave me a skreed to put on me, if you could: so I’ll follow my own way, and go home and write advertisements for another meeting somewhere else.’

\* A row, or fight.



“ ‘Then I’d advise you,’ said St. Peter, ‘never to have a meeting in Father Tom’s neighbourhood again; for you see you’re defeated this time, and will be as long as your head is hot.’ ”

“ With that St. Peter put up his finger to his nose, and after nodding his head at me, got up on horseback on a horse that was waiting for him, and rode off, leaving the devil in a dolderum behind him. Just at that moment there was a roar like an earthquake, — every thing seemed as if it was swimming round and round, and I couldn’t see the devil or any one else for the smoke — and, with a terrible start, as if I got a blow on the head, I awoke out of my sleep; and there was Shamus, the cook, shaking me as if he thought I was in a trance.

“ ‘Get up, Father Tom,’ says he, ‘if you’re alive; you’re asleep since last night, and that’s nearly two days ago. The Bible-men are all gone off to Limerick, and there’s not a soul in the place but’s breaking all the windows of the Orange justices of the peace.’ ”

“ ‘Fie upon you, Shamus!’ says I; ‘and is that the way you come to spoil my beautiful dream?’ ”

“ Isn’t my dream out now, boys? And is it any wonder after the warning I had from St. Peter, that I didn’t think of going to the meeting? Sorrow a Bible-man you’ll ever see in the spot again, mark my word; and that’s better than all the palaver of speeches you’ll hear from this day forward till the hour of your deaths. Amen.”

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Out of all this humorous foolery a little moral comes flowering up, which is not unworthy of notice. See by what means the injustice and oppression of unwarrantable interference with the creeds of men may be defeated and ridiculed. Improper attempts at conversion have no other effect than to heighten the zeal to which they are opposed, to work new channels of superstition, and to confirm the influence of the doctrines they are intended to overturn. If there had been no such exhibitions in Ireland as Bible-controversies, there would have been no such sermons as those which are here caricatured — if there had been no such missionaries as Gregg, Mortimer, and O’Sullivan, there would have been no such priests as Father Tom or Father Andy.

This may be a small satisfaction to some people for the profane ribaldry which has sometimes sullied the controversies and addresses of the Irish priesthood. But it ought to be remembered that there is as much ribaldry at one side as the other, with less excuse on the part of the Protestants, whose audiences are at least better instructed, having also the best of the argument, *quoad* the loaves and fishes. But these matters are much altered now, and considerably improved, so far as the Roman Catholics are concerned. Civil equality has elevated the moral tone of the people, and the priest is no longer omnipotent. So long as it was a point of honour — an affair of sympathy and integrity — to maintain the ascendancy, and protect even the frailties of the priest — not for his own sake, but for the sake of the principle of liberty of conscience which was assailed in his person, and of which he was the involuntary apostle — so long a thousand indiscretions were concealed in the necessity of union for a common object. But the act of Emancipation broke up this unnatural, unhealthy, and dangerous state of society. Public opinion is dimly but gradually expanding in Ireland. It could not co-exist with slavery; and, when it shall have gained sufficient strength to make itself felt over the country, we shall witness a miracle amongst the Irish not less extraordinary or gratifying than the temperance progress of Father Mathew.

## MODERN TRAVELLERS AND TRAVELLING.

THERE was a time when to have seen "foreign parts" was deemed a matter of distinction; when a young gentleman who had made "the grand tour" was an object of ill-suppressed envy; and when play-wrights and humourists, whose means could scarcely command an occasional jaunt beyond the reach of Bow bells' melodies, found vent for their vexation at not having been abroad, by ridiculing and caricaturing those who had. Those times have departed. The travelled fops with which Foote amused our grandfathers would be to us most rapid and unmeaning; and even in the Doricourt of Mrs. Cowley, a modern audience can see little to disturb the dozing serenity to which the even blamelessness of his character is wont to consign them. Some venerable enthusiast will now and then break in upon the silence of the assembly by the vehemence of his unaccompanied applause, when a virtuous sentiment in condemnation of fops and foreigners is given with all the traditional point and emphasis which the actors of to-day have reverently inherited from those of another age, who in the same parts and with the same words, could draw down plaudits that made the crazy walls of the theatre rock and tingle to their very base; but to the many there appears now but scanty patriotism in the depreciation of our neighbours; and speeches once rapturously cheered, but in our days endured with patience, would be even less leniently dealt with, were our favour not conciliated by a pardonable partiality for what has once been admitted to the freedom of the play-house, by an unwillingness to condemn what has once been stamped with the approbation of our fathers.

Five and twenty years of peace, backed by the levelling powers of steam, have wrought strange revolutions in the land. Without going back to the remote ages of the Stuarts, when the rider in charge of the Edinburgh mail would stop at one alehouse to aid the digestion of his dinner by an afternoon's nap, and at another to take the diversion of a game of bowls, let us simply recall to our recollection the state of things some twenty years ago, when the first steamer was started to run between Calais and Dover, to the no small astonishment and consternation of all the gossiping goodies of either sex.

It was in 1819, if we remember rightly, that the first attempt was made to establish steam navigation between the French and English coasts. We have still a lively recollection of the excitement that ensued. We had newly arrived in Paris; and among the English, whether residents or visitors, the daring experiment was the almost exclusive topic wherever two or three of our countrymen happened to congregate. Few were bold enough to say that they would "tempt Providence" by choosing so dangerous a conveyance for their return home, and many a grave papa was glad to shelter his own apprehensions by an assumed anxiety for the nerves and sensibilities of his wife and daughters. Little did he anticipate that in less than twenty years a fleet of nearly two thousand of the perilous craft would be navigating the noble rivers of England, and bringing her bustling marts into close and constant connection with the remotest harbours of the globe.

In those days a man who had been to France *was* somebody, and if he had been to Italy he could afford to give himself airs; but if he had seen the Pyramids, or had smoked his pipe and sipped his coffee on the ottoman of a Turkish pasha, he was a made man: he was a favoured guest where

lords manœuvred in vain for invitations; and if he happened to be a Tory, and could write a flaming article for Blackwood or the Quarterly, the doors of the Foreign Office opened in obedience to his voice, and consulships and legations were placed within the easy reach of his ambition. It was in those days that the Travellers' Club was first instituted. It was not then, as it has since become, a mere aristocratic lounge. Those who had "qualified" themselves by wandering a thousand miles away from their native shores, were still a chosen band. It was not every peer who had been to Naples, and merchants could not then steam it to Lisbon with a tolerable certainty of being on 'change again in a fortnight. No; the Travellers' Club was a respectable institution in those days, for your *bonâ fide* travellers then were respectable and respected men.

Now-a-days, who is there that is not a traveller? An attorney's clerk may steam it to St. Petersburg and coach it to Moscow, and be back before the long vacation is over; ay, though he do Warsaw and Berlin by the way. The shopboy in Liverpool, after his Saturday's labours are ended, embarks his cherished person on board a steamer for Dublin; stares at Nelson's pillar in Sackville Street, and Wellington's obelisk in the Phoenix Park; and after hearing Paddy's Opera in the cathedral where Swift once presided, and visiting two or three meeting-houses (the best schools for flirtation in the world, as is known to every visitor to the Irish metropolis), he may re-embark about bedtime, after laying in a decent cargo of whiskey punch, the fumes of which will be pretty well exhaled by the following morning—when he may reckon with tolerable certainty upon being home in time to open his master's shop at the wonted hour, and soberly resume the cares and duties of the week. An excursion to the Emerald Isle was a *journey* twenty years ago; the youngster of Liverpool would be laughed at now by his companions if he ventured to call it a *trip*.

Railroads and steamboats, in a few years hence, will be "laid on" in an uninterrupted circle round the world. Indeed, last year a prospectus was circulated in the city, and received there with some favour, which would nearly have completed the line. It was proposed to establish regular steamers between London and Jamaica, from that island to the Isthmus of Panama, then along the western coast of South America, and thence to Australia. A steamer from Sydney to India would have made the circle complete.

Before the establishment of steamboats between London and Hamburg, a journey from the one city to the other was an undertaking to be reflected on for months before it was undertaken; and merchants, to avoid the uncertainty of a tedious voyage by sea, were fain to endure the fatigue of a land journey through Holland and Westphalia, over a series of the most execrable roads in Europe. The more daring traveller, who was willing to tempt the dangers of the deep, regardless of the shoals and sands of the Dutch coast and the boisterous currents of the North Sea, had a journey of certain peril and most uncertain duration before him. From London he had to travel down by land to Harwich, the packet station for Holland, Hamburg, and Sweden, the patronage of which was in those days deemed sufficient to secure at all times the return of two government members for that ancient and independent borough. At Harwich he embarked, and with a fair wind he might hope to reach the mouth of the Elbe in thirty or forty hours. Fair winds, however, were not to be had for the mere asking; and sometimes whole weeks elapsed before the little post-office schooner could reach her destination. Day after day the impatient traveller would watch for a breeze while becalmed in Harwich harbour; or perhaps after beating to windward for eight or ten days, the wished-for light-house of Heligoland or Cuxhaven

would cheer his heart before he crept into his wearisome berth, as he fondly hoped, for the last night. And in the morning — he would wake to learn that while he slept it had “come on to blow from the land;” and the packet with her anxious inmates would be running briskly before the wind, with a fair prospect of getting a glimpse of old England or bonny Scotland before another day was added to the history of time.

The longest journey, however, comes to an end some time or another, and it may fairly be inferred that sooner or later the packet seldom failed to reach Cuxhaven, where the mails and the passengers were safely landed, to be forwarded to Hamburg in open carts, and over roads of which the imagination of an untravelled Englishman would not easily be able to conjure up an image.

How changed are these matters now ! A trip to Hamburg by one of the splendid steam-ships of the General Steam Navigation Company, which start from London twice a week, and sometimes oftener, is a luxury of which none who has once enjoyed it will not long for a repetition. Even those unhappy beings who, martyrs to sea sickness, have never “danced in triumph o’er the waters wide,” must still look back with satisfaction to the exactness with which they were enabled to anticipate the termination of their sufferings ; but for him whose soul does not “sicken o’er the heaving wave,” and whose heart can sympathise with the feelings of the gallant fabric that carries him to his journey’s end in despite of opposing gales, there is a thrilling sense of enjoyment in being thus made the participator in the triumph of human science over three elements at once, which the uninitiated cannot conceive, the impression of which no lapse of time can ever efface.

Only fourteen years have yet elapsed since the idea of crossing the North Sea in steamboats was first projected. The undertaking electrified the whole mercantile world with astonishment, and few were those who believed in the practicability of the scheme. And now — the Hamburg steamer starts from off the Tower of London as the clock strikes ; and provided the wind blow not an absolute gale in her teeth, and the atmosphere remain tolerably free from fog, her captain can generally tell within half an hour the time when he shall be at his journey’s end. In forty-eight or fifty hours the traveller now effects, without fatigue, in the enjoyment of every comfort on the way, and at little more than half the cost, a trip which before 1825 scarcely ever occupied less than eight or ten days, often more than three weeks, and which was always accompanied by great fatigue, and frequently by no little danger.

The spirited company just mentioned, who, only a few years ago, by their daring and comprehensive plans, threw all preceding enterprises of a similar character into the shade, have however been no less signally eclipsed themselves within the last twelve months. The experiment of navigating the Atlantic by means of steam has been successfully tried, and the little trips across the North Sea or along the Mediterranean have become mere matters of common-place, to be spoken of with indifference, and to be contemplated without admiration. The good people of New York now anticipate the arrival of the *Great Western* or the *British Queen*, with almost as much exactness as we look for the Dover mail in London ; and a traveller on leaving England in one of these floating palaces, with the intention of travelling by the railroad to Pittsburg, and descending the Ohio and the Mississippi in a steamer, may, if he be well acquainted with the capabilities of his route, be able on leaving home to name the day on which he will arrive at New Orleans. He who twenty, nay ten years ago, had anticipated such results, would have been set down by sober-minded people for a cracked-brained

enthusiast, if indeed he had not at once been proclaimed a fit candidate for the honours of Bedlam.

We have said little as yet of railroads, which are operating a complete revolution in our whole system of home travelling, if indeed the luxurious fashion in which an Englishman is now conveyed from one extremity of his country to another deserves to be called travelling. We are apt to fancy that we have done great things in this way in England; though, when the resources of the two countries are taken into consideration, it will be found that the little mushroom kingdom of Belgium has far outstripped us in the race. When, however, we turn our view to the United States of America, we find that, rapid as the growth of railroads has been in this country, it is insignificant compared with their extension in America. The first railroad constructed there was completed in 1825; and Mr. Pitkin, in his "Statistical View of the United States," published in 1835, announces that on the 1st of January next ensuing nearly 1600 miles of railroad would be completed in different parts of the Union. Since then their progress has been more rapid than ever. In 1836 the state legislature of New York incorporated no fewer than forty-two railway companies. The New York and Erie railroad, when complete, will be upwards of 500 miles in length; and several other gigantic constructions of nearly equal importance have been commenced, some of which are rapidly approaching their completion.

The "march of improvement," if we except Belgium, has been progressing at a much slower rate among our continental neighbours in Europe. No railroad of any magnitude has been begun in Germany, and in France, where prodigious schemes were in contemplation two years ago, the result has been truly ludicrous. Still, even in those countries, the comforts and facilities of the traveller have been constantly on the increase; the roads have been improved; and their truly magnificent rivers, the natural railroads which Heaven has laid down for them, have been made the means of rapid internal communication, by the establishment of steamboats well suited to the service for which they are destined. We may now travel to Constantinople or Cairo all the way by steam if we choose the Mediterranean for our route, and *nearly* all the way if we take our road through Belgium and Germany; so that at this moment a visit to the capital of Turkey or Egypt is actually attended with less fatigue, less danger, and perhaps less loss of time, than fourteen or fifteen years ago were incurred by a trip from Dublin to London, or from London to Hamburg.

While the facilities of travelling have been thus rapidly increasing among the more civilised communities, a corresponding advance has been going on in many of the rudest and remotest regions. A few months ago we were surprised by the publication of Captain Harris's book. Compelled by ill health to leave India for a while, he thought fit to employ his leisure by an excursion from the Cape of Good Hope some four or five hundred miles into the interior of Africa, on a mere shooting excursion, to run down giraffes and butcher elephants. Another Indian-officer (we beg his pardon for forgetting his name) had a little before delighted us with a graphic account of his journey overland, accompanied by his wife and children, whom he conveyed in perfect safety, in the depth of winter, over the "frosty Caucasus," and through the robber regions of Koordistan. As to Egypt and Syria, they have become mere places for holiday tourists, more easy of access and more frequently visited than the Lakes of Killarney or the Scotch Highlands in the last century. Dr. Johnson's tour to the Hebrides was a greater feat in his day than Prince Puckler Muskau's excursion over the Atlas mountains, or his more recent journey through the Libyan desert up to Dongo'a.

There are few of us who have not sympathised with the feelings of self-gratulation with which the amiable and persevering Burckhardt relates his successful attempt to explore the long-untrodden recesses of Arabia Petrea. It may be doubted whether even Columbus felt more exultation when his eye first saluted the western land, than Burckhardt did on beholding the deserted temples and rock-hewn palaces of Petra, the once proud but long-lost capital of the impious race of Edom. The land, accursed of God, had for a series of centuries been untrodden by any foot but that of the wandering Arab,—by tribes whose lawless and predatory character made them an object of dread, even to hordes conspicuous for their disregard of all human laws. It was at the daily and imminent hazard of his life that the adventurous traveller plunged into the recesses of a land whose name alone was known to modern Europe, whose wilds had been untraced for more than a thousand years, and over whose desolate plains the divine malediction appeared to shed a dark and mysterious awe. And what is now Arabia Petrea? The mere common beaten track of vulgar tourists. English lords and Yankee lawyers, German princes and French petit-maitres, ride their dromedaries through the very heart of Edom, take their wine and sandwiches among the tombs of the deserted city, and talk as familiarly of Mount Hor and Aaron's grave "as maids of fifteen do of puppy dogs." The tomb of the prophet, which the roving Arab rarely passed without offering up a sacrifice in memory of the highpriest of Israel, is entered with perfect nonchalance by our modern loungers of the desert; and the Moslem no longer starts with horror at the profane wantonness of the Frank who lights his brushwood torch within the tomb, that he may explore with greater ease the interior of its dark and mysterious vaults.

Of all the wayfarers, however, whose narratives have delighted or wearied the reader of late years, few are more calculated to strip the wanderings through the desert of that poetical illusion in which they were wont to be arrayed, than one that has just been published in Germany. Indeed, it can scarcely be said to have been published yet; for two volumes only have appeared, and the third is required to complete the work. Dr. von Schubert, a professor at the University of Munich, and the author of several highly esteemed works on natural history and other scientific subjects, started in the autumn of 1836 on a tour through Turkey, Egypt, and the Holy Land. The learned professor was closely approaching the grand climacteric; and his wife, the faithful partner of his earlier years, had resolved to accompany her lord on a journey which must necessarily be of considerable duration. With this "aged pair of wanderers," as the worthy doctor candidly announces himself and his estimable helpmate, two young physicians and a young artist associated themselves; and before reaching Constantinople the party was yet farther increased by the accession of a young lady, of whom the professor makes but little mention in the course of his book, but who appears to have patiently borne her share in all the perils and fatigues of the excursion. With these companions, all of tastes congenial to his own, Dr. von Schubert seems to have spent a most agreeable twelvemonth,—now exploring the colossal monuments of ancient Egypt, then tracing the dubious course of the Israelites through the pathless desert; escorting his ladies over the wastes of Edom, and showing them the lions of Petra and Mount Sinai; next yielding to the fervour of a pious enthusiasm among the hallowed regions of Palestine; and after gazing on the thought-awakening ruins of Balbec, and visiting the classic scenes of antique Greece, returning very prosaically,—he to write his book, and resume the routine of his useful labours

in the lecture-room, his enterprising partner to engage again in the monotonous duties of a German *Hausfrau*.

If Columbus was the first to cross the Atlantic, Dr. von Schubert is at least the first elderly gentleman who has ventured to squire a party of ladies through the desert of Edom, and his achievement well deserves to be chronicled in our pages; not the less so in consideration of that unassuming simplicity with which he relates the feat, as though unconscious of the claim which he has been acquiring on our admiration and respect.

It has already been said that two volumes only of the doctor's journey have yet been published. The first conducts our travellers down the Danube to Constantinople, and thence to Smyrna and Cairo; the second takes them through the desert to Suez, Sinai, Akaba, Petra, and Jerusalem; and the third will probably see them safe home again, through Syria, Greece, &c. The book is well worth looking into; and as it is extremely improbable that it will ever be translated into English (London booksellers abstaining now-a-days most religiously from the publication of any foreign work at all deserving of that honour), we will endeavour, before closing the present article, to present our readers with one or two striking incidents that befell the worthy doctor during his memorable tour.

The first volume the doctor avowedly considers as a mere introductory chapter. An introductory chapter of 520 pages would seem a formidable prologue; but when it is borne in mind that this preliminary discourse comprises descriptions of Vienna, Constantinople, Smyrna, and Alexandria, the bulk will be readily excused, even by those who agree with the author that his journey could scarcely be said to have commenced until the whole party had perched themselves on the bumps of the camels, and were fairly started on their way through the trackless sands of the desert of Suez.

The description of Cairo is contained in a series of letters, written by the professor to his sister during his sojourn in that city; of these one is devoted to a sketch of the wearisome and debasing life to which woman is condemned by Eastern manners. "Thy sex in these regions," he says, "is treated as cabbage is with us. It is carefully pickled, and packed up in a tightly-closed cask, where it cannot but ferment and turn to acid in its own sauce. The whole social fabric is arranged with a view to the preparation of this human sour-cROUT; to cook which is apparently the primary object of the architecture of the house, of the arrangement of the rooms, of the usages of private life, of the institutions of the state, and of the edicts of the legislator. There is something in an Egyptian house singularly fantastic to a European eye. Not only the several wings and excrescences are perpetually at cross-purposes, but even the different parts of one and the same room look as though they were about to go to loggerheads with one another, there being a constant struggle for precedence and ascendancy between the several portions of the same floor. In planning a street and grouping his houses, the presiding idea of an Eastern architect is to arrange matters so that it may not be possible from the windows of one house to pry into those of another." This task, of course, it is not always possible to accomplish; in which case, not only are the windows masked by railings of carved wood, but the light of heaven and the glances of the curious are farther impeded by the interposition of stained glass.

The ground-floor in most houses belongs to the male portion of the family; the women are carefully boxed up in the upper stories. "Thither no stranger of the ruder sex may venture; or even if invited so to do, he is bound to announce his approach by an audible exclamation of *destur* (by your leave), that should the grandmother of his host happen to be about the

landing-place, she may have time to seek refuge within the recesses of her own apartment. The master of the house himself must not intrude unannounced into the upper rooms of the harem, lest some visitor should happen to be there, upon whom his profane eyes are not allowed to gaze. The systematic separation extends even beyond the grave, for in family vaults there is generally a partition wall to divide the remains of the women from those of the men; and in Medina it is not allowed to a male pilgrim to enter the sepulchre in which repose the female members of the prophet's family."

The infant daughter of a wretched fellah seldom contracts acquaintance with clothing of any kind before her fifth or sixth year, and the first piece of linen that does fall into her hands is generally converted into a veil. Even from a physician, to whom an Eastern woman is sufficiently unreserved in every other respect, the face must be carefully concealed. "My face thou must not see, for then I should have shown thee my whole heart," she will say; and if the nature of her illness makes it indispensable that the face, the mirror of the heart, should be seen, it is usually uncovered piecemeal, first one cheek and then the other, but never the whole at once. "What," exclaims our author, "is to become of the poor child that from her birth is kept behind a trellis, or borne like a living mummy through the streets? The higher her rank the more rigid is her confinement, for the peasant's daughter sports at least about in the open air, and those of the middle classes visit the public school with their brothers; but the destitute soul of the rich man's daughter is fed and bedizened from her earliest infancy with nothing but the sensations, the fancies, and the artifices of the harem. Imagine to thyself the education of a Moslem girl, that thy gratitude may be the greater to have been born a Christian woman. The law of the prophet commands that every child shall be able to pray in its seventh year. This praying, however, consists merely in learning by rote the brief creed ('There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet!') together with a few saws and proverbs, calculated to impress the infant mind with an early hatred of all who profess a different faith. The first precept taught is to utter curses — let us be thankful that our religion early enjoined us to bless our fellow-creatures, and did *not* call on us to mask our faces or conceal them under the folds of a veil."

Our worthy professor details to his sister all the particulars of an Eastern courtship and wedding, which have long been familiar to the readers of oriental travels. But the festive ceremonies of a Turkish wedding are as little able to secure a happy home to the youthful bride, as the more sober rites of Frankish matrimony. The child of twelve or thirteen years of age is snatched from the home of her parents, and consigned to the keeping of an insolent and ill-mannered boy only a few years older. She must herself have become a mother before the rules of Eastern etiquette (not indeed always strictly observed) allow her to enjoy again a mother's converse. In the mean time she remains generally under the guardianship of her mother-in-law, and is exposed to all the rudeness and caprice of her boy-husband. At times, if his victim show no immediate signs of becoming a mother, he takes it into his head to repudiate her; in which case she returns to her parents' house, where she must wait for three months, to see whether her husband is pleased to repent his precipitate conduct, and to demand her back again. Twice the husband may repudiate his wife and demand her back; but after the third time he cannot, according to the laws of Islamism, receive her again until she have been the wife of another. Sometimes, in the exuberance of his wrath, the stripling will exclaim, "I repudiate thee



thrice," which has the same effect as if he had three times turned her out of his house; and he cannot then be reunited to her until she have been the widow or the divorced wife of another man. In such cases, it is customary to induce some poor dependent of the family to marry the poor girl and repudiate her the next morning. The husband of a night, however, has sometimes been known to show himself less pliant on the morrow than had been expected, and no constraint must be used to compel a true believer to divorce himself from his wife.

The happiest event for an Egyptian woman is to become a mother. Her affection to her children is unbounded; too often this is the only kindly feeling of her nature which education has not been studious to destroy.

The road through the desert, from Cairo to Suez, is now as beaten a track as any rural thoroughfare in the vicinity of London. On the second night, however, after their departure, one of the young men ventured away from the encampment on a geological visit to some rocks in the neighbourhood; and, owing to the darkness of the night, missed his way, and lost himself among the defiles in which he became entangled. It was not till two days afterwards that the straggler was found again, after he had undergone much suffering from fatigue, hunger, and thirst.

Dr. von Schubert, an enthusiast in all that relates to natural history, revelled in the rich store of shells and other marine wonders that lay scattered along the shore of the Red Sea. "I have seen and explored the Mediterranean and the Adriatic," he exclaims; "but, compared to the overflowing abundance of the Red Sea, those favoured regions are but as the plain board of a trader to the sumptuous wedding banquet of a monarch."

From Suez to Sinai is a track now travelled by so many that little new can be said of it; but the monastery on the sacred mountain, often as it has already been described, still continues, and long will continue, an object of the highest interest, not only to the pilgrim that visits it, but to the more luxurious traveller who contents himself with humbly following on a map the peregrinations of the more enterprising explorer of the desert. When we picture to ourselves a community of Christian monks clinging to the hill of Sinai, and maintaining their position there in the midst of a roving and hostile population for nearly a thousand years, it is impossible to withhold from these worthy members of the church militant our tribute of warm and sincere respect. Often have they been forced to hurry from the naimed rites of the chapel, and grasp their muskets to repel the attack of some horde of plundering Arabs; and happy enough have the pious fathers been at the end of the year, if able to secure for their own use a tithe of the produce of the fields they had themselves tilled, or of the orchards they had themselves planted and tended. Their circumstances are now much altered. The vigorous administration of Mehemet Ali has repressed the insolence of the spoiler; and the Arab is content to receive with thanks the liberal bounty of the convent, which not many years ago he deemed a licensed object of plunder and insult. The monks now reap their fields and gather in their vintage, and the produce of their lands is disposed of to advantage in the markets of Suez and Cairo. Days of prosperity have succeeded to centuries of endurance. Let us hope that they may pass as honourably through the one trial as through the other; and that in their altered fortunes they will retain the unassuming piety and amiable simplicity which have so much endeared them to all who have sojourned in the convent fortress of St. Catherine. A distillery, on a considerable scale, appears to be carried on within the convent, from which an important branch of its revenue is derived.

The convent, at the period of Dr. von Schubert's visit, contained twenty-six monks, but several were absent at Cairo, attending to the temporal affairs of the community. The discipline of the house is extremely severe; but as each monk is obliged to exercise some handicraft, they are strangers to that languor and ennui to which the members of most religious orders are condemned by the absence of all regular employment. This may account for the strong attachment which the reverend fathers are said to manifest to their home in the desert. As idleness is sure to beget dirt, so constant occupation gives birth to habits of order and cleanliness; accordingly, we find our worthy professor dwelling with much satisfaction on the total absence from the convent of every description of vermin, the excessive abundance of which is a constant theme for lamentation with every traveller who visits Egypt and Arabia.

The most romantic part of the journey commences at Akaba, where the professor, with his male and female companions, had to confide themselves to the wild Arabs of Idumea, — the terror of the whole Arab race, and, according to the unanimous account of all travellers, fully entitled to the bad character which they every where enjoy. Before leaving Akaba, however, we have a most characteristic anecdote, which, though told in few words, is calculated to awaken a vast train of reflections. The professor and his party had strolled down to the sea-shore, to see some fishermen casting their nets. "The fish," continues our author, "are in such abundance here, that a single boat manned by skilful seamen, and provided with good apparatus, might catch more than enough to supply the whole market of Genoa. But along the whole coast there does not exist even a canoe, and the fisherman in pursuit of his finny prey is forced to wade up to his waist into the sea. We found also some people with beautiful shells for sale, several of which we bought for a mere trifle, for the museum at Munich. On the shore we found, and caught with our hands, a *cyluris* (a marine hedgehog) of most extraordinary size and beauty, with all his quills upon him, as thick as so many fingers. How and in what were we to convey home this magnificent specimen? My good housewife soon helped us out of our embarrassment. Her best bonnet (*Staatsreischut*) was packed up in a box precisely of the size we wanted. A plain straw hat was surely enough for a pilgrim, and a crimson satin bonnet might after all be a superfluous costume in the desert of Edom and among the temples of Jerusalem. The dainty head-gear was condemned by a unanimous vote, and in its late tenement the lovely *cidaris* was carefully installed." And even thus was Frau Professor in Von Schubert's best crimson satin bonnet barbarously abandoned on the shore of Akaba, "to waste its sweetness on the desert air;" and a filthy sea-urchin was enshrined in the delicate bandbox, which till then had been held sacred to the service of female finery! Let all ladies who contemplate a trip to the desert beware how they place themselves under the escort of so enthusiastic a naturalist as Professor von Schubert; or if they do confide themselves to the ruthless contemner of crimson satin, let them carefully conceal from him the number of their bonnets and the capabilities of their boxes. Where did this barbarous man expect that his wife was to repair a loss so irreparable in such a land? If she *was* content to show herself to the untenanted mansions of Petra in her old chip, or to submit to go to church in Jerusalem in a hat that had braved for forty days the scorching sun and the sweeping hurricane of the desert, where in all Palestine did the monster expect to find a milliner's shop fit to supply a substitute for the crimson satin that was "left blooming alone" on the beach of Akaba?

Accustomed as we have been by the narratives of Burckhardt, Laborde, and other more recent travellers, to look upon the journey through Edom as beset with perils of no ordinary kind, we are somewhat disappointed to read with what facility our elderly professor and his worthy dame passed along, without a single horror to enliven their book withal. A violent sand-storm, of which a very graphic description is given, was the only adventure of any consequence that occurred between Akaba and Petra, — the only one at all events that our author has recorded; and on their arrival at the latter place the professor, who, with some of his party, commenced the ascent of Mount Hor, on whose summit still remains the tomb of Aaron, sent the ladies and the artist of the party to wander through the desolate streets of the rock-hewn metropolis of Edom. We may almost fancy we read of a sober citizen, who, having ventured with his spouse on a Sunday excursion to Greenwich, leaves her to stroll about the park, while he himself climbs up the hill to enjoy the glorious view that nature and art have combined to feast his eye with.

Most of our readers have probably read the description of the unique city of Petra, in the works of Burckhardt and Laborde. There is also a very fair account of the place in the last edition of Lemprière's Classical Dictionary. To those to whom these works are strangers it may be sufficient to remark, that Petra, unlike all other cities known to us, has not been built of stone, but has been hewn out of the rock. The antiquity of the city rises beyond any record of which we are possessed; for in the Book of Job, generally supposed to be the oldest portion of Scripture, the country of Uz or Edom is spoken of as one that had even then attained a high degree of civilisation. In Genesis too, and in many other parts of the Bible, frequent allusion is made to Sela and Jaktheel, which received from the Romans the name of Petra, and is now known to the wandering Arabs under the title of Wady Musa. For an account of the divine denunciations pronounced against the Edomites and their city, see Psalm cxxxvii.; Ezekiel, xx.; Isaiah, xxxiv.; Jeremiah, xlix.; Obadiah, xviii.; Malachi, i. From the time of the Romans till within the last twenty years, all trace of Petra was completely lost, and the prophecies respecting it were little understood. Bishop Lowth even conjectured that the word Edom was used merely as a common figure intended to point at the enemies of God generally. Burckhardt, in 1810, was the first to discover the long-lost city, and to decide the often-agitated question whether it ever had an existence; but Laborde, in 1818, examined the place more minutely. A very lively description of Petra is given by Mr. Lee Stephens, an American traveller, who visited it about ten years ago. Among the most recent visitors from our own country is Mr. Roberts, the artist; who, it is said, intends to enrich the next exhibition with several pictures, painted from sketches taken at Petra, and in Palestine.

Petra itself is now destitute of inhabitants; but close to it is the valley of Eljee, in which an Arab sheikh bears sway, and who appears to look upon the city itself as a part of his domain. "This sheikh and his people have been the terror of all travellers, with the exception of one or two—among whom Lord Prudhoe may be named, — whose wealth allowed them to purchase the goodwill of these exorbitant hosts by the payment of an extravagant sum of money. Professor von Schubert was not disposed to conciliate the robber chief by a present of some hundreds of piasters, and therefore hastened away with his party as soon as he found that the sheikh's people were beginning to muster around him. The professor and his escort had prepared themselves for a fight, in case the people of Eljee had pursued

them, but they were allowed to pass on towards Palestine without any farther interruption.

And in Palestine we will leave the worthy professor, to whose sober tour we have insensibly been led to devote a larger portion than we at first contemplated of what at starting bid fair to be a very innocent rhapsody on steamboats and railroads, and the increased facilities for locomotion which modern improvements have placed within the reach of all classes. After all, perhaps, though it may not be quite so romantic to jog unconcerned with a party of one's female friends through the Arabian desert, it may be quite as agreeable as going over the same ground with a shrewd guess that the chances are ten to one against ever returning to give an account of the marvels one has seen; nay, we question very much whether the morals of our transatlantic brethren will be exposed to any very perilous ordeal by the ease with which New York milliners are now able to step over to Europe, and study the devious and eccentric sinuosities of fashion, even at the fount-taid head, in the gay metropolis of France. We may pass a harmless jest at the idea of cits gazing at the Pyramids and attorneys passing the long vacation at Constantinople, or on the other side of the Alleghanies; for the practice of affecting to look down on cits and lawyers, which originated in the days of Charles the Second, continues to flourish in an age as distinguished for piety as that was for every social virtue; but, in sober truth, we all of us rejoice in a change of which we all feel the advantage. Why should we repine even

"If blues desert their coteries  
To show off 'mong the Wahabees;  
If neither sex nor age controuls,  
Nor fear of Mamelukes forbids,  
Young ladies with pink parasols  
To glide among the Pyramids?"

Among the Pyramids let them glide; and may we be there before long to glide with them. And long life to the old rebel Mehemet, who has made it a safe thing for little misses with spencers and parasols to go gliding along where, in the memory of many now living, the stoutest of us would not have shown his face without constant misgivings as to what was going on behind his back.

"Who knows, if to the West we roam,  
But we may find some 'blue at home'  
Among the blacks of Carolina;  
Or, flying to the Eastward, see  
Some Mrs. Hopkins taking tea  
And toast upon the walls of China."

Heaven grant the vision may be realised! Heaven grant that our friends the Yankees may advance in civilisation so far as to make it probable that our Lady Babs and our Mrs. Trollopes may be able at no remote day to sit down sociably with a black congress-man's lady to discuss the cut of their respective gowns, and pass judgment indiscriminately on the taste and discretion of all the belles of Washington,—whether their locks be crisp and woolly, or dangle in bewitching curls adown their cheeks in the vain attempt to hide the little loves and graces that are nestling there. Then, as to Mrs. Hopkins's tea-party on the wall of China!—we trust the good lady, when she does issue her cards, will not neglect to drop one into our editorial box. If she do honour us with an invitation, let her rest assured we will not be among the last comers. We would walk barefoot from Putney to Peking for the pleasure of handing her kettle and toasting her muffins!

## SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

## No. II.

"I NEVER venture out of my depth; I never go far from the bank; I will never venture out of my depth, until I have learned to swim! I have heard from very good authority, upon which I can rely, that it was the practice of the greatest scholars not to attempt too much at first; and I will imitate them. I will be prudent, I will not go out of my depth, lest some day I should repent it! This little book is the version of Sebastian Castalio: the Latinity is pure, elegant, almost classical, but, to tell you the truth, I am afraid of it; I very much fear I shall never be able to relish it, to seize the meaning, to comprehend it—it is so refined: it is so very chaste indeed, that I am afraid to meddle with it. The larger book is Theodore Beza's translation. It is a pretty copy—is it not? Our friend is less graceful, less classical, but then he is clearer, plainer, easier, more literal, more intelligible. I am more at home there—yes, I will stick to him, at least for some years to come. I ought not to boast, certainly, but I must say, that when I have read a chapter of the Gospels attentively, or have just heard one read in church, and then find the same chapter in Beza, it is quite surprising, in going slowly over it, how many things I see, that remind me of the English. Every here and there is a part of a verse, which I almost fancy I can construe. I was recommended to try a chapter of the Latin without looking at the English first; and I did so. But how different! Bless my soul! What confusion! I was lost—bewildered! Take the nominative case—then the verb. Oh, yes! it is very fine talking. I will never venture out of my depth—never; I will be prudent. Dear me, how the sky is overcast!"

With these words, Theodore Beza was laid upon the table, and the speaker ran out of the room: he rushed out at the front-door, and out at the back-door, without his hat, and as it were at the same time; he looked towards the east and towards the west, at the heavens and at the earth, at the horizon, at the zenith, at his watch, and in the wind's eye. Presently he returned very deliberately, and said calmly, although still panting for breath—

"It will not rain, so we shall have Miss Burtenshaw."

After a short silence, Mrs. Featherby opened the door, and, without entering the room, remarked—

"If you please, sir, the bells are going for church. And could I say a word with you?"

The master having<sup>\*</sup> exchanged certain whispers with his housekeeper, in the darkest corner of the passage, left her at home, and we proceeded cheerfully towards the church of a quiet country parish.

It was the first Sunday in July and the third Sunday after Trinity; and it was, moreover, as charming a day as ever the sun shone upon. It would have been hot, but that the west wind blew pretty strongly, and the sky was often overcast—so often, indeed, that the unskilful said it would rain. When we returned from church the heat had increased, for the wind had abated, and the clouds for the most part had disappeared, but there was a fine air—a soft, fresh air gratefully felt, and long remembered. Mrs. Featherby met us at the door: she said to her master, who pressed forward

on seeing her, as he set his foot upon the step, "If you please, sir, Miss Burtenshaw is come." "Is she alone?" And he trembled as he withdrew his foot from the whitened step. "She came alone, sir." "When?" "Just this moment, sir; I almost wonder you did not see her." "And where is she?" "I took her up stairs, sir—she wished to put herself to rights after her walk." "Where did you take her?" "I showed her into your room, sir." "Into my room?" "Yes, sir, you told me to make your room ready for her." "True, true." Through the open door we reverently turned our eyes towards those stairs which Miss Burtenshaw had just ascended to put herself to rights after her walk; and that we might not even enter the house, while such things were going on in it, we swept round behind, and all went together into the garden; and we remained there respectfully, at the most distant part, for a considerable time, not venturing to approach until the snow-white apron of Mrs. Featherby gave a signal, at the back-door, that dinner was ready.

During the tedious interval it was stated, more than once, in a low voice, "I believe, Miss Burtenshaw will dine with us." "I believe, we shall have Miss Burtenshaw at dinner." And, in respectful confidential whispers, it was often communicated, "Her family are great brewers;" "very great brewers;" "opulent brewers;" "respectable brewers;" "very considerable brewers." The veneration inspired by these mysterious praises was not the least profound in one who knew nothing of brewers, save that they produce ale and beer, two agreeable liquors; and that by dipping into Boswell's *Life of Johnson* he had gathered that, by virtue of their office, they are patrons of learning and of learned men.

Miss Burtenshaw's host was in stature of the middle size, but being thin, slight, and active, and, after the usage of little men, dapper, he seemed shorter than he was; his age, in fact, did not exceed thirty years, but a thoughtful countenance added to it in appearance about five years more. His hair was light, as were his eyes, and his complexion was fair, or rather pale, yet was his aspect by no means sickly. Being in deacon's orders, as all his acquaintance were frequently reminded, his costume was clerical, black from top to toe, but neat, bright, and spotless, as his honour and reputation: in his house and lands, in his books and writings, in clothes and person cleanliness grew to be godliness; and a genuine enthusiastic piety it was. He was regular, exact, punctual, precise, and earnest, and withal cheerful and good-natured. He could not be insensible of his attainments, of his vast superiority over his neighbours, farmers and tradesmen, his equals in birth, and accordingly his soul was duly elevated by an honest pride; but as he had made a sufficient progress to discern at least some small portion of the immense interval that separated him from the really learned, he was humble, modest, and respectful. As to his name, he preferred to be called the master of the free-school. In an adjoining parish, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, some five or six miles from the free-school, was another school of much higher pretensions, a private preparatory boarding-school. The sudden death of a relative of the master's wife compelled him, the executor, to proceed to London without delay, and to remain there with his family for some weeks; the event having happened towards the end of the half-year, the midsummer vacation was anticipated by about three weeks. The change was not inconvenient to the parents of the greater part of the select number of young gentlemen; thirty-five of the forty were sent home at once, but five were to be otherwise disposed of. Three Scotch boys had always spent the vacations at school, a young Indian was destined to do the like, and the family of another boy, calculating upon holidays at the accus-

tomed date, had gone a journey and could not receive him before the time. By some arrangement made between the master of the private boarding-school and the master of the free-school the five boys were transferred to the latter.

There were not any boarders at the free-school; about fifty day-scholars attended it, many of whom had the years and the growth of men. The situation was so solitary, that a stranger would wonder from whence they came; however, there were small towns and large villages within a moderate distance. Every morning at eight o'clock the school-room was filled; it was voided at twelve, and the game of cricket commenced without a moment's delay. Some of the boys were furnished with their own provisions, but the greater number partook at one of an excellent plain dinner in the master's house, the pudding asserting its ancient precedency before the meat. When the clock struck two, they were already in the school: they were finally dismissed, or loosened, at four, when, unless one game of cricket was proposed, all disappeared in one joyous noisy minute. The instructions concluded, as they began, by the recitation of some prayers, which were said, or sung, by two persons at once, by the master and the head-boy, who acted in all respects as the usher or under-master. The prayers were in Latin, which was not taught in the school, but the meaning of them was well understood, for golden letters showed in opposite columns upon a black board the whole in Latin and in English. The dignity of the Latin gave an additional solemnity to the prayers; and the language of learning seemed more sacred, a most salutary notion, from its connection with religion. "We do not teach Latin," said the master of the free-school with much humility; "but," he added, with a very commendable vanity, "we have Latin prayers." There was a little English reading, a great deal of very elaborate writing, a vast amount of arithmetic, and a slight taste of practical geometry: in the institution of grammar boys these matters are much neglected. The master of the free-school placed the young gentlemen near him, and kindly tried to repair the neglect. The three Scotch boys were brothers, and were much like other Scotch boys. The head-boy endeavoured to introduce them to the multiplication table; and notwithstanding his exemplary patience, he looked as if, in his capacity of usher, he would fain switch them, until he discovered whether they were really as stupid as they appeared to be; but such marks of genuine kindness were not conferred upon visitors. The Indian had been at school and in Europe for a few months only; he seemed to be the child of an English father and a Persian mother; if he had been left to the care of his mother's family, by this time doubtless he would have been well read in the Alcoran, able to repeat many moral precepts and poetical passages, with sundry verses, sacred and profane, and would have been moreover a pretty penman. But under the tuition of British residents in India, a class of persons without a single idea amongst them, he had received just as much intellectual culture as is given to a laundress's myrtle long rooted in a painted pot; nevertheless, he was a fine, lively, well-disposed boy, whose bright intelligent countenance promised, that becoming readily familiar with the new scene in which he had been suddenly placed, he would pick up a few crumbs at least of the learning of the West. The other boy had already spent three years at the preparatory boarding-school, and was about to be removed immediately to one of the great public schools; it was arranged, indeed, that on the Tuesday next after the first Sunday in July he should take his final departure from the West Riding of Yorkshire. With him, as the chief and eldest of his five guests, the meritorious master of the free-school strenuously laboured to

repair the neglect of arithmetical instruction, and with tolerable success; in enforcing the practice of hair strokes, the same slope and the same level, and other niceties of penmanship, his friendly efforts were less happy. However, he made large allowances for the engrossing nature of classical studies, for the prodigious exertions by which only the preterperfect tenses and supines of Latin verbs could be reached. "You have deponent verbs, I believe at your school. Well, they are wonderful things indeed! Other verbs are bad enough; but I declare it makes my head swim to think of your deponents. They have a passive form, and an active signification; and yet the form is not altogether passive, still less is it altogether active. They are astonishing! I think of them sometimes in bed; and I cannot sleep for thinking of them, so that I almost wish I had never heard of them, yet that would be a pity too. But what are you reading yourself?" "Ovid, sir—Ovid's *Metamorphoses*."

The master of the free-school possessed a copy of Bailey's Ovid, in which he had read the English arguments; by this assistance, and by reason of the sympathy of the young mind with poetic subjects and the poetic style, even the boy was able to give some lame, but not wholly unintelligible, account of the transmigrations which he had blundered through.

"You are reading Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and have just got into the speech of Pythagoras, I know; we have often chatted together very pleasantly about Ovid; but are you reading any thing else—any thing classical I mean?"

"Yes, sir, I am reading Sallust."

The dust was presently brushed from a neat little volume, wherein upon unsullied paper very distinct types had impressed a century before what remains of the text of that historian; but no notes, no interpretation, no arguments, no helps for learners—the naked text alone: it was a sealed book, therefore, to the master of the free-school.

"This is Sallust, is it not?"

The question was easily answered; but the next required some consideration, and did not obtain a hesitating solution, until it was repeated.

"You are reading Sallust; what is it about?"

"I believe, sir—I rather think, sir, Sallust is about the Romans."

"A great people! A fine people, indeed—a noble people! About the Romans; why, St. Paul himself wrote a letter to the Romans. He wrote an epistle to the Philippians, to the Colossians, and to the Romans; which shows that they were a great people, or he would not have written to them. So Sallust, then, is about the Romans. Very good."

A poet sings how some young woman was changed into a tree, and accordingly a boy, being particularly well acquainted with trees, and having at least a general notion of young women, understands the transformation just as well as the poet himself, or any of his readers. An historian relates in what manner a certain party attempted, successfully or otherwise, to alter, by conquest, or without it, the established constitution of some kingdom or commonwealth; but a boy can know nothing about constitutions and commonwealths. He may remember the names of Lentulus and Cethegus, of Catiline and Fulvia; but the objects of their actions will be unintelligible to him; and probably the best account he can render of the famous historical piece is, "it is about the Romans." The addition of St. Paul to the conspiracy did not diminish the intricacy of the story, which now seemed to be quite inextricable, perplexity being further perplexed, and all hope of ever understanding it being wholly removed.

The master of the free-school would sometimes employ the leisure of



Saturday afternoon in surveying land, in which he was very skilful, and he had once or twice permitted the young student of Sallust to attend him, to carry the arrows, to hold one end of the chain, and to perform other humble offices; and he was pleased to find that the boy took an interest in what he saw, and desired to understand it. But his regard and respect were rivetted by the motto of Enfield's Speaker, or of some such book of extracts, which was much used in the school. Upon this small but tough fragment of Latin the master had exhausted, for many years, and in vain, the whole resources of his learning, and his utmost strength grammatical and critical. How often had he assailed it resolutely, and how often had his mental forces retired from it, broken like the waves upon a rock! One evening, however, he pointed it out to his little guest, as a bit of gnarled oak that no wedge might enter: the boy eyed it in silence for a few minutes, and then carefully taking it word by word, construed it literally. The master stood mute with amazement; but having heard it repeated two or three times, he began to be surprised that the passage had ever puzzled him; nor was he soon weary of reiterating — "He raised towards the nobles his eyes for a little while detained on the ground, and he unloosed his mouth with the expected sound; nor is grace absent from his eloquent words." "Grace is not absent," sir, "means it is present; it is the way with the poets." "Indeed, what a pretty idea! They are fine fellows these poets; but you can never know where you have them: that is the worst of it!" Not only did the boy construe the motto, but he actually found it in Bailey's Ovid, and pointed it out to the admiring master, who, when he saw it there, could not have been more astonished if he had seen Ovid himself writing the words, nor more delighted if he had been admitted within the circle of Greeks, had witnessed the contest for the arms of Achilles, and heard the graceful eloquence of Ulysses. He had never followed a quotation home before; he had never seen it in its domestic privacy; so he put a paper in the place, took down the book many times a day, and gazed at the motto embedded in the text, like some fossil fish, some palæotherium, sticking fast in a quarry. Authors so rarely hew their citations from the living rock, they so commonly take their specimens ready cut and labelled, that he could hardly know that every stray wandering motto has its native soil and birthplace. It is evident that under such a master a boy would learn more in three weeks than under ordinary instructors in a long life of education. Of some tutors, it is true, the classical attainments are more extensive; but what avails it to expound the writings of Pindar and of Æschylus, of Thucydides, and of Aristotle, with scrupulous accuracy, if the pupil be also taught that these accomplishments are discreditable and odious, to be acquired with painful reluctance, just so far and so long as will suffice to gain admission to some eleemosynary foundation, to win some academical prize, or to effect some other sordid purpose, and this end being accomplished, that he is to cast all erudition aside with loathing and for ever. With the master of the free-grammar-school it was far otherwise: by sage precept and by an honest example he informed youth to love, honour, and reverence learning and learned men; the sentiment is noble and salutary, and so exceedingly precious, that in comparison with it nicely to estimate amounts is only vain trifling, especially as to matters wherein, as in human learning, the least is very much, and the most but little. He cherished the boy who taught him to construe the motto, and when an opportunity offered, delighted to converse with him.

"Do you learn Greek?" he asked, during a few spare minutes after breakfast on the first Sunday in July — "do you learn Greek?" he asked doubtfully. "No, sir; when I am twelve I am to go into Virgil, and to

begin Greek." "Then you do not know Greek." "He knows the alphabet, sir," said one of the Scotch boys. "So you know the Greek alphabet! Well, I wish I did. Some day perhaps I shall know it myself, when I am in full orders! I have heard on very good authority, on which I can rely, that there are twenty-four letters. I only know two of them, the first and the last; these are mentioned in Scripture, and in a very remarkable manner, in a manner that makes me desire to know the rest. Let me see, then, there are twenty-two letters which I do not know. It is something, I assure you, to know the Greek alphabet! Have you read the Latin Testament?" "Only the four Gospels, sir. That was a long time ago, before Ovid's Epistles. I read Ovid's Epistles before I began the *Metamorphoses*." This answer led to the production of the versions of Castalio and Beza, and to the observations already reported concerning the style of the two interpreters.

The snow-white apron continued as a signal for some time at the back-door, before it was said with a timid voice, "I think I see Mrs. Featherby. I believe dinner is ready. We may approach now, I believe, without any impropriety." The parlour at the free-school was a long, low, narrow room, receding inwards a great way from a wide window with stone transoms. We stood before the fireplace on entering, although it was filled with holly; we stood there through habit, because it was next the door, and because the table was spread at the other end near the window; mute we stood in mighty expectation. The anxious housekeeper listened, one while in the doorway, next in the passage, then at the foot of the stairs, presently in the middle of the passage, and then again in the doorway. "There she is! She is coming! I hear her!" We turned pale, we felt pale indeed, but no Mrs. Featherby — it was a false alarm. We stood mute in mighty expectation, breathing with difficulty. The vexed housekeeper listened, one while in the doorway, next in the passage, then at the foot of the stairs, presently in the middle of the passage, and then again in the doorway. "Dear me! How tiresome this is — the dinner will be quite spoiled! and there was every thing looking so nice!" It was the silence of despair, when the sound of a distant door broke it; then there were footsteps on the stairs, which creaked, it might be with joy and pride, and faint rustling of fine garments crossed the passage, and Miss Burtenshaw glided in. The master of the free-school advanced quickly, and presented his hand; the lady took it graciously, but extended her arm, so as to keep him at a distance, and fell back upon a perpendicular courtesy; whereupon the master retreated backwards as far as the wall would permit.

Miss Burtenshaw was rather tall than short, but certainly not tall, being however perfectly erect, and of conspicuous strength and health. She was eighteen years of age, and she had been eighteen not more than four years, perhaps not quite so long. Her hair was abundant and nicely arranged, being brown, a very dark brown, yet far from black. Her complexion was not pale, nor coloured, nor fair, nor brown, but clear. Her features were regular and finely formed; she had a dark eye, bright but soft, and a charming mouth. White teeth are commonly a sad deformity, since they tempt the possessor to disfigure her face by a constant grin, that every bit of bone may be seen at once. A sweet smile passed along Miss Burtenshaw's lips, and a few teeth only appearing in turns in her moving mouth, they seemed to be not bones, but pearls. She had no ornaments whatever, save two gold rings, like wedding rings, and these were worn, not on her fingers, but in the tips of her ears, which were still red with exercise. Her dress was white: in those days ladies wore white exclusively; it was a

frock of white muslin, scanty and plain. There was some little display of bosom, but the closely-drawn muslin came up high, so that full forms were only indicated in front, but behind the garment was lower, and there was less reserve. Between the plump shoulders, indeed, a single fold of the *chemise* was visible, which disclosure might serve as a connecting link between earth and heaven, between the muslin and the flesh, as a consolation to humanity, and as an assurance that a humble vestment is worn by a distinguished beauty. The skirt and petticoats descended even unto the ground, and the hem, in the very extremity of modest concealment, kissed the floor all round, and the point of each foot was alternately put forth in the short steps of a most reserved walk. Some short greetings were exchanged, some brief remarks were received, for the most part with sugared smiles. "These young gentlemen are our classical scholars." "That is our Grecian, the first we ever had." "Indeed!" The smile that accompanied the word was certainly sweet, and the voice that uttered the single word was gracious. But would it have been too much, Miss Burtenshaw, to have turned your head partially round, to discover which of the five boys, who stood behind you, was the Grecian, and the first Grecian, more especially as brewers love the muses?

At the top of the table sat Mrs. Featherby, at the bottom the master of the free-school; Miss Burtenshaw placed herself next to Mrs. Featherby on the left, with two boys between herself and the bottom, for her protection, and the other three boys were on the right of the table. There were ribs of lamb roasted, and the shoulder: these were now well grown, and nice and brown. There was mint sauce, and a salad of lettuce, how fresh and how white! There were new potatoes from the garden, as well round as kidney-shaped, in rare plenty; and peas in great abundance, hot and hot, dish after dish. The master blessed our country fare with many solemn words, as became a deacon, and helped every guest with an equal care; Miss Burtenshaw sanctified our viands with her soft virgin smile, rendering them more savoury, and our hearts more grateful, but she did not eat. Her host did not offer any remark, or presume to interfere: he could not understand the functions of females, either that of nutrition or any other, but her abstinence cost the housekeeper many sighs and much uneasiness. To each proposal a negative was gently murmured, until at last the lady conceded in a whisper, "Well, Mrs. Featherby, I think I will have a pea." The peas were received, and they seemed to pass without difficulty the barrier of glittering teeth.

"Miss Burtenshaw, you have no beer!" The words were ejaculated with a profound sigh, and they were answered by a gracious refusing smile. "Do you never take beer, madam?" "Sometimes." Every ear was greedy to catch the insignificant word, and every eye to seize the delicious smile that accompanied it; but presently the smiles increased a hundredfold, for the master at last presumed to address her from the bottom of the table, and on a topic of much interest. "There is no beer, Miss Burtenshaw, like your beer. Ours is only home-brewed, you may well slight it!" "Oh, no, no, sir — oh, no!" and the radiant smiles overpowered her words. "You send out a prodigious quantity of beer, I know. I suppose you send out every quarter six thousand barrels?" "Oh dear, sir, a great deal more than that; let me see, it must be — I think — about — but a great deal more than that!" The master looked round the table for astonishment, and he found it; the boys stared, and the housekeeper groaned dreadfully. It was plain that a young lady who could send out so coolly such prodigious quantities of beer might well despise Greek, and every thing else.

"Miss Burtenshaw walked all the way, sir, every step." "That is five miles; by the fields five miles good: she must be tired." "Are you not tired, Miss?" "Oh, no, Mrs. Featherby, not the least." And the dear smile returned, charming as ever. "Miss means to walk all the way back again, sir. — Oh dear, but you will be tired though; you will surely be very tired to-morrow, madam; you will indeed!" "Oh, no, Mrs. Featherby." "Well, do you know, when I was young, that is, when I was a girl, I do not mean a child, but when I was a young girl, I could walk any distance myself, any distance; and I was never tired at the time, not the least. But the next day, my knees — oh! my knees, how my knees did ache! and my knees, the day after, oh! how my knees did ache! I declare it makes my knees ache now, only to think how my knees ached then."

Miss Burtenshaw had dropt her eyes into her lap: her mouth was drawn down, as in death, and every trace of a smile had fled; she had no knees herself, at least to her own knowledge, nor had she ever known the knees of others. She had a head with a sweetly pretty face upon it; she had two round hands with taper fingers, and she had occasionally the extreme tips of a pair of feet; but from the topmost slide of the white frock to its last and lowest hem, all besides was a blank: knees, then, were as unintelligible as Greek, and of more difficult attainment.

We fastened our eyes upon our plates, and were dumb; but the merciless Mrs. Featherby, profiting by the deep silence, went on to discourse aloud of her own past pains, and of the pains that would attend the labours of Miss Burtenshaw. "They would seize upon her knees, they would reach down below the calves of her legs, and —" And what next — oh, what next? It seemed desirable, that the earth should open and swallow us up, whilst we still retained our innocency; but fortunately the little Scotch boy, on the right of the housekeeper, muttered that one day he crossed on foot some mountain, with a barbarous name, and on the morrow his knees ached. Being delighted with the attention, which she had long sought in vain, she immediately rewarded the boy's sympathy with several spoonfuls of peas; and the master, snatching gladly the occasion of a pause, called loudly for the tarts, and thereby preserved us.

A stately currant pie, in a large white dish, stood presently at each end of the table, and in the middle was a small punch-bowl well filled with custard. These rustic dainties found with Miss Burtenshaw a less coy reception than the first course; and they soothed and refreshed her after the embarrassment resulting from Mrs. Featherby's exceeding plainness of speech. When the cloth was withdrawn, several dishes exhibited strawberries newly gathered from the garden; another punch-bowl contained thick yellow cream; there were glasses, many and various, and six decanters, all of an old fashion and of a different pattern. Six tickets displayed penmanship of the highest order in the words "Orange," "Ginger," "Currant," "Gooseberry," "Raspberry," and "Superior Old Raisin." Miss Burtenshaw could never refuse strawberries; and accordingly this delicious fruit, in addition to its other merits, may boast a peculiar attraction, and a very powerful one in the eyes of all, whoever beheld the lady that can never refuse it. She did not refuse cream; might it lie light upon her maiden stomach! She dealt impartially by the wine, and permitted her sweet lips to sip of each sort in turns; but she always deluged a thimbleful of wine with a flood of water, to the sore distress of Mrs. Featherby, whose excellent handiwork was thus barbarously marred. "Dear, dear, Miss, what a pity! Why, you cannot taste the wine! It is all water! I declare it is just spoiling it! Do take a drop neat — only to drink some of our healths."

She might well complain of the injurious treatment of such wine — of wine that might demand for the maker of it any franchise except an unseasonable parade of her knowledge of the human form. “Miss Burtenshaw, would not you like to learn Greek?” The master of the free-school having tasted once and again of each sample of wine successively, and being somewhat emboldened thereby, and not wanting, moreover, a proper firmness in the sacred cause of learning, although naturally modest, ventured to raise his voice once more on behalf of the literature of Greece, which he felt ought not to be put off by such a sorry word as “Indeed!” however sweetly uttered. “Would you like to learn Greek, Miss Burtenshaw?” “Oh, sir, I fear I should be very stupid.” Her smile seemed to show that her fear was unfounded. “We have a young gentleman with us now who is learning Greek; he knows the alphabet already.” The word “Indeed!” again dropt from her mouth, but it seemed now less ungenial than before; and as the master fixed his eyes upon the subject of his discourse, the lady turned hers also in the same direction. The glance was momentary, but it was a powerful incentive to learn all languages — a direct provocation to speak with all the tongues of men and of angels.

“I wish I knew the Greek alphabet myself. Perhaps I shall know it some day, when I am in full orders!” “Oh, sir, how I should like to see you in full orders!”

These words, the hearty expression, and the radiant countenance, quite overcame the master, and he remained silent and thoughtful for some minutes, having stammered out with some difficulty, “Would you indeed, Miss Burtenshaw? indeed, you are very good!” But having gained new strength from his unextinguishable zeal for letters, and from the “Superior Old Raisin,” he at last resumed: “Would you not like to know the Greek alphabet yourself, Miss Burtenshaw? It is mentioned in Scripture, and in a very remarkable manner.” “Whatever is mentioned there, sir, must be most highly proper indeed for all of us!” “Mentioned in that manner.” “Of course.” It seemed that Mrs. Featherby was asleep; but she was not altogether so, for she suddenly exclaimed, not without sighs and groans — “Yes, Scripture is the only sure guide! I wish that I may live to see the day when I may begin to follow Scripture! But I am a worm, a very poor worm, something much worse than any worm! And goodness me! what is it that I hear? Are we not all sitting here, and are not the bells going for church?”

The party was soon on the way to church. Miss Burtenshaw and the master of the free-school walked abreast, and so far apart, that, if both had extended an arm, they might nearly have touched each other with the tips of their fingers. Mrs. Featherby hovered on the flank, and the boys followed behind so closely, that if the master had said any thing to the lady, or the lady to the master, they would have heard it; and whenever the boys chanced to lag behind, the decorous couple halted for them to come up. We mounted to the gallery, or loft, the accustomed seat of the free-school, having left Miss Burtenshaw alone below in a pew, of which the oaken sides were so high, that even from our elevated position we were only able sometimes to descry a part of her white veil and the summit of her white chip bonnet; and sometimes a gentle rustling assured us that we were not wholly bereft of her.

During a sermon, which lasted more than an hour, for any thing that we could discover, our charmer might have been dead; but if she slept, her sleep was not eternal, for we all returned to the free-school in such order as we had proceeded to church. Mrs. Featherby presently began to supply

tea, to administer cream, and to distribute tea-cakes, light, hot, and well buttered, under three denominations, plain, with carraway-seeds, and with currants. We fed heartily upon the grateful nutriment, and upon the sweet smiles that had become perhaps still sweeter through a short absence. After the wholesome meal the announcement was heard with pain that Miss Burtenshaw must prepare to depart; however, we were to attend her. We withdrew as before to the utmost verge of the garden to await the preparation, which was long; and being at last summoned, we found Miss Burtenshaw before the front door, and the housekeeper making courtesies all round her, amidst a shower of smiles, bidding a manifold farewell, together with apologies, for that she could not bear her company on foot. It was a glorious evening as ever the sky shed upon the earth; our course was towards the north-west, and the declining sun and the soft breeze met Miss Burtenshaw in the face, and sported together with her white veil. Our path led us through shady pastures and green flowery meadows, across a hill, which was comprised in a park; and having passed the hill and the park-wall, we came down again into the small grassy meadows, the footway bending towards the right hand, and winding along under thick, tall, tangled hedges.

The order of march originally adopted in going to church was strictly observed: the lady kept the path, the master walked abreast at the prescribed interval, treading in the grass; the boys followed close behind, and when they loitered, their leaders lingered. Our progress was slow; and it was slower, because, except when we crossed the park, we found many stiles. Whenever we came to a stile, the master of the free-school and the boys climbed it hastily, advanced quickly a certain distance, and then stood in the grass by the footpath for many minutes. Silent we stood, with downcast eyes, our backs turned towards the stile, patient and humbled in spirit, not daring even to conjecture what mysterious rites might be performed behind us, and expecting we knew not what, but deeply and painfully affected, and indeed penetrated, by a profound sense of the value and sanctity of secrets so studiously veiled under elaborate concealment. "What could the people be thinking about who made those stiles? I often wonder what in the world they could be thinking about."

It was a relief to hear the accustomed inquiry, for it bespoke the termination of our long-protracted and often-repeated expectation, which, if it had been less reverential, might possibly have become wearisome. It was pleasant to hear her firm footsteps, and her mellow voice enlivened by a slight panting, to see her resume her position, and to prosecute our walk. The same question was always asked, but it never received an answer: it was vain to endeavour, by any conjecture, to arrive at the thoughts of some unknown carpenters, who constructed, clumsily enough, certain stiles, perhaps a century before. It would be far less difficult to describe the thoughts of him who had seen the lady ascending a lofty stile. He would doubtless think of Miss Burtenshaw herself, and of little else for ever, and for one day longer at least. But such a spectacle was never afforded to mortal eye: — the princes of fairy, the elfin kings, lurking fauns, peeping satyrs, the unseen genius of the place, might look, — and love, — or laugh, — and live; but man, never — from his first feeble infancy to his last decrepitude, never, — never!

Our walk was a happy, a tranquil, and a silent one: the lady spoke little; her admirers not at all; but happiness must have an end, even when it is tranquil and silent. It was when the sky began to give a less brilliant light; where the trees were tallest and most frequent; where the

hedges were thickest, the inclosures smallest, the grass deepest, the path most devious, and the solitude most complete, that the lady stopt suddenly, and smiling sweetly, said, "Here we must part." It was stated that we had attended her for more than three miles, and that in less than two miles further she would find herself at home; yet it seemed unkind and unnatural to leave her in so lonely a place: "You see the sun is set! I would not for the whole world have it said of me that I had been seen in the fields with men after sunset: I could not bear the thought!" Thus did she reply to expostulation. We are told that Heaven itself would stoop to chastity, — the master of the free-school then could only bow to the determination of Miss Burtenshaw; accordingly, he shook hands with her, at the same distance, and with the same formalities, as at meeting, and certainly not with less emotion; but even in this extremity, his love of learning did not fail him. "Will you not say goodnight to our Grecian, Miss Burtenshaw; he is the first we ever had! — we shall not have him long — he leaves us on Tuesday." The lady deigned to extend her arm. To remember the sweet smile, thus specially directed — the warm soft hand, as felt through a woven glove of open work — the condescending courtesy from one, before whom the proudest might bow — and the first and last "good night!" — to remember these things is to forget time and distance.

We retraced her recent steps silently, and with reverence; but it is to be feared, that on our return we jumped rather thoughtlessly over the stiles, which Miss Burtenshaw had lately passed with so much caution and circumspection.

Having related on the morrow the adventures of Sunday, with a gravity and decency suggested by sentiments of admiration and respect, to an occasional companion, a native of the village, the ill-starred boy heard the narrative with much impatience, and before it was concluded, exclaimed, — "Well, so you had a fine piece of work, I suppose, about Nanny Burtenshaw's mill-posts! Oh, I know her of old!" Spiteful and heinous words like these can only proceed from the envy of vulgar minds, which meanly ascribe unworthy motives to a delicacy they are unable to understand.

How often does some winding shady lane catch the eye of a traveller as he hastens through a strange country, and cling to his memory, together with the desire to explore it; and a romantic field-path rouses a still more lively curiosity: thus is it as to those green solitary meadows, which were the scene of parting; it has often seemed, that it would be a pleasant thing to visit them again, and to extend the walk a few miles further. The quiet district was quitted at day-break on the appointed Tuesday, and it has never been surveyed again; nor has one of the party who sat at the dinner-table on the first Sunday in July been seen or heard of since the departure which so soon followed. It would be soothing to revisit the scenes of boyhood; and not otherwise than soothing to be again subjected to the smile of Miss Burtenshaw, whose virtues have no doubt been confirmed by long experience; and being now sixty-two years of age, for this Sunday fell some forty years ago, she has perhaps learnt that it is necessary to give still greater length to petticoats, and to pass a stile with more mature deliberation.

## THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

*The French Revolution. A History.* By THOMAS CARLYLE.\* Second Edition.  
Three Vols. 12mo. James Fraser. 1839.

WE can have no need of apology either towards our readers or towards the illustrious writer, in profiting by the second edition of a work by Mr. Carlyle, the first having appeared three years ago, to give our opinion on it, and to give that opinion in all frankness, *sine ira et studio*. The subject of the work is too important, as respects the understanding both of the past and the future of Europe, for us not to be eager to seize every possible occasion for treating of it; and the author is too eminent in the sphere of literature and in our esteem, for us not to be frank with him.

When the book appeared, if we recollect right, the praise was almost unanimous. The organs of opinions diametrically opposed fraternised in admiration. Soft and sympathetic phrases arose together from the two hostile camps which, here as elsewhere, divide society between them. In a concord so unusual, as regarding notable men treating of notable subjects, there was an indication at once of the good and the bad of the performance. It was a homage paid to the incontestably eminent and dazzling talent of the author—an unfeigned admiration imperiously called forth by an artistical fervour and a vigour of execution that have no rivals amongst us at the present day; but to those who know how thoroughly inflexible is the logic of party, it was a proof that the work was deemed harmless, and that men might applaud it without being thence led on to serious concessions. But can it be such, and be complete—useful—equal to the wants of the epoch? No; it cannot. Doubtless it is very sad to proclaim it to those who are condemned to live and to die in this period of warfare; but such is ours. The war is furious and irreconcilable everywhere, and on all matters. Never, perhaps, has the struggle, old as the world, between fact and right, fatalism and liberty, privilege and divine equality, borne so deep a stamp, so especial a universality. To him who can detect the principle under its different appearances, it is working at the base of every branch of human development from the increase in industrial activity to the conceptions of religion. It makes instruments of every thing. The French revolution was not its programme, nor its most matured expression, but its most active and most European political manifestation. By that revolution, the spirit of emancipation became incarnate in a people, and gave battle; and the battle was long, bloody, destructive, full of great and of cruel things, of Titan-like phrenzies and achievements. How could our author take his course between the two ensigns that there clashed,—

\* In speaking of a writer like Mr. Carlyle, we owe it to ourselves as well as to our readers to declare at the commencement, that it would be wrong to expect to find in these pages an appreciation of the genius and tendencies of Mr. Carlyle. Far from that, we look on these few remarks on *one* of his works as imposing on us the duty of a more general review, and we promise to undertake it within a brief period. We do not even pretend to pass an absolute judgment on the meaning of the performance, for it is proper to have some distrust of oneself when treating of an intelligence so profound and serious as that of the present writer. We desire merely to show, from our own experience, the impression that the perusal of the volumes will produce on the greater number of readers. Evidently in choosing a popular subject to handle historically, Mr. Carlyle meant not to address himself to a small minority of thinkers; he must have looked to a popular end, to the education of the greatest possible number of readers.



between the vast resentments and the vast hopes that sprung from the conflict, without making his choice? How choose without exciting the angry feeling of all those assembled around the standard, by him condemned? For the sake of impartiality, you say! No, that is not the question. Impartiality, too often confounded with indifference, forbids not conviction, or a choice between the two camps. It imposes the duty of not concealing the ill that may sometimes tarnish the righteous standard, or the good that may incidentally fall out under the shadow of the unjust one. But very far from conciliating for the historian the favour of the party that he reproveth, it embitters them against him; for they feel beforehand how decisive at the bar of humanity will be the condemnation pronounced by a just man. It is not then impartiality alone that can save the historian of an event like the French revolution from the ill-favour and the recriminations of a generation whose fathers combated for or against it, and who are themselves engaged in similar conflicts. More will be demanded. It will be necessary that, embracing a plan that guides not to the future, but, as it were, turns on its own axis round the past, the historian should contemplate and reproduce the event isolated, detached from the general march of the people, without relative value, without rank on the scale that marks the degrees of the collective life of humanity. It will be necessary that, burying the conception of the whole beneath the analysis of details, the sense beneath the symbol, the principle beneath the material fact, he should see *men* only where others behold ideas making their way in the world by men — impulses merely individual, where others recognise an inspiration springing from wants and wishes below — contingent and transitory effects where others fancy they discover results worked out by the law of providence in the very teeth of the intention of agents. It will be necessary, in short, that shrinking not only from the explanation, but from the admission of a law of existence for the human race, that denying or forgetting the unity of the divine thought accomplishing and evolving itself on earth, he should sink, sensible of it or not, into materialism, and should come to consider every thing as having been possible to be or not to be according to chance or individual caprice — every effect as a simple manifestation of its immediate cause without any necessary connection with the future destinies of humanity. In this fashion, convinced that the historian in his recital brings no new element to the struggle, and that the facts he relates, far from furnishing a presage of the future, can and may yet, as circumstances fall out, be not only modified, but changed, and suppressed by simple individual considerations, opposing parties will readily accord to the writer the liberty of occasionally betraying his sympathies for their adversaries; they will open their souls to the brief influences of his art, yet prompt to repel with odium even the appearance of philosophic conviction.

But in this fashion, too, the sacred mission disappears which the epoch confides to the historian; it gives way to the brilliant but ephemeral vocation of the *artist* — of the artist, we say, not as we understand him, the priest, after his order, of the universal life, and the prophet of a great social end, but such as he is generally understood at the present day, the offspring and the parent of fugitive impressions, the idolator of forms and images, the reproducer of transitory realities, meaningless and soul-less, brought up from the land of shades by the galvanism of imagination. The author is no longer what modern intelligence demands, — the conservator for future generations of the law of which humanity is the *sole* and *progressive* interpreter. He loses even the right which ancient intelligence recognised in historians, — that of judging deeds, “*nè virtutes sileantur, utque pravis dictis factisque*

ex posteritate et infamia metus sit." For in virtue of what general criterion will he designate good and evil, — crime and virtue in the past, — in events he took no part in, since recognising neither the value, nor the collective mission of the species, he has no standard but the impulse of his individual conscience? Thus lost in a world of different facts, which he can neither put together nor class, — incapable of estimating their importance, — for only by their sequel do they acquire any — incessantly fluctuating between terror and admiration, but seeing the forms that he admires or fears each in their turn vanishing into eternal night, he will bring back nought but bitterness from that spectacle whence he should have derived serenity, — a feeling of nothingness in place of faith, — fatalism, or scepticism in place of activity and hope — only, he will be more vividly struck by what rises, or what falls, according to his personal bias; his preference will give to his pages the cast of the hymn or the elegy; clapping his hands he will follow the car of the conqueror, or, weeping, he will gently pace in the funeral procession of the victim; in fine, he will dedicate a triumphal arch to Power, or an altar to Pity.

M. Thiers has taken the first part, in his "History of the Revolution," as in his life.\* Mr. Carlyle has chosen the second; and it could not but be thus: the former is a man of appetite, — the latter a man of sympathies, of noble and generous sympathies, which influence his life, and are visible throughout all his writings.

But as regards the reader? — Is not the result on both sides equally unsatisfactory for him? Does he not seek to discover, ought he not to learn from history rather how to dry up, to prevent tears, than to weep? Have extinct generations nothing more to yield us than an emotion of pity? Is there not an immortality on earth as well as in heaven? Is it not by the legacy of life they transmit to us from the depth of their tomb, by the lessons that murmur about the earth which covers their bones, that they themselves possess a being and live in us? And is it not the historian whose office it is to catch this murmur? He is the trustee and executor of the spirit of generations entombed, — the angel of their second life here below. He it is who fixes and eternizes it in the grand pantheon of humanity, to which each generation of men brings its stone, large or small, but always essential to the maintenance and support of the building. Gifted, like Janus, with a double aspect, it is with his ideas ever turned to the future that he should penetrate the ruins of the past. His labours fix the chain of continuity between what has been and what will be. It is a noble and great mission; but it is not by making us weep over all that falls, for, in brief, all that falls (we speak of powers and of ideas, not of individuals), has it not deserved to fall? It is not by placing before us, fragment by fragment, detail by detail, the mere material fact, the succession of crises by which this world of the dead with their immediate effects have passed away — above all it is not by dragging forth at every instant from the midst of this collective and complex world the single wretched and feeble individual, and setting him in presence of the profound "mystery of time," before "unfathomable darkness," to terrify him with the enigma of existence — it is not so that this mission can be fulfilled; — no, there are enigmas, like those of the sphynx, that must be explained, under pain of being devoured. Every historian of our times, gifted with the powers of Mr. Carlyle, ought to essay to be the *Œdipus* of this enigma, though he should therefore be evil spoken of. If he essay it not, we repeat, he commits an act of abdication; he declares himself inferior

\* See "Political Studies on Foreign Statesmen," *Monthly Chronicle*, October and November.

to his task; he renounces every influence useful to the companions of his pilgrimage. He must attempt this boldly, for though the essay should be unsuccessful, humanity must yet profit by it: in error there is always some small degree of truth; listlessness and depression alone are unproductive. He must embrace his subject in all its spiritual unity, from a lofty point of sight, indicated by intelligence and approved by conscience; he must then place it in relation with universal history in order to assign it a rank, — a function, — a degree on the scale of social development; and this more or less attained, he must thence deduce the character and bearing of each act, — the appreciation of the morality of each agent. Without ever losing sight of this guiding clue, he must reproduce the material facts with exactness and impartiality, but in such a manner that, endowed to the eye of the reader with transparency, as it were, they may afford a passage to the ideas that gave them birth, and of which they are but the symbolic manifestation; and in this last section it is that the powers of the artist, his talents as a painter and colourist, his personal feelings, will find a field wide enough, and will link our sympathies with his; but we are convinced, that for all this, he must possess a conception of humanity, and Mr. Carlyle has none, and seeks none.

This is the capital crime of the work, and if we are urgent upon it, it is because, though it be the only one which it would not be beneath such a work or such a man to examine into, no one that we know of has yet done it. By and bye we shall show wherefore.

Mr. Carlyle does not recognise in a people, and *à fortiori* not in humanity, a collective life — a collective end: he recognises, and is occupied with individuals only; at least we have a right to infer this from his work. Thus there is not, and cannot be for him a law of providence — for every *law* is for the *species* — nor a rationally appreciable chain of connection of causes and effects. He himself says this in a passage of chap. 2. book iii. vol. II.; in another of vol. I. book i. chap. 2., and in half-a-dozen other places. What he puts in its place, or that he puts any thing, we know not: one single passage, which we shall cite, enables us to *divine* his peculiar feeling; but we do know, that in consequence of this, there hangs over his book a certain vague, obscure, unevenly clouded, and — if we may be allowed the phrase — anarchical atmosphere with which he appears to be content. Thence it is that we get up from its perusal disturbed, desponding, disappointed with a leaning towards *scepticism* that was certainly not intended; others would call it *fatalism*, and perhaps not improperly, for very often the second is but a corollary from the first, and the “*of what use is it?*” of the fatalist only another form of the “*what do I know?*” of the sceptic. A breath of the Walpurgis seems to turn over the leaves of this book, written under the inspiration of a fancy the most vivid, and eminently poetical; excited, as we feel on the instant, by a glance at the documents of the revolutionary period. The writer — the poet, may we say — entirely passive, spell-bound, and absorbed, has mirrored on his pages the visions that haunted his brain exactly as they presented themselves, without judging, without reflecting, without even daring to look back, all terror-struck as he was. And before our eyes, as before his, in the midst of “*un aria senza tempo tinta*,” a kind of phantasmagorical vortex, capable of giving the strongest heads a dizziness, pass in speedy flight the defunct heroes of the poem, — undefined figures, stern or melancholy spectres, but always gigantic, always stamped on the forehead with a mark of fatality. What are they going to do? We know not: the poet explains them not, but he laments over them all, whoever they may be. What have they done? Where are they going? We know not; but what-

ever they may have done, time has now devoured them, and onward they pass over the slippery gore, one after another rolling into night, the great night of Goëthe, the bottomless and nameless abyss; and the voice of the poet is heard crying to the loiterers, "Rest not, continue not, — forward to thy doom." When all are gone, when escaped, as from the nightmare, out of the midst of the turmoil, you look around to catch some trace of their passage, to see if they have left aught behind them that may furnish the solution of the enigma, you have only a vacuum: three words alone remain as the summary of their history, — the BASTILLE, — the CONSTITUTION, — the GUILLOTINE. In this sad trilogy is contained the history of the greatest event of modern times; and whilst it affords us, from its bare statement, the secret of the intelligence of the author, who sought to treat only of the *material* formula of this event, does it not yield us also the secret of his soul, — a secret perhaps not confessed to himself, but which punishes him — he who had the power — for not having sought to advance beyond? Terror and discouragement! The constitution, the object of every effort, is placed between a prison and a scaffold. Three mottoes taken from Goëthe stand by the side of the three words that form the title of the three volumes; and the last concludes with a threat for all such as may be sincerely desirous of exalting themselves into apostles of liberty.

And is this all? A *Bastille*, a *Constitution*, a *Guillotine*? Do they form all the legacy that humanity has to receive from, we repeat, the greatest event of modern times? And is the menacing *Versuchs* of Goëthe the only motto that the youth of Europe are to receive from its historian? Heaven be praised — no! There is another thing. Twenty-nine millions of beings rose not as one man, and the half of the population of Europe shook not at their appeal, for a word, a shadow, an empty formula. The revolution, that is to say, the tumult of the revolution, has passed; it has perished as to its form, like aught else that has fulfilled its mission; but the idea remains. The idea, disengaged from its material envelope — a fixed star, and to beam for ever — has ascended to the heaven of intelligence; it has become one of the conquests of humanity. Every great idea is immortal. The French Revolution has left the feeling of right, that of liberty, and that of equality, ineffaceably engraven on the souls of men; it has fixed in the bosom of the French people a conscience of the inviolability of French nationality, in the bosom of every people a conscience of their strength, of the triumph reserved for every strong, active, and collective will. Politically, it summed up and ended one epoch of humanity, and placed us all on the threshold of another. And all this is indestructible. Neither protocols, nor constitutional treaties, nor the ukases of absolute powers, shall avail to efface it.

This is what, if he desired to do a useful work, Mr. Carlyle should have told us in his own powerful language; but this is what he has not even attempted to set himself on the search after. Led astray by the false method he has adopted, or erring, perhaps, from the absence of a philosophical method, he has done no more than give us *tableaux*, wonderful in their execution, but nothing in conception, without connection, without a bearing. His book is the French Revolution *illustrated* — illustrated by the hand of a master we know, but one from whom we expected a different labour.

Pause we for an instant. Already, several times in writing these pages, have we felt that the ground on which we are is that on which it is customary with us to place those men who are called dreamers, systemizers, formalists — names which, to say the truth, have no very precise signification, but which appear, we know not by what privilege, to be a dispensation for

any reflecting or conscientious examination with such, as utter them — a practice very convenient, but hardly rational. These names we do not repudiate. However little we may refer to the past, we find them applied in turn by contemporaries to almost all the men who were promulgators of any one of those novelties that posterity has since adopted as true and useful; at bottom they do but cloak an indifference, often culpable, always pernicious. But we desire to understand, and to be understood; and we ask permission of the reader to make here a few remarks, intended not to discuss a question, but to state it more clearly than it has been customary to do. We will then return to Mr. Carlyle.

## II.

By the confusion, hinted at in our commencement, of two things radically distinct, impartiality and indifference, there has been introduced, not an opinion, but a fashion in the manner of regarding the mission of history, which, if it could find its application in reality, would end in suppressing it, and in making the historian a kind of registering machine that would preserve no more of the man than the two eyes and the right hand. The writer who undertakes to retrace the *life* of the past to suit those who adopt this fashion, will look and write: thinking is no part of his office. All belief—that is to say, every criterion for judging of good or evil, the useful or the noxious or useless—they hold in suspicion. All system—that is to say, all knowledge, or attempt at knowledge of the law of the generation of phenomena—startles them into horror; so that, logically, the best historian with that party would be he who should comprehend nothing of the facts that he relates, and whose narrative nevertheless—and this is very remarkable—should be done in a manner that all should comprehend these said facts: for “history is experience instructed”—“the study of the past is the school of the future,” and so on, are favourite maxims with these gentlemen. Thus the historian is a collector of mummies, a custodian of bodies, to whom arrangement or classification is not permitted. That which is demanded from those who occupy themselves with brute matter, with unorganic bodies, is refused to him who is the conservator of the *tradition* of the human species; that in reality is handed over to anarchy. He must lay down complex, confused, and distant events, with the exactness and unconsciousness of a daguerreotype, that catches the image of things present and motionless. In this way—forbidden by a kind of *taboo* from touching on things that are common to all the world—treated almost like Romulus, whom, according to the tales they give us at college for the history of Rome, the senators tore in pieces, in order afterwards to worship him as a God—there remains but one part for the poor historian to play—that of an annalist, a chronicler from year to year, or day to day. And, in truth, we see not what there is to find fault with in the simple fashion in which some centuries since, immediately after the recital of a battle deciding the fate of a kingdom, these last would note the election of a gatekeeper to the convent, or the notion that the historian’s own father was the porter. What right had they to *estimate* the importance of one or the other of these facts on the future?

Most happily all this lives and dies within the circle of *readers: writers*, without exception, shake off the yoke. The historian, above all things, is a man—has muscles, nerves, blood, and life in the heart: he loves, he hates, he thinks—only he thinks truly or falsely, well or ill; and his works are the result. He has his theory, even when he claims to be without one; and when he happens to cry out against the mania of systems, you may be sure

that he is talking of systems that are not his own, for one he has, and that he obeys; were it not so, he would be no man. Gibbon or Botta, Hume or Michelet, are all one: and for our own part, we would pledge ourselves to draw out the personal opinions of the author of any history whatever that might be pointed out.

How, in fact, narrate, without appreciating, without estimating? And how estimate without having what it has been agreed to brand with the name of theory — a theory of human deeds and of the moral law that sways them? To narrate, say you, is to paint by words — nothing more, nothing less. Very well; but the painter, when you sit for a portrait, asks you to choose an attitude, the attitude that best expresses your habitual and predominant tendencies, and requires you to preserve that attitude. And so necessarily, facts also should take their attitude and seat themselves before you, unless you wish to leave us in a mist, and to throw over your pages that wavy blot which stands, in the daguerreotype, for the image of objects in motion. For them, then, an attitude, the attitude that best expresses their predominant tendency; for you, a point of sight, the point that can best seize the attitude; and point of sight and attitude both, it is to you, the historian, that the choice of them belongs. Altogether we demand in you a theory of collocation, of perspective, and of expression. Thence to a theory of *causes* is a step, of course; for the cause makes part of the fact itself that you are about to set before us; it determines its character. What is a fact, if not the effort of a cause labouring to produce the future? And from thence to a theory of *purposes*, is again a step of course. What is a fact, if it be not a purpose followed out? What is it that presides over its development if it be not its tendency towards this purpose? How, then, seize on the fact, that is, how approach it from its proper point of sight, and consequently complete, if it be not from that point that commands this purpose? Cause and purpose — these are the two extremes between which should flow the essence of your work. Cause and purpose — these also are the two elements the appreciation of which constitutes the law. Definitively then, it is necessary that you possess the knowledge of the law of the fact in order to set it forth such as it really was; and you require the law of the generation of facts, when it is with a whole of those facts that you have to do. Do we then desire that every historian should give us a philosophy of history? No; but we do desire that every historian should have one: and we maintain that every history, if well done, should contain one, as every number contains its root. To pretend to reproduce facts without meddling with the thought they came to realise, is to pretend to give a definition, a clear and complete idea of *man*, by exhibiting a body deprived of life.

And at bottom, whatever may be said, no one, we repeat, has pretended to it. All have felt that there could be no exact representation of a fact considered as absolutely isolated; that the determination of its place and of its value in space and time among antecedent and posterior facts was inseparable from its consideration; that it must be contemplated from a point of sight commanding the chain of facts; in other terms, that it was from the attitude of the law of facts that its entire whole could be embraced; and, as the law of the *individual* could only be gathered from the *species*, all have sought at the commencement of their labours to form a conception of the law that governs the life of the species; that is to say, a theory, a system, a formula, as men choose to term it. They may, indeed, regret the name, but all have the *thing*.

Now, in this work of research, two principal solutions present themselves,

two great schools are formed — two, we say, for the innumerable shades constituting the individuality of each writer, appear to us capable of being ranged under one or the other. In the present day they are in presence of each other, and, according as the first or the second shall triumph, we shall see human activity follow a direction entirely different.

The first is that which has latterly been termed the school of *circular movement*; and, in fact, the antique symbol of the serpent biting its tail best represents it. For this school, humanity, a collective body living a common life, progressing by common efforts towards a common aim, exists not. There exists, in their view, only the *genus humanum*, a multitude of individuals pressed on by nearly the same wants, and who, feeling themselves too feeble in isolation, unite together in societies to gain greater means of satisfying them. When, from causes such as the determination of localities, a common mode of expressing themselves, habits contracted in uniformity, these aggregations acquire a more marked character of cohesion, they form peoples. Each of them is subject to a law that makes them turn in a circle, from monarchy to aristocracy, from aristocracy to democracy, from that to anarchy, and from that to despotism, to go again over the same course. This law, with the greater part of the disciples of this school at least, is not the deduction of a plan fixed beforehand in the Divine thought — with them God exists but for the individual — it is an inevitable result of human passions and tendencies developing themselves by contact, and giving birth to successive facts. It is also on the tendencies and passions of individuals that depends the greater or less duration of these periods of the life of a people, and in individual facts must generally be sought the cause of the social facts that determine it. Such, implicitly or explicitly, is the general formula of the school. Consequently, and in spite of every effort to avoid it, they lean towards fatalism. Launched into the midst of an agitated world, with no consciousness of a law of providence to fortify reason, with no influence of the universal life to direct the inclination, man must appear to them as delivered over almost without defence to the instinct of his passions, to his appetites, to his interests, that is to say, to whatever there is most fatal on the earth; and, moreover, necessarily the victim of accidental circumstances, that, as often as they are reproduced, give birth to the same effects. Of what good then are his efforts? Can he elaborate aught else than a few days or years of longer duration for the social period in which the social chance has thrown him? Is there an immortality for his work? No, there is none. The eternal *cursus et recursus* inexorably devours ideas, creeds, daring, and devotedness. The Infinite takes to him the form of Nihilation, and thenceforward there remains to him, if he be an egotist, only the idolatry of fugitive happiness, the enjoyment of the present in every possible way; or, if he be not so, a contempt of life, with the arms crossed in the bitterness of impotency — materialism or despair. And thus it is with the school. It branches itself into two parts, according as we have said to the virtuous or vicious tendencies of the individuals that compose it, sometimes pandering to the powers that be, sometimes lamenting over those that are passing away: but its speech is always sad, though often solemn; it prophesies death. It might be said that, like the men who, of old, accompanied the triumphal chariot, it murmurs in the ear of the conqueror, *Thy triumph is one step towards thy fall*. It has a glance of pity for every act of enthusiasm, a smile, stamped with scepticism, for every act of great devotedness to ideas. Generalities are odious to it; detail is its favourite occupation; and it there amuses itself, as if seeking to lay at rest its inconsolable cares. It lives by analysis, as if

it sought by that to habituate itself to the dissolution and the nihilation that it discovers at the bottom of every effort. Illustrious names adorn this school. Setting out from Machiavel, it embraces almost every historian down to the end of the eighteenth century. The ancients also enter into its ranks; but, honestly, nothing can be argued from them in favour of the school, for the unintelligence of humanity was with them rather a necessity than a choice.

The other school, yet young, but going back by some rare forecasts of genius to the thinkers of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and even of the fourteenth centuries, is that now called of the *progressive movement*, and for which perhaps there is hereafter reserved another name. It springs from a consideration of humanity and of a providential law of continued progress, of perceptibility, not *infinite*, but *indefinite*, presiding over its destinies. It deduces the first from the characteristic of sociality that constitutes man — from the oneness of the origin of the human race — from its continuity and incessant renovation — from its tendency to enlarge and more and more perfectionate association, — from the identity of purpose, — from the necessity of setting in operation every power to obtain it. It deduces the second from all that we have just stated; then from the unity of God, — from his nature as far as it is permitted us to comprehend it, — from the necessity of relation between the Creator and his creation, — from the necessity inherent in every being, and forming the law of its existence, of developing all the germs, all the forces, all the faculties of life that are in it, — from the tradition of the species that assures us that the truths conquered by one generation are irrevocable acquisitions for all posterior generations, — from the aspirations that are in us all, and that in all time have been the foundation of religions, and the cause of the devotion of individuals to what cannot be realised till after their death. It has verified both in the proved past of the human species, and deems it has found in this study the most brilliant confirmation of its synthetical views. Thenceforwards, every thing is regarded by it in the view of a mission, a function to discharge in relation to the whole. The people appear to it but as operatives in the great workshop of humanity, instruments of labour that may be thrown aside, broken even as soon as their work is done, and the species not in that behold the destruction of the labour. Thus finding itself in possession of a fixed criterion whereby to class in time and space, wherewith to judge the purposed end, and consequently usefully to represent individual acts, it proceeds with boldness, praises or blames with confidence. The accusation of a tendency to fatalism that we have brought against the other school has been far more often made against this, but evidently it cannot be condemned on this ground, and those who make it confound two things very distinct, the *intention* of agents and the *results* of acts. Human individuality and its liberty are to this school sacred: only it does not believe that the individual has power by his acts to divert the providential law, to destroy or long to delay the progressive development of humanity. Between good and evil the individual can freely choose, and is consequently responsible; but it is not given to him by his choice to enthrone evil in the world: God is there to modify its effects, and to turn to the benefit of successive generations even the errors and crimes of perverse and mistaken men. Thence its habits, its language. Even in registering evil, it sees the good beyond; it often sighs, but never despairs. How much soever to be deplored the subject it takes in hand to treat of, never will scepticism rise from its pages to the heart of the reader; there will rather be, if you will, the exaggeration of faith. It delights in generalisations, and this is seen in its manner of grouping facts. It always



seeks so to place them as that the *idea* that dictated them may be divined throughout. Illustrious names also adorn this school. From the commencement of the century it has done nought but acquire strength. At this day almost all the capacities of France and Germany, how different soever the routes they take, work under the recognised impulse of its fundamental principle. The studious youth of countries where history *cannot* be produced, such as Italy and Poland, adhere to it. With us it is too much the habit to brand it in few words, as a school of visionaries, working on hypothesis. But when we consider that almost all the great advances in intellect and science were accomplished only by verified hypothesis — that the hypothesis of the life and progress of humanity goes back to Dante and pertains to Bacon — that it is now stirring and impregnating a whole continent — to us it appears, we confess, that there is more of frivolity than *positivism* in this mode of treating it, and that were it only in the quality of a very general and important *fact*, we ought at least to think about allowing the honour of an examination. Content, now, with simply *enunciating* its basis, this examination we should consider ourselves fortunate in provoking. It is needless to say that we ourselves belong to this school, and that we consider its triumph as sure, sooner or later, here as elsewhere.\*

### III.

However, to return. If our limits forbid us to pass judgment on the schools we have just been setting face to face, we can at least rapidly follow out the consequences of one of them in the work of Mr. Carlyle.

Though the noble heart of the writer and the powerful instincts of his intelligence often impel him in the direction which alone we deem good, it seems clear to us, and we say it with sincere regret, that by his existing tendencies, determined perhaps by the literary affections of his youth, he belongs to the school we have named, the *circular movement*. This consequence we draw from the whole of his work, but there is a passage in his book which states the formula distinctly enough. The author is speaking of the assembly of the States-General, vol. i. book iv. chap. 4. : —

“It is the baptism day of Democracy — the extreme unction day of Feudalism! A superannuated system of society, decrepit with toils (for has it not done much? — produced *you*, and what ye have and know) and with thefts and brawls, named glorious victories, and with profligacies, sensualities, and on the whole with dotage and senility, is now to die: and so with death-throes and birth-throes a new one is to be born. What a work! Oh earth and heavens, what a work! Battles and bloodshed, September massacres, bridges of Lodi, retreats of Moscow, Waterloos, Peterloos, ten-pound franchises, tar-barrels and guillotines! and from this present date, if one might prophesy, some two centuries of it still to fight! Two centuries; hardly less: before Democracy go through its due, most baleful stages of *Quackocracy*; and a pestilential world be burnt up, and have begun to grow green and young again!”

Put this passage by the side of that other in Book i. chap. 3., in which Mr. Carlyle declares, “So, in this world of ours . . . . . must innovation and conservation wage their perpetual conflict as they may and can: wherein the demonic element that lurks in all human things *may* doubtless, some once in the thousand years, get vent!” — and by side of a mass of others

\* The question we here only enunciate, and of which we are desirous of provoking a serious examination, is not purely *intellectual*; in its direct consequences it is *moral*. It is clear that if duty widens, as we believe, in a direct proportion to intelligence, the solution of the question will resolve itself into a definition of the sphere, the direction, and the activity of our existing duties.

scattered here and there throughout the book. Compare them, above all, with the ironical outbreaks of our author, whenever the word *perfectibility*, or any other characterising the progressive school, comes under his pen; and there can remain not the slightest doubt as to the school, whether he is sensible of it or not, to which Mr. Carlyle belongs in the spirit of his book. There is in it the same contempt for all theory of causes, the same habit of deriving great events from accidents of little value in themselves, the same pity for all efforts aiming to realise without the ideal that is within us.

But mark the consequences. By rejecting the general meaning of his subject in relation to the history of the world, the historian has also lost the meaning of each successive fact in regard to the subject itself. By foregoing the determination of the humanitarian purpose of the French Revolution, he has lost the only directing index that could guide him in the choice of facts. By foregoing the knowledge of a providential law placed as a link, a scale of approach between God and man through humanity, he has lost the sentiment of human grandeur, he has found himself placed between the infinite and the *individual*, catching at every instant from this contrast a kind of terror of the former, and of pity, nothing more than pity, for the latter. So that having no higher value to give to the *idea*, he has been driven, in order not to exhaust himself at the very outset, to give so much the more to the *impression*: he becomes *passive*; every thing of a nature to strike vividly on the senses has been seized by him, and he has handed down the image to his readers. The rest has escaped him.

What were the causes of the revolution? What came it to bring into the world? Whence came its character, so especially European? What was the mission of the constituent assembly? Was it accomplished? The inspiration, the initiative, came it from above or below, from the *bourgeois* element or from the people? The labours of realisation of its earlier years, did they tend to enthrone the people or the bourgeoisie? Does not the apprehension of the crises that followed depend on the solution of this question? Then when war came, the war of all the powers of Europe against a single people, by what was created the triumph of the latter? By what party? In what name? What was the mission of the convention? What did the contests of the mountain and the Gironde represent? Whence came the terror of 1793? Could it have been avoided? How? To all these questions, and to a hundred others that hang on the lip of every man that opens a history of the revolution, Mr. Carlyle's book gives not a single response, not even an attempt at reply. And say not that we are still demanding historical philosophy; for even if we could admit that history should be no more than a simple *narrative*, it would yet be true to affirm that it should always furnish to the reader the elements of reply to the questions we have just enunciated. And of these there is not one in Mr. Carlyle's work. Look for a summary of the resolutions of the orders convoked to the States-General; you cannot find it:—the legislative labours, the institutions given by the different assemblies that succeeded each other in the course of the revolution, they are not there:—an indication of the cardinal questions that led to the division and contest of parties in the bosom of the convention, you look in vain. But why should they all be there? In virtue of what, under the sad system that sways him, should he have granted to these matters more importance than to a hundred others chosen at hazard from those that history generally admits not into its scheme? In the name of what will you reproach him for having omitted them? In the name of the life that, by the continuity of feeling, is to this day still in

them? With our author there is no feeling that is *continuous*; these are only realities that time engulfs entire, each in its turn. In the name of the instruction that future generations should draw from it? No. The science of humanity forming itself on the tradition of ages is almost always illusion; strength belongs only to irreflective spontaneousness, to those he calls "men of instincts and insights";<sup>\*</sup> above all, and in the last degree to accidental circumstances; and as often as they shall happen to be reproduced, the same effects will follow. Be not astonished, then, if all that represents in the French Revolution the operation of feeling, and which to us is the most important, has been by him slighted. Think it not extraordinary that the man who has given you pages — brilliant inimitable pages — like those on the 14th of July, the 10th of August, and the nights of September, should not have given you something beyond. More he could not. The taking of the Bastille, say you, like the horrors of September, creates effects, not causes, and these last are what it imports us to know. We know it; but could our author attach importance to the study and exposition of causes? Has he not written (Vol. II. Book iii. chap. 6.) that if Mirabeau had lived a year longer — one year more, observe, though Mirabeau, bought over by the court, no longer marched at the head of the revolutionary movement, but had vowed to roll it back, "the history of France and the world had been different." Does he not repeat farther on (Book iv. chap. 7.) that if King Louis, when his flight was arrested, had but held a firm and imposing tone, by succeeding in passing the frontier, he would have changed "the whole course of French history?" Yes, the conquest of right and truth — the life of a people — the destinies of a world hang only on a few days of the life of a traitor, or on a moment's firmness in a runaway! Let us burn our pens, destroy our books; for, in this fashion, life and land are the sport of chance! Oh, love we rather old Homer peaching to us from his throne of two thousand years that "The Gods permitted the ruin of Ilium, and the death of a vast number of heroes, that poetry might draw thence lessons useful for the ages to come!"

It is a sad lesson — a very sad one, when it concerns singular and powerful individuals like Mr. Carlyle — to prove whither leads the absence of a creed on the law, the mission, and the destinies of humanity. Behold a man good, sincere, virtuous, comprehending and practising devotedness, whose heart is open to all holy emotions, whose calm brow betokens in him habits of kind watchfulness and noble sympathies, without wishing it, without knowing it, teaching doubt, scepticism, and despondency to his readers, by the mere effect of a system that he would repudiate with scorn were it to be called by his name. Behold an intelligence full of poetry, almost to overflowing, forcible, ready, gifted with the power of incarnating its thoughts in their minutest tints, and yet reduced to mutilate its subject, to cast all its riches at the feet of a symbol without signification, to descend from the sphere in which its strength could soar, from eternal TRUTH to crawl

\* This is said of Mirabeau, whom, in our opinion, he rates too highly — not in talents, but in influence on the revolution. It would have been immense, if in place of instincts he had had a *creed*. As he was, he received more from the people of France than he gave to them. Powerful so long as his voice of thunder was the abstract of the griefs and desires of the masses, he was already losing something of his popularity when he died. He had been left behind, and perhaps the consciousness of being so had as great a share as venality in driving him into engagements with the court. Even had he lived, he could not have attained the degree of power reached by Robespierre, who, though destitute of all that constitutes genius, was one of whom Sieyès could say, "This man will hold out, he believes all that he says."

On the theory which guides Mr. Carlyle in the appreciation of powerful individualities, which we cannot here go into, see his piece entitled "Characteristics," and what relates to it, in an article in the "London and Westminster Review," No. 64.

along in that of transitory and incomplete *reality*. The unity of the event is divided into two parts, the soul and the body as it were; and the soul is hidden from his eyes, and whatever may be the power of the galvanism that the author brings to bear on the body our eyes witness in motion, we all of us feel that it is not the less a corpse. In this *levée en masse* of twenty-five millions of men, and, notwithstanding the minutes of the States-General, which from their commencement principally turn on institutions, rights, education, the triumph of ideas in a word, he sees only the result of hunger, the cry of material wants. In things like the Fête of the Federation of 1790, he sees but a theatrical manifestation—a vain parade of noise in the burst of the cannon of July 14th, that announced “to the four corners of Europe” *the accomplishment of the unification of France*, and whose echo three years after repulsed the foreigner from the frontier. In a revolution that at this day causes the soil of Europe to tremble beneath the feet of its masters he sees only the *negation* of a great lie, a work of pure destruction, immense ruins; and he does not see the positive performance, the accomplishment in politics of what Christianity accomplished in morals by the Reformation—human individuality erecting itself on these ruins free and emancipated, asserting itself, and in the way to run through a new epoch, the signs of which are already spreading over the horizon. Like Goethe, his master, he has *seen* life, but not *felt* it.

## IV.

The name of Goethe has been several times on the tip of our pen in the course of this article. In fact it is the evil genius of Goethe that hovers over the trilogy of Mr. Carlyle, and more than once whilst reading we have fancied we beheld the cold physiognomy and the Mephistopholist smile of that man who carried only faculties of scientific observation to the campaign of Argonne, who in the cannon commencing the war of peoples and kings remarked but a sound—Mr. Carlyle repeats it—“curious enough, as if it were compounded of the humming of tops, the gurgling of water, and the whistle of birds.” It is, indeed, to Goethe, too much revered by Mr. Carlyle, whose heart is worth far more than the former’s, that we owe that tinge of irony which in this book so often supervenes to taunt the labours and the efforts of a nation then fighting for us all—those pleasantries, at the least unseasonable, that slip in to the recital of matters as solemn as the night of the 4th August, 1789\*—those traits of mockery on the deputies of the constituent assembly, so unworthy the subject†—above all that disposition to crush man by contrasting him with the Infinite. As if it were not precisely from the consciousness of that Infinite environing him, and that yet prevents him not from *acting*, that man is great—as if the eternity that is before us, after us, and around us, were not also within us—as if, as says Jean Paul, more elevated than the earth that bears us, we did not hear a voice crying to us, “Proceed in action with faith and a consciousness of thy dignity: the God that has given thee a mission here below to fulfil has promised to exalt thee step by step even to himself.”‡

\* “A memorable night, this fourth of August: dignitaries, temporal and spiritual, peers, archbishops, parliament-presidents, each outdoing the other in patriotic devotedness, come successively to throw their (untenable) possessions on the altar of the father-land. With louder and louder vivats,—for indeed it is after dinner, too—they abolish tithes, seignorial dues, gabelle,” &c. Chap. ii.

† “In such manner labour the national deputies; perfecting their theory of irregular verbs,” &c. Chap. ii.

‡ Let us not be mistaken; it is no absurd and unjust party reaction that makes us thus speak of Goethe; it is from a profound conviction that from the principle, the feeling of this man, the most

We are conscious of what Mr. Carlyle has done by this book, and even without thinking of it for the progress of intelligence and history. If we have not touched on this — if we have not united our voice to those raised in his praise — it is because straitened within narrow limits we have preferred saying what it appeared to us might be useful rather than what would have been more grateful to ourselves. No one thinks more highly than we of the man and the author. Could we have gone into details, we should have been led to consider as an excellence even what has been hitherto looked on as a defect by those whose sympathies have been most with him, and to see an element of new life introduced into the style and language in those forms of expression that have been held so strange; they contain perhaps the germ of an entire renovation. If, therefore, we have preferred the demonstration of what in our way of thinking is a failure, it is because we fancied we could not better exemplify the consequences of a false system than by choosing a writer like himself: men of his kind are useful even in their errors.

The times are serious. Frigid scepticism has eaten but too much into youthful souls born for better things. No writer of Mr. Carlyle's genius, above all no historian, can henceforth add to the stock of doubt, without condemning himself to remorse. As to European crises, and the great trials that are preparing, History should at least, when she does not feel called on to do more, be a comment, by the portrayal of devotedness, on the noble words of Thraseas — "*Specta juvenis . . . in ea tempora natus es; quibus firmare animum expedit constantibus exemplis.*" It is with a view to the times that are coming — sooner perhaps than is thought for — that we have written these few pages. Mr. Carlyle will pardon the frankness of our remarks, and will estimate by our reproofs the measure of the hopes we nourish in him.

J. M.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

WE have a great distrust of the influence of the annuals upon literature and art. We believe they have done much mischief in both departments, weakening the healthy appetite of the public, and producing a relish for expensive and enfeebling luxuries. They have now been long enough in existence to test their popularity, and the failure of some of the oldest and most brilliant may be accepted as a proof of the fickleness of that superficial taste which they have themselves mainly created. Year after year the early annuals drop off, one by one, and their place is supplied by productions still more costly, in some of which a visible attempt is made to effect substantial improvements in a class of works which, in one form or another, seems to have become a sort of indispensable necessity to the fashionable world. When we speak of the improvement that is thus beginning to be developed in these gorgeous publications, we must not be understood to include within the

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potent, perhaps, of the period just finished, there cannot arise a law for the wise men of our days. It is a magnificent tree, that grew up on the border between two worlds, whose aspect is glorious and inspiring, but whose shade is fatal. It can, it should furnish us with a subject of study, fruitful and immense in results, not in example. We have already sketched our opinion of Goethe in this periodical; but the matter is important, and we shall beg permission to recur to it.

application of the term all the new, fantastic, and high-priced quartos for which we are indebted to the frippery genius of our millinery artists. The utmost liberality of criticism cannot embrace more than two of the grander order of annuals as being deserving of unmixed approbation — and to one of these we shall presently draw the attention of the reader.

The decline of the annuals in their original shape, and at their original comparatively moderate price, is conclusive of their ephemeral and fugitive character. The taste to which they administered required to be pampered by a constant succession of novelties. People do not buy annuals as they buy the *Mirror of Parliament* — nobody dreams of completing a set of the “*Friendship’s Offering*” — continuity is not only never thought of in works of this kind, but it is really the last thing desired. The readers of annuals are the most capricious and inconstant of all readers. They look for variety and excitement alone, and wherever there is something striking or strange, the tide of their patronage is sure to flow. Wearied to tedium by looking over the plates of the “*Forget Me Not*” of last year, they run after the next announcement that promises something fresh and new, and so on making the round of the picture-books “in search of a sensation” to revive their jaded spirits. To this rage for novelty must be attributed the extraordinary competition during the last few years amongst the speculators in this description of production : and hence the annuals have grown up out of their miniature cases of green and gold to the dignity of splendid quartos printed on vellum paper, or rather the original annuals have been supplanted by a new race, before whose dazzling glories their primitive simplicity fades into insignificance. If they continue to advance in the same ratio, they will at last become so exclusive as to be limited in circulation to the aristocracy ; for it may be reasonably asserted, that the charge which must be set upon them to yield a remunerating profit will act as a prohibition to the great multitude of book-buyers — a consummation which general readers would have no great reason to regret. The natural and proper atmosphere for the majority of the annuals is the region of perfume and *cummi*.

But excellence, in whatever externals it may be decorated, must always command success, and such of the annuals as have put forward solid claims to the support of the public, may hope to subsist independently of all meretricious aids or lucky accidents. Those that possess true merit most always be popular ; not because they are annuals, but in spite of their being annuals. In any other shape they would be equally successful, and perhaps more so at a less extravagant price. Of all the annuals we have seen, the only one we shall make special reference to, as standing out in marked superiority from the rest, is “*Fisher’s Drawing-room Scrap-Book*.”<sup>1</sup> Of the illustrations to this work we have little to say, except that they are much more numerous and diversified than those of any of its contemporaries ; and if some excel it in rich specimens of art, none of them will bear comparison with it on the score of liberality and profusion. But it is to the poetry of this volume that we desire, more particularly, to advert.

Miss Landon edited this publication for several years — we believe from its commencement ; and we have heard (for this is the first volume of the series that has come into our hands) that her most thoughtful and finished poems appeared in its pages. She had already prepared several pieces for the present volume, when her melancholy death arrested the progress of her labours ; and if her former contributions to the “*Scrap-Book*” may be

<sup>1</sup> *Fisher’s Drawing-room Scrap-Book*, 1840. With Poetical Illustrations by L. E. L. and MARY HOWITT. London : Fisher, Son, & Co.

estimated by those which are now before us, there can be no doubt that she bestowed upon this publication the most matured productions of her fertile and graceful genius. There are evident traces in these poems of a mind gradually realising to itself a world of truthful and deep impressions, and clearing itself from those morbid clouds of sentiment in which Miss Landon suffered her teeming intellect to be too long obscured and misled. Had she endeavoured earlier to think — or had she been able to feel — as she thinks and feels in these very exquisite compositions, she might yet have lived to embellish with still nobler triumphs the literature of her country.

The task of completing and continuing the work Miss Landon had conducted for so many years, has been delegated to Mary Howitt, a writer whose elevated moral feelings and felicitous talents entitle her to an eulogium similar to that which Dr. Johnson bestowed upon Goldsmith, when he said of him, that he always seemed to do best that which he was doing. The expectations which the association of the name of Mary Howitt with a publication of this nature may reasonably excite, will be abundantly fulfilled by its contents; and the prospect every year of a volume of poetry, such as Mary Howitt can write, is something upon which the lovers of pure English verse may be unaffectedly congratulated.

A tribute to the memory of "L. E. L.," by William Howitt, opens the volume, and in this piece of generous and sound criticism, we have the most complete analysis that has yet appeared of the character of Miss Landon's genius. Several posthumous poems of Miss Landon's follow, and the rest of the volume is contributed by Mary Howitt, with the exception of two or three beautiful snatches of picturesque verse by William Howitt. The subjects are varied and attractive, and even the least promising derives some unexpected point of interest from the skill of the poet. The miscellaneous character of these productions precludes the possibility of entering into minute criticism, but an enumeration of some of the titles will show the diversity of topics they embrace. Amongst the most successful, we may mention Miss Landon's poem on the "Mosque at Cordova," a dancing lyric, crowded with images and traits of the old time in Spain, when the Moors held authority in that land of romance; Mary Howitt's beautiful and most touching lines entitled "Household Treasures;" her playful and picturesque poem on the "Source of the Jumna;" the lines on a "City Street;" on the "Burial Ground at Sidon," and on the "Tomb of St. George;" and William Howitt's "Sacred Fair at Hurdwar." We do not select them as the best, for others remain behind that are quite as good, and some even of a more ambitious cast; but we merely note them in passing as favourable specimens of the materials chosen by the artists and the writers. The following little poem is a fair exemplar of that exquisite feeling and fine humanity which invariably characterises the productions of Mary Howitt: —

#### HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

What are they? gold and silver,  
Or what such ore can buy?  
The pride of silken luxury;  
Rich robes of Tyrian dye?  
Guests that come thronging in  
With lordly pomp and state?  
Or thankless, liveried serving men  
To stand about the gate?

Or are they daintiest meats  
Sent upon silver fine?  
Or golden, chased cups o'erbrimmed  
With rich Falernian wine?

Or parchments setting forth  
Broad lands our fathers held?  
Parks for our deer, ponds for our fish,  
And woods that may be felled?

No, no, they are not these! or else,  
God help the poor man's need!  
Then, sitting 'mid his little ones,  
He would be poor indeed!  
They are not these! our household wealth  
Belongs not to degree;  
It is the love within our souls —  
The children at our knee!

My heart is fill'd with gladness  
 When I behold how fair,  
 How bright are rich men's children,  
 With their thick golden hair!  
 For I know 'mid countless treasure,  
 Glean'd from the east and west,  
 These living, loving human things  
 Are still the rich man's best!

But my heart o'erfloweth to mine eyes,  
 And a prayer is on my tongue,  
 When I see the poor man's children,  
 The toiling, though the young,  
 Gathering with sun-burnt hands  
 The dusty wayside flowers!  
 Alas! that pastime symbolleth  
 Life's after, darker hours.

My heart o'erfloweth to mine eyes,  
 When I see the poor man stand,  
 After his daily work is done,  
 With children by the hand —  
 And this he kisses tenderly;  
 And that sweet names doth call —  
 For I know he has no treasure  
 Like those dear children small!

Oh, children young, I bless ye,  
 Ye keep such love alive!  
 And the home can ne'er be desolate,  
 Where love has room to thrive!  
 Oh, precious household treasures,  
 Life's sweetest, holiest claim —  
 The Saviour bless'd ye while on earth —  
 I bless ye in His name!

There are many such beautiful moralities in this volume, which, coming unembellished before the public, would be sure of a cordial and hearty reception; but which, in connection with the usual attractions of a splendid annual, confer an increased value upon the publication. This work will be in requisition long after the ephemera amongst which it appears shall have passed into oblivion; for the interest it is calculated to excite cannot fade with the frivolous curiosity that attaches to the majority of its class.

Captain Marryat has recently published the second part of his "*American Diary*," which is chiefly dedicated to what Mrs. Trollope calls the domestic manners of the people. It must by this time have become tolerably obvious to the majority of impartial readers, that English travellers in America are not to be implicitly relied upon in their accounts of that country. If we were to take all the works of this class that have been published, and compare their statements, we should discover not only the most incredible exaggerations of the simplest matters of fact, but such a chaos of point-blank contradictions as would contribute very considerably to bewilder the judgment of plain honest men. We should find Captain Basil Hall diametrically opposed to Captain Hamilton, and Captain Marryat overruled by Mrs. Butler, and Mr. Power laughing in his sleeve at Miss Martineau, and Mrs. Trollope, with inimitable vulgarity, turning the whole into ridicule. Upon no one point should we discover a remote approach to unanimity; and even in reference to those national characteristics which crowd upon the surface, which undergo the least possible modification from the influences that ordinarily affect the structure of society, and which lie within the reach of daily observation, we should detect the most perplexing and irreconcilable diversities of opinion. America is literally an enigma to travellers from the old world, and especially to Englishmen who, wherever they go, carry about with them a crust of prejudices that renders them impervious to the reception of truth. To judge of America faithfully as she is, it is essentially imperative upon a stranger to get rid of his national predilections and habitual standards of opinion — to discipline his mind for the examination of the substance of things, instead of wasting his time upon an unprofitable survey of forms — and, casting off all narrow and local canons, to look humanity in the face as it is fairly developed before him in the institutions and progress of the country, and not in accidental usages, petty indoor foibles, and evanescent hues of character that are no sooner caught than they disappear. An Englishman on the continent of Europe is noto-

<sup>2</sup> *A Diary in America, with Remarks on its Institutions.* Part the Second. By CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B. Three Vols. London: Longman & Co. 1839.



riously a mark of general satire on account of his purse-proud pomp, and high-fed selfishness: an Englishman in America, on the contrary, sneers at the money-getting and avaricious spirit of the people, as if he were taking revenge upon them for the contempt he is himself exposed to for the self-same qualities elsewhere. An Englishman in Germany, or Italy, or France, is ridiculed for the coarseness and meanness of his tastes, for his want of sympathy with the fine arts, and his unpoetical and unimaginative nature: — in America, he puts on the most delectable airs of a connoisseur, thinks that every thing is low, sordid, and base, expresses his horror at the absence of sculpture and painting, for the enjoyment of which, he says, the mind of the New World is not yet sufficiently educated, and shudders with the most refined delicacy at the discovery of the deficiency of America in poets and artists of every kind — classes of intellect which he critically assures us emphatically mark the advance and the acquisitions of an enlightened civilisation !

Captain Marryat's manner of writing about America betrays all this uneasiness and self-will, and is especially distinguished by a perpetual effort to undervalue and condemn the Americans, right or wrong, to deny them credit for the smallest particle of superiority in any one solitary point of view, and to represent them *en masse* as a race of the most contemptible and empty braggarts, as vulgar as they are shallow, and as barbarous in their inter-relations, as they are inferior in mental culture to the rest of the world. It is easy to see, that in this work the travelled captain plays off against America the same ridicule, but in a most jaundiced spirit, under which the half-bred Englishman smarts in the accomplished circles of Vienna and Paris. He looks at the Western hemisphere through the microscopic glasses of English conventions; generalisation is out of the question, — and as to the philosophy of the matter, that is totally beyond him. The utmost he can do is to pick at flaws, to show how everybody is in a great hurry in America; how the married ladies, being left alone at home, while the men are out at their stores, have leisure to *finish their education*, and are, consequently, more intellectual than their husbands; how very curious and inquisitive this race of buyers and sellers are; how grossly and rapidly the Americans *feed*; how fast they talk; how awkward and rude they are in company; how vindictive and licentious the press has become; how remarkably democratic the people are; what strange notions they have on matters of etiquette and conversation; how proud they are of their independence; and, upon the whole, how lamentably deficient they are in gentility and good breeding. One would think that all this was written by some master of the ceremonies, who had escaped for a few months from the fatiguing routine of his polite duties at Brighton or Cheltenham, and had gone to America to inspect the ball-rooms, and report upon the *conversations, soirées, tea-parties*, and costumes. The tone in which these smart caricatures are uttered is strikingly characteristic of an unworthy resentment, and it does not require much penetration to detect in Captain Marryat's pictures of American society the sour feelings of one who had been grievously annoyed and persecuted in a variety of ways by the people he delineates in such monstrous and preposterous outlines. The work may be fairly described as the retaliation of a man wounded on those sensitive points of personal importance, which an Englishman rarely suffers to be invaded with impunity. The Captain, it appears, was lampooned and abused in the scurrilous newspapers of the United States, and the most injurious reports were spread abroad concerning him: he was even accused of insulting Mr. Clay at his own table, and he was described

as a person of an unaccommodating disposition and repulsive manners. This was not to be borne in quietness; he makes a sweeping reprisal upon the whole country, and the public will judge accordingly of the value that is to be attached to his statements. We love fair play above all things, and we like to see the *animus* at both sides candidly disclosed, when an angry contest of this kind is about to be decided.

For our own parts we have discovered nothing in this publication — highly-coloured as it is throughout — that surprises us. If Captain Marryat's account of America were stripped of its personal excesses, we have no doubt it would be found correct enough upon the main, always bearing in mind that it contains the opinion of an Englishman strongly imbued with English notions, and, therefore, incapable of appreciating with judicial integrity the real importance or true attributes of a country so completely contrasted, in all matters of government and usage, with his own. We have no doubt that America would appear to any Englishman who entertained the same political and social views exactly as it appeared to Captain Marryat. Democracy is abhorrent, *per se*, to our author's principles; — how, then, could he be expected to admire, or to comprehend the organisation, the power, or the beneficial effects of the American republic? But it does not, therefore, follow that there is no virtue in the republic, or that it has not produced great and permanently useful results. Then, as to the press, how could it be otherwise than free, and bold, and even coarse and audacious? This is one of the inevitable fruits of that vast tree of liberty, that strikes its roots deeply into the soil, and that cannot be clipped by experimentalists, nor torn up except by some extraordinary convulsion. But when Captain Marryat finds so much fault with the impudent and licentious press of America, what must he not think of the Tory press of England, under a limited monarchy, and restrained, as we presume he believes it to be, by prudent laws, and a most discreet public opinion, that would blush all over at such violations of decency as men like Mr. Prentice, of Louisville, are daily in the habit of committing? \* Surely there is nothing in America that will bear a moment's comparison with the daring falsehood, the unprincipled and factious intolerance, the libellous abuse, and cowardly ruffianism of the *Times*, the *Herald*, and the *Post*, that spare neither the feelings of their young sovereign nor the honour of her friends, that fabricate grossness where they can find none, and desecrate Christianity and the common charities of life in a wanton crusade against every thing that is sacred and respectable in society? It is not surely because the articles in these journals are set off with any superior advantages of type, or because they are written with greater power, or because they wield, by the force of circumstances, a wider influence, that they are less disgraceful and demoralising than the jokes and ragged invectives of the American papers. The very stamp of education and knowledge, and authority they bear — such as it is — only deepens their shame, and renders them the more revolting in a community that professes to be enlightened and religious. Of all the sections in the work, this upon the press is the most untenable; and, remembering the flagitious and savage licentiousness of the Tory journals ever since the famous bed-chamber advent of Sir Robert Peel, it comes

\* It is not a little remarkable that Captain Marryat describes this Mr. Prentice as one of the cleverest newspaper writers in the United States, and does not say one word about the indecorum and gross personalities of his writings. Yet Mr. Prentice is the most scurrilous of all the American scribes, and the author of the greater number of those absurd jokes that find their way into our journals. But he is opposed to the popular party, and hence he escapes with impunity. In Louisville, where he lives, he is not admitted into good society.

with the worst imaginable grace from an Englishman — and, above all, from an English Tory.

For the other charges in the indictment very little need be said. The Americans are not the most polished people in the world, but they have exactly the sort of manners and habits that are expressly adapted for the work in which they are engaged. If there be no “silken dalliance” amongst them, there is nerve, and skill, and industry enough to carve out greatness after their own fashion: and, after all, these are at best but conventions, for which such writers as Captain Marryat are contending. Would they have the Americans abandon their arts, their commerce, and their manufactures to cultivate the graces of the dancing-master? Do they really and seriously imagine that America could ever have realised such unity and strength if she had sat before the glass for the last twenty years adjusting her curls and painting her eye-lids? Go to, Captain Marryat and Mrs. Trollope; when your books shall have become waste paper, these rough, bustling, chattering Americans shall have built up monuments to their freedom and their wealth, at which future Marryats and Trollopes will gaze with shaded eyes and wondering thoughts, referring with confused recollections to the time when novelists and play-wrights traversed that mighty continent by river and rail-road to indite criticisms upon the private habits and drawing-room characteristics of the people!

The history of the progress of inventions is, perhaps, most effectually exhibited in the biographies of inventors. We are admitted in such memoirs fairly behind the scenes, and allowed to inspect in detail the pulleys, lamps, and concealed machinery upon which grand and entire effects ultimately depend. We thus trace the idea of some great design, or new combination of mechanical powers, from its original germ in the mind of a man born to improve his generation, up to its complete development; we see it moving onwards, acquiring increased force as it advances towards maturity, and gradually adapting itself to the production of practical results; we detect the occasional failure of experiments in various attempts to direct its utility into unexplored channels, — failures which are almost as instructive as the final triumphs of science; and we glean from the examples which such narratives furnish important proofs of the value of individual perseverance, of self-reliance, and moral heroism.

“The Life of James Watt, by M. Arago,” is an excellent specimen of this class of biographies. Watt, it appears, was an associate of the French Academy of Sciences, and M. Arago came to England for the purpose of collecting materials for a memoir of his life, to be read before that body. The memoir, which, in construction and general treatment, is very unlike the florid historical *éloges* usual on such occasions, was subsequently translated into English, and printed in the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, from whence it has been recently abstracted, and published in a small volume, accompanied by a memoir on machinery by M. Arago, a panegyric by Lord Jeffrey, and a curious paper on the composition of water by Lord Brougham. The work is, consequently, rich in matter, and presents, in a short compass, a complete view of the personal experiences of Watt, and the history of the steam engine. The anecdotes interspersed throughout are highly characteristic; and the light thrown by the researches of the author

<sup>3</sup> *Life of James Watt; with a Memoir on Machinery, considered in relation to the Prosperity of the Working Classes.* By M. ARAGO. To which are subjoined, *An Historical Account of the Discovery of the Composition of Water*, by LORD BROUGHAM; and *Eulogium of James Watt*, by LORD JEFFREY. Third Edition; with illustrative Notes and Engravings on Wood. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black; and Longman & Co. London. 1839.

upon the labours of Watt will render the publication as valuable to men of science, as it must be interesting to every reader who sympathises in the progress of civilisation. The individuals who have contributed largely to the advancement of practical science may be divided into two classes,—the first comprising those whose inquiries are devoted to the discovery of elementary laws, and the second, those who successfully apply them to objects of utility. Watt belonged to the latter class. His vigorous genius was early displayed in ingenious mechanical contrivances, and the resources of his invention were so fertile even in regions of imagination rarely traversed by mathematicians, that M. Arago is of opinion he would have attained a high rank as a romance writer (perhaps, as a poet) had he cultivated that branch of literature. In very many respects, Watt was an extraordinary man. His knowledge and promptitude in the application of the mechanical sciences placed him far in advance of all his contemporaries, and he possessed general attainments to which none of them could lay claim. His reading was extensive, and of a most miscellaneous kind; and his memory was so remarkable as to give him a complete and ready command over the stores of diversified information he had accumulated. Acute, logical, and rapid in the acquisition of knowledge, he reduced with certainty and clearness to the simplest forms and to its true value everything that was worthy of attention in his multifarious studies, instinctively rejecting the verbiage, and appropriating at once the useful and the true. The memoir by M. Arago, and the additional papers by Brougham and Jeffrey, may be consulted with profit by the whole community; for they not only describe all those inventions with which the name of James Watt is associated, and for which we are indebted for so many of the comforts and social advantages we enjoy, but they introduce us to the history of a life almost as exciting as a romance, and infinitely more useful to the world than that of half the generals and ministers of the age.

A deeply interesting inquiry has been opened by Mr. Joshua Toulmin Smith, in a volume entitled "*The Discovery of America by the Northmen.*"<sup>1</sup> Hitherto it has been generally held that Columbus was the discoverer of America; but, if the documents referred to and examined by Mr. Smith may be relied upon, the Northmen visited and explored the whole of the Western Continent five centuries before. The object of his work is, first, to prove the authenticity of the documents, upon the veracity of which this statement rests; and, second, to give a full account of all the facts connected with those remote expeditions. The records from which Mr. Smith derives the claim of the early and unscientific navigator, Biarni Heriulfson, the first person, according to his narrative, who touched the American shores, were recently published by the Royal Society of Antiquarians at Copenhagen, in a volume entitled "*Antiquitates Americanæ*;" but the high price of the publication, and the circumstance of its being printed in the ancient Icelandic, Danish, and Latin languages, have, of course, rendered it a sealed book to the multitude. From this curious publication the facts are drawn in the first instance, elucidated and enlarged by such historical illustrations as could be procured from other and more accessible sources; and Mr. Smith endeavours to prove by the force of internal evidence the genuineness and authenticity of the original documents. How far he has succeeded we could not venture to decide without entering elaborately into an investigation which would hardly repay us for the space and

<sup>1</sup> *The Discovery of America by the Northmen in the Tenth Century.* By JOSHUA TOULMIN SMITH, Author of "*Progress of Philosophy among the Ancients*;" "*Comparative View of Ancient History, with an Explanation of Chronological Eras*," &c. With Maps and Plates. London: Charles Tilt. 1839.

time it would necessarily occupy. But we discover so little room for distrusting the conclusion at which he has arrived that we consider such an examination of the proofs superfluous. The adventurous and daring character of the Northmen is familiar to all readers of history: we know that they spread themselves over many distant colonies, and that their love of enterprise carried them into places where they must have encountered obstacles quite as difficult to overcome as any they could have met on the experimental voyage that cast them on the American coast; and Pinkerton and others have not hesitated to allow their full claim to the discovery of Greenland and Vinland long before the time of Columbus, and contemporaneous, or nearly so, with the larger discovery ascribed to them by Mr. Smith on the authority of the documents alluded to. We think the case is satisfactorily made out, and certainly the account given of these hazardous voyages is full of interest. But we cannot avoid an expression of regret at the form of dialogue adopted by the author, which has the effect of interrupting the reader's attention, and of weakening the effect of a remarkable passage in history, the novelty of which, apart from its intrinsic importance, demanded the graver shape of clear and continuous narrative.

Amongst the numerous serials having in view the important object of popularizing science, the "Naturalist's Library," conducted by Sir William Jardine, is, in many respects, the most interesting, comprehensive, and diversified.<sup>5</sup> The volumes already published, twenty-five in number, contain contributions from some of the most distinguished naturalists in the country, upon those subjects to which the attention of the writers has been specially directed, and the whole forms a very complete repository of information, highly attractive in its kind to readers of all classes, and admirably adapted to become the means of diffusing a general taste for natural history. The last volume embraces the first portion of the natural history of the dog, tracing the wild races to which that animal is allied, or from which our domestic breeds are presumed to have sprung. It is written by Lieutenant-Colonel C. Hamilton Smith, and exhibits not only considerable research over an extensive field of remote inquiry, but an intimate acquaintance with all the more familiar traits of existing species. The easy and animated style of the descriptions, and the mass of anecdotal and illustrative matter interspersed throughout, will render this volume one of the most popular of the entire series. It is introduced by a memoir of Pallas, the celebrated scientific naturalist, whose portrait forms the frontispiece, and it is richly embellished by upwards of thirty accurately coloured engravings, equally valuable for their fidelity and artistical skill.

When a man of any profession or caste comes to make a revelation of the secrets or usages of his order — whatever it may be — and states as a preliminary that he has given his name *in confidence* to certain persons who are politically and religiously opposed to the whole class whose private offences or errors he is about to expose, he is, upon his own showing, utterly disentitled to credit. This is exactly the case with the Rev. —, P. P. of —, County of —, Ireland, who, in a small pamphlet that has been transmitted to us, pretends to relate his experiences from his earliest years, passing through his Maynooth education, and so on to the priesthood.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *The Naturalist's Library.* Conducted by SIR WILLIAM JARDINE, Bart. F. R. S. E., F. L. S., &c. &c. Volume ninth. Mammalia. Dogs (Canide or genus *Canis* of Authors); including also the genera *Hyaena* and *Proteles*. By Lieut.-Col. CHARLES HAMILTON SMITH, R. N. and K. W. F. P. and L. S., President of the Devon and Cornwall Nat. Hist. Society, &c. &c. Edinburgh: W. H. Lizars; S. Highley, London. 1839.

<sup>6</sup> *Remarks on the Celibacy of the Roman Catholic Clergy.* By the Rev. —, the P. P. of —, Ireland. Dublin: H. M. Tins. 1839.

If this gentleman — supposing him to be one, and to be that which he represents himself to be, neither of which we believe, — is sincere in his desire for the reformation he suggests, and is really honest in his confessions, why does he conceal his name? Perhaps, because he is afraid of the consequences of an act which is at least in open violation of one of the fundamental principles of the church to which he says he belongs. Grant the reasonableness of that argument; but, in that case, why does he select two gentlemen (Mr. Tims, an evangelical bookseller, and Mr. Sheehan, the editor of Lord Roden's Orange newspaper) who are both opponents to the religion he professes as the depositaries of his name? Could he not find some respectable persons of his own party in whom he might confide his secret? Was there not one Roman Catholic gentleman in all Ireland to whom he might have imparted the means of filling up the awful blanks in his title-page? Was there not one gentleman of his own creed whom he could trust, or who would be trusted by him? Oh! these voluntary confessors of abuses in which they have long participated, who find out so tardily that they have been wrong all their lives, and then discover a convenient way of acknowledging their errors by throwing themselves into the arms of the antagonists of their faith — just as much as to imply that, as by such confessions they forfeit at once and for ever the confidence of their old friends, they are ready to embrace any offer that may be made to them by their old enemies! No doubt this P. P. — if he be one — looks to a snug rectory under the banners of the church by law established, where he may enjoy all the profits of an apostate, in a country where such apostasies have always been rare, and are now more rare than ever. He anticipates the fame of an O'Sullivan — the honours of martyrdom in the cause of a guilty conscience, — and at least three hundred a year from the tithes. But he must get clear of his jesuistry, for all that, before he is likely to be admitted. Mark the security he gives for the authenticity of his narrative. "My name is known," he says, "but to two gentlemen, in whose honour I have the most perfect reliance. [Mr. Tims, my publisher, and Mr. Sheehan, of the 'Evening Mail'] I make myself known to them, that they may testify to the world that the following production is not from one who counterfeits a station to which he belongs not." First he tells us that he confides his name to two gentlemen in whose honour he has the most perfect reliance; that is to say, two gentlemen who, he is quite confident, will not reveal his name; and then he adds, that his reason for doing so is, that they may testify to the world the fact that he is what he says he is. We should be glad to know how these gentlemen are to testify the fact, if they be the men of honour he asserts them to be? If they testify the fact in the only way their testimony would be worth any thing — that is by informing us who this P. P. really is — then they violate their pledge to him; and if they do not so testify it, then he might as well have kept his name to himself, for all the confidence the public can have in his statements. He gives his name to two gentlemen, as a proof of the authenticity of his confessions, and he binds them to secrecy, so as to prevent that proof being made public. This is very much like the way in which Lord Roden gets information about the Ribbon Conspiracy. His worthy informants are always ready to illuminate him about that horrible conspiracy to overturn the church and make O'Connell king of Ireland — only provided that their names are never disclosed, and that they are never to be called upon in any way whatever to give evidence in a court of justice, which simple provision carries the trifling consequence of rendering their information of no value whatever! The main object of the pamphlet of this anonymous priest is to

show the evil effects of celibacy in the clergy. We, too, object to the system of celibacy — we, too, believe it to be the parent of a multitude of derelictions and crimes; but we repudiate with indignation and disgust such a witness as this masked writer. No good work was ever wrought by such degraded instruments; and the protestant body would do well, when they attempt reforms of this nature, to free themselves from the contaminating contact to which such outcasts as these are eager to invite them. The man who stabs his associates in the dark, is not likely to make a very safe or honourable ally.

The glory of an unimpaired longevity, enjoyed to the end with almost incredible elasticity of body and mind, is historically associated with the name of that venerable Venetian, Lewis Cornaro<sup>7</sup>, who seems to have discovered, with remarkable sagacity, and to have practised with unexampled constancy, those arts and rules of diet and moral habits by which he was enabled to prolong his life far beyond the ordinary limits, and to preserve his powers in all their original freshness up to the hour of his death. Now, although we are well aware that the same system of life will not apply with equal success to all constitutions, yet it is curious and instructive to contemplate the means by which an individual contrived to obtain such a signal victory over physical infirmities and appetites, and to extract from existence so full a measure of uniform happiness. His little treatise on the methods of attaining a long and healthful life is well known, but it cannot be too widely circulated, and will, probably, continue to be read as long as the printing press exists to give it currency. The thirty-eighth edition now lies before us — a small cheap tract, that may be run through in an hour, but that contains matter which will, doubtless, occupy many months of struggle in the attempt to reduce its salutary suggestions to practice. Lewis Cornaro was infirm and fearfully passionate in his youth, and addicted, like most of the young men of his clime and period, to intemperance; but perceiving the injurious consequences of indulging in such excesses of temper and sensuality, he resolved to change the whole course of his life, and, submitting himself to regular and severe discipline, he finally vanquished his dangerous inclinations, became one of the most hearty and cheerful men of his age, and expired gently in his arm-chair, after having survived his hundredth year. The treatise to which we have drawn attention, was commenced at an advanced age, and finished by degrees. It presents the condensed experience of his whole career, and is, perhaps, the strangest and most valuable *brochure* extant upon the subject to which it is addressed.

A work upon "Western India," by Mrs. Postans<sup>8</sup>, may be referred to as one of the most entertaining and accurate publications relative to our vast possessions in the East, that has appeared since the date of Colonel Tod's magnificent quarto. It possesses the great merit of being entirely drawn from personal observation, and is consequently impressed throughout with the most remarkable fidelity. Without being either very comprehensive in scope, or profound in treatment, it brings before us in rapid outlines the social condition of the districts it describes, and renders us at once familiar with a state of society which cannot fail to be regarded with

<sup>7</sup> *Some Methods of attaining a Long and Healthful Life; with the Means of correcting a Bad Constitution.* By LEWIS CORNARO. Thirty-eighth Edition. London: Samuel Highley. 1840.

<sup>8</sup> *Western India in 1838.* By MRS. POSTANS, Author of "Cutch." Two volumes. London: Saunders and Otley. 1839.

anxiety by every man who is desirous of promoting the well-being of his kind. It is evident from Mrs. Postans's statements, that great improvements and ameliorations are in progress in India, particularly in the Bombay presidency; and her remarks upon the diffusion of education, and the means most likely to give it a salutary impulse, are extremely judicious and important. The sketches of the mixed intercourse of the Europeans and the natives; of Indian scenery, habits, and manners; of the bazaars, the schools, hospitals, and encampments; the peeps into the interiors of Indian residences; the personal details and anecdotes; the scenes in the Deccan, and the occasional descriptions of the architecture, the religious customs, and the stupendous ruins of the East, are all touched with a pencil so delicate, yet so truthful, that the reader is divided between his admiration of the poetical feeling of the writer, and his surprise to find so much practical good sense blended with so much pictorial taste. The volumes, we ought to add, are enriched with several well executed coloured engravings.

Under the quaint title of "Gatherings from Grave Yards,"<sup>9</sup> Surgeon Walker exhibits such a picture of the repulsive associations and pestilential influences connected with the burial of the dead in the vicinity of the living, as to occasion some very natural astonishment that the subject has never been taken up by government. The instances recited by Mr. Walker of contagion resulting from this practice, and the obvious danger to churches and other buildings from the excavations rendered unavoidable in the progress of populating these cities of the dead, are in the last degree alarming; and if no other consideration than the public health suggested the necessity of adopting extensive cemeteries or burial-grounds remote from cities, the demand for such a measure would be sufficiently well founded. But the farther we advance in the examination of the question, the greater reason, independently of that paramount one, we discover for requiring to be relieved from a usage which is as revolting as it is dangerous. Setting aside the infection of the atmosphere it occasions in crowded neighbourhoods, humanity shudders at the thought of heaping dead bodies together in a limited space in the very midst of densely inhabited streets, lanes, and allies; and when the number of funerals that take place in the metropolis, especially in the poorer and most populous parishes, are borne in recollection, it must be evident that the frequent re-opening of graves, while yet their recent tenants are in a state of decomposition, must be productive of the most har-

... and the lower orders consi-



has penetrated the subject in all its details. In addition to a minute examination of statistical returns, of numerous localities, and various modes and contrivances for adapting the practice of town burials to local circumstances, he has entered elaborately into the different methods of interment employed in former ages by different nations of the earth, so that his book is really an historical treatise, as well as a medical essay, embracing the entire range of all the illustrative matter that can be brought to bear upon the inquiry. It will amply repay perusal, and will probably be the means of effecting an improvement in the administration of churchyards, which the thinking part of the community have long desired.

Whoever has a fancy for a classical joke elaborated into a book, cannot do better than possess himself of the "*Comic Latin Grammar*"<sup>10</sup>, one of the most humorous publications, having withal a sound and cunning purpose in it, which these latter days of forcing and inventing have given birth to. The whole substance of the Latin grammar is fairly exhausted in this book, and tortured through such a medley of frolicking jests, that it is impossible to resist the rich and singular mirth of the author. The classical scholar will, of course, know how best to enjoy this piece of stinging rigmarole, but even the mere English reader will find something in it to laugh at or with.

We have a few Almanacks before us that demand a line in passing. Of these the "*Sporting Almanack*"<sup>11</sup> is, on many accounts, the best — rich in illustrations, full of useful and amusing matter; and, certainly, upon its particular subjects, the sports, pastimes, and labours of the four elements, a very complete and entertaining repertory of information. Next in order of value is the "*Comic Almanack*"<sup>12</sup>, which, like the court fool in the old plays, is both humorous and wise, containing such a fund of engravings, grotesque wood-cuts, pleasant verses, stories, anecdotes, and broad jokes, that it may triumphantly compete with the raciest of Hood's books, in the best days of his muse. After this comes "*An Explanatory Almanack*"<sup>13</sup>, the principal claim to distinction of which is, that it furnishes an elucidation of all the astronomical terms employed in other almanacks; and the last is a species of weather almanack<sup>14</sup>, in which Mr. Legh undertakes to speculate upon rain, hail, and wind, with hardly less confidence than Mr. Murphy himself. But we believe this latter species of experiment upon public credulity is now appreciated at its full value.

<sup>10</sup> *The Comic Latin Grammar*, a new and





